WEEK ENDING NOV. 3, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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Addressing the Jury

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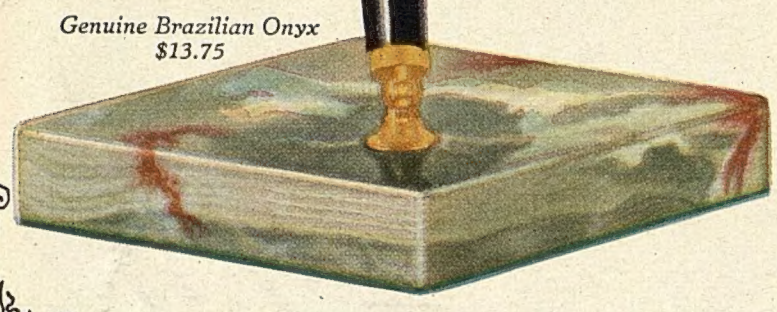
Genuine Brazilian Onyx
$70

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot



Genuine Brazilian Onyx
$13.75

Jet Glass
$30

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The phenomenal success of the W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company has been in good measure due to this remarkable desk equipment. The Lifetime° desk fountain-pen set! It is a Sheaffer origination. The universal folding ratchet-lock sockets, free of all spring grips, allow pens to release instantly without ink splutter. Always in place. Speedily save their cost by eliminating lost motion and trouble. With pens guaranteed for a lifetime, this most beautiful desk equipment now becomes a desk necessity.

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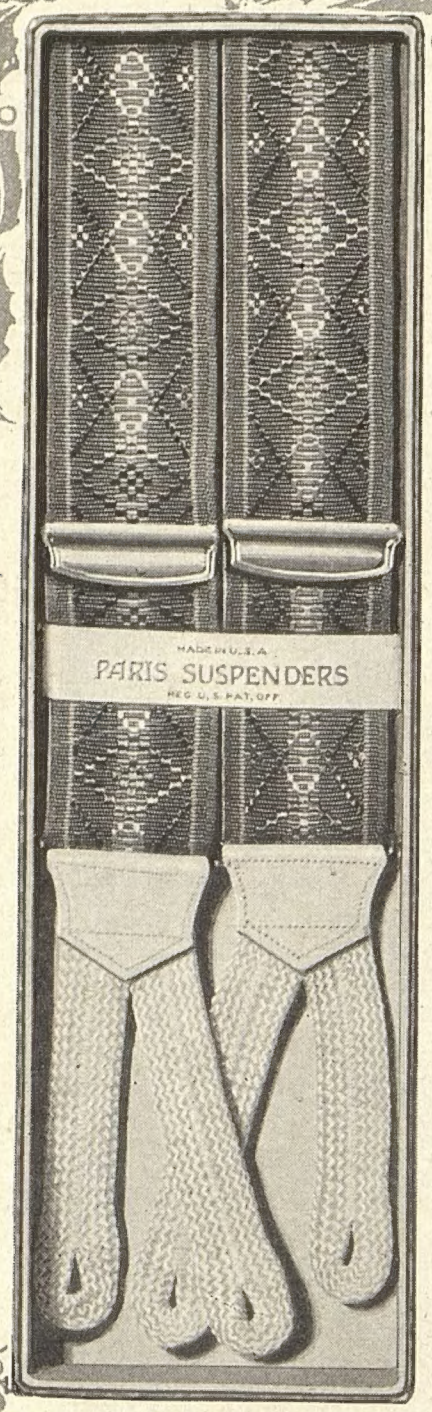
The Gifts all Men want

Gifts that will surely please. Paris Garters . . . Paris Suspenders . . . or any of the many attractive Paris Christmas Combinations. Useful gifts. The sort every man wants.

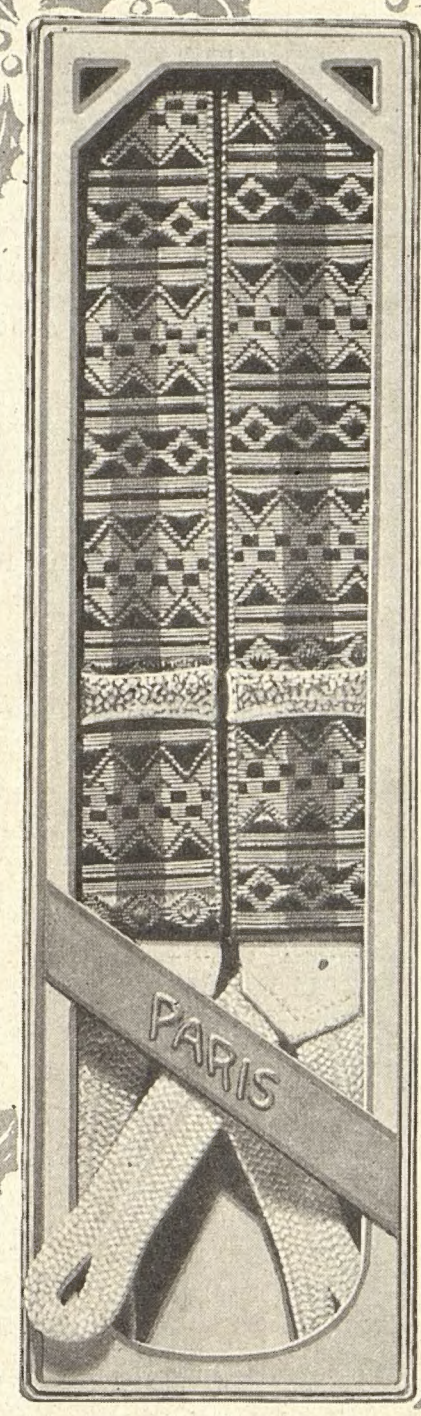
Some of the popular "Presents from Paris" are pictured here. Near you is a dealer who will show you these and other Paris gift suggestions . . . packed in distinctive Paris gift boxes.

The fact that these gifts bear the name "Paris" is proof of your good judgment. Men know that "Paris" means the ultimate . . . in quality, comfort, correctness. New Paris colors in wide variety. See them!

Look for the special displays of Paris Christmas Presents. If you do not find what you want, send in your order direct, with remittance, mentioning your dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1185 W. Congress St., Chicago.

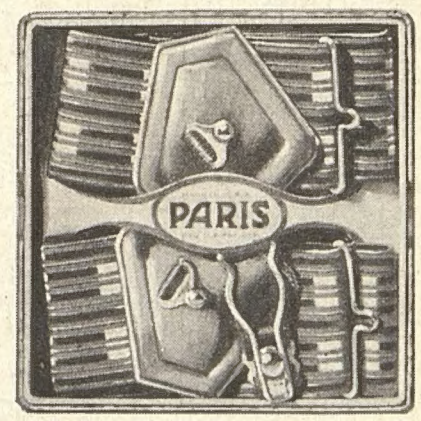


Collegiate PARIS Suspenders are now the vogue. Here's a pair full of comfort and style. A trim, colorful, fancy fabric suspender with braided ends $1.00



An extremely handsome pair of fancy fabric PARIS Suspenders. Modernistic webbing in three-color jacquard design. Trimmings are of hammered gold plate. A gift of quality . . . $3.00

Super-quality PARIS is an ideal remembrance for men who appreciate the finer things. Comes in the latest patterns of colorful Rayon elastic.
Satin shield $1.00
Others . . . . . 50c to $2.00



Something he can always use—a wide-weave, Rayon elastic PARIS Garter in striking color combinations. Satin shield. A very worth-while gift. Every man can always use an extra pair. Only 50c. Others $1.00 and $2.00

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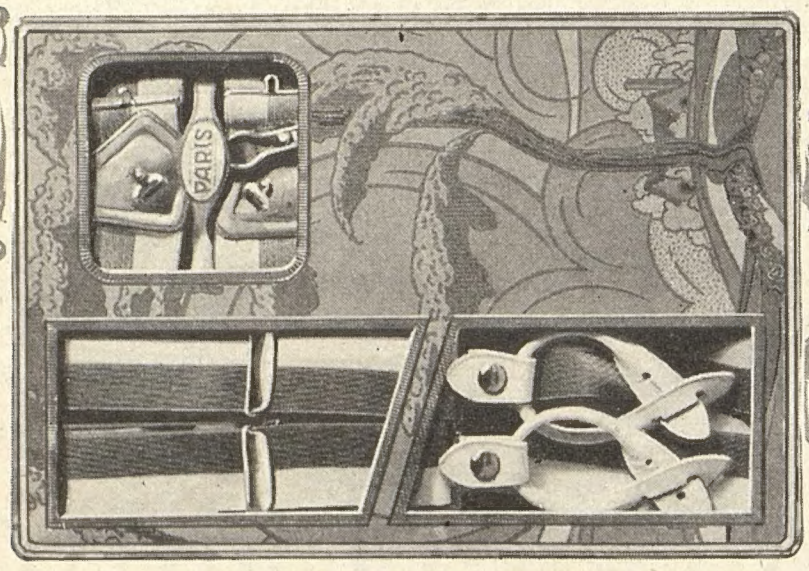
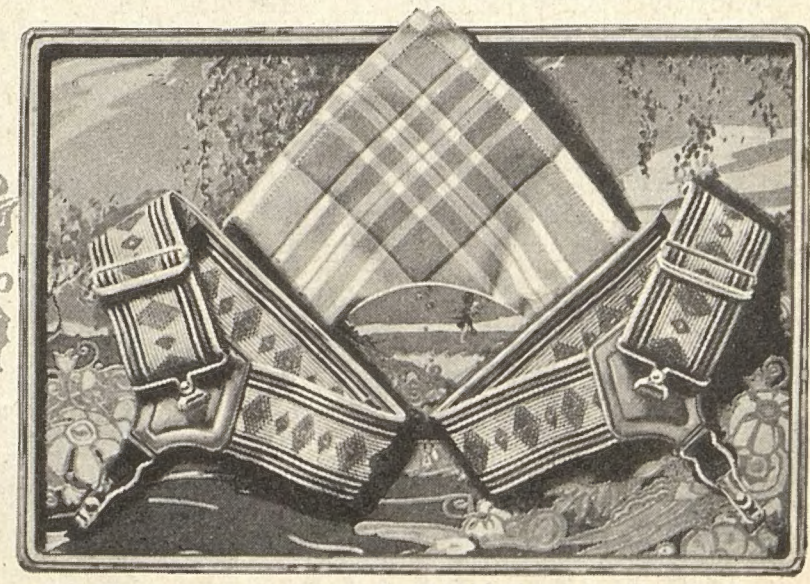


Give him this set of Suspenders and Garters to match—the latest from PARIS. Both are of Rayon in striking colors. Suspenders are fancy fabric with leather ends $1.50

81X



You'll please him greatly with this PARIS Garter and Handkerchief Set. Garters are of fancy patterned Rayon elastic; hemstitched handkerchief of good quality lawn with striped border $1.00

Premature Baldness is often a Confession of scalp neglect

IF OUR scalps could only pain us when we mistreat them, there would be very few bald-headed people in the world.

For baldness is almost entirely the result of scalp neglect and abuse. Unfortunately, we're not conscious of the damage we're doing until it's often too late. Then the hair is gone.

How can you expect hair to grow on a scalp that gets no exercise? Yet most of us never stimulate our scalps. We let the circulation get sluggish. We wash out the natural oil and leave the scalp tight and dry. As old hairs fall, we let the follicles close up, so no new hairs can come through. We put some of these follicles out of commission permanently every time we give the scalp a sudden shock—like standing under a cold shower when we're overheated. And all the while it's so easy to give your scalp correct treatment—to ward off baldness *permanently.*

Just follow these few important "Do's" and "Don'ts."

Do's Give yourself regular scalp massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Every day if your hair is in very bad condition. Otherwise, every other day.

Apply a little of the Tonic directly to the scalp. Work it in with the finger tips, using a rotary motion. This massage attracts the blood to the scalp where it's needed. Stimulates brisk circulation. Loosens any tightness. Removes any incrusted dandruff or scaly skin. Opens up the hair follicles. Supplies valuable oil to relieve dryness.

Don'ts Don't subject your scalp to sudden extreme changes of temperature—such as removing a hat outdoors from a very warm head on a bitter cold day; rushing from heating exercise to a cold shower, etc.

Don't shampoo your hair without first giving yourself a scalp massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic.

Don't just give yourself this treatment for a few days and then forget about it for a few weeks. *Regularity* is the important thing in caring for the scalp.

If you follow this treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic regularly and faithfully, there's no reason why you should lose your hair prematurely. Or for that matter, why you should ever be bald, no matter what your age.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is sold at all leading drug stores, in two convenient sized bottles. Specially designed shaker tops that make it easy and economical to use. Buy a bottle today. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., 17 State Street, New York, N. Y.

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HAIR TONIC

Nov. 3, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 5 No. 44

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHY NOT HOME RULE IN AMERICA?

In the Presidential campaign now drawing to a close, the issues which made the most intense appeals to the emotions were those of religion and prohibition.

In the circumstances, we don't know how religion could have been eliminated as a campaign issue, nor how, by any amount of discussion, it could ever be settled.

Most people adhere to the religion of their parents and do not change. The way to make a Methodist or a Catholic, a Christian Scientist or a Buddhist more devout and intensely partisan, is to attack his religion.

So possibly the religious aspect of this campaign has not been an unmixed evil. It will warm up many religious persons of various sects, send them to church and the contribution plate, and make them generally more zealous. And such bad feeling as may have been stirred up will pass away, no doubt, soon after the campaign is over.

Prohibition could be removed as an issue or solved as a problem only if the principle of home rule in this country were adopted.

This country is conglomerate. It has many problems.

The South has a particular reason for being dry: it has seen the evil consequences which sometimes follow when gin and Negroes get together. This the South should be left to solve as it thinks best.

A large and substantial section of our population—the evangelical sects—adhere to a religious discipline which prescribes prohibition. Members of these groups, who don't believe in alcohol, are doubtless better off without it.

Then there are the great rural communities of the North which likewise don't believe in alcohol. We think it would be a great wrong to impose it on them, even if such a thing were possible.

Finally, there are the cities—great centers of population which the rural communities sometimes look down upon as the abodes of foreigners, gunmen, malefactors of great wealth, Jews, and Catholics. It is true that these do differ, on the matter of prohibition, with the South and Central West, but the city dwellers are nevertheless human beings, with definite ideas of what they want.

And we think it would save trouble if those communities which want to be wet were allowed to be wet, while those that wish to be dry were granted the same freedom.

We cannot say just what the geographical boundaries should be. The states are logical units of government, but, within the states, communities, we think, should be permitted to decide by local option.

Thus by removing or ignoring the desire of one element of the people to rule—yes, to tyrannize—over another, we should go a long way toward solving one of our most passion-producing problems.

Unquestionably, under prohibition, young people who have prosperous parents and who can afford bootleg prices are drinking more; their elders have less respect for law, and the government is having a bad time of it.

In this matter of home rule, we might cite the Irish. For more than a hundred years they demanded home rule and England denied it. English statesmen said the South of Ireland couldn't stand autonomy. They were convinced that the Irish, if left to themselves, would destroy themselves. So there were land wars, the boycott, the Sinn Fein murders, Black and Tans, and all that.

The upshot of it was that Ireland was granted home rule—and has had a peaceful existence ever since. Likewise England. As an Englishman recently said, "We've been fighting something that brought us peace."

In the same way, if the United States were granted home rule in reference to personal desires and habits, this thing that is disrupting our national life in many of its phases would be on its way toward solution.

IN THIS ISSUE

The House of the Hatter.....By Beatrice Grimshaw 7
A story of peril and greed in the South Seas

Why I am Against Prohibition.....By Pierre S. du Pont 13
A business man's view of the Volstead régime

The Black Sheep.....By Clarence Darrow 17
A story of the discomforts of doing one's own thinking

The Shoplifters.....By Alicia Patterson 21
In which an amateur store detective learns about women

To the Death!.....By Lothrop Stoddard 28
How Paraguay's Napoleon led his country to destruction

These Sentimental Movies.....By Frederick James Smith 34
Al Jolson scores another hit: A page of movie reviews

She Knew What She Wanted.....By Fred MacIsaac 39
The story of a choice between love and movie fame

Who Can Learn to Fly?.....By Richard Carroll 51
A veteran instructor's estimate of your ability to handle a plane

Black Ivory.....By Robert W. Chambers 59
The seventh story in The Happy Parrot series

War Bugs (Part XIII).....By Charles MacArthur 65
A private's version of what happened in France

A Second to Think.....By Walter Eckersall 70
A football reminiscence: Minnesota vs. Notre Dame in 1927

Twenty Questions (p. 25); News of the World (27); Bright Sayings of Children (46); For the Love o' Lil (47); Vox Pop (48-49); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (50); Cross Word Puzzles (54-55); Fashions (56); Food (69); Index to Advertisements (68).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

Stories and articles by Viña Delmar, Gouverneur Morris, Sidney Sutherland, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Robert W. Chambers, Bert Green, Charles MacArthur

November 3, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 44

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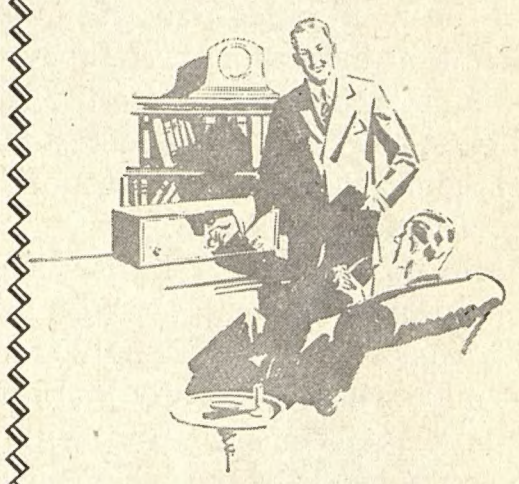

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The HOUSE of the Hatter

A South Sea Island Tale of Gold and Greed

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

As I stood on the damp, sweet smelling ground, peering into the aisles of columned coconuts, there came, from the air above me, another sneeze.

I WILL swear that the seas in that part of the world laugh as they laugh nowhere else. You may tell me it is a mere effect of overhead light, of pale blue, pale green coral reefs lying under, of shallow water stirred by the ruffling run of the "trade." I know that it is more. There is a spirit in those places, and it laughs because you, and it, are free.

. . . . . .

I landed from the wreck on Blacklock Island, swimming and floating, with a balk of timber to aid. I do not know what became of the others—those in the boat, those who were on the gratings and the rafts. I had known them only ten days, during the passage from Sydney, and—since I was "broke" and traveling third—I had seen nothing of them, except at the end, when they fought me for everything floatable, and almost won. But I won at the last.

Traveling from slavery to slavery—a farm pupil in Australia, escaped from inhuman toil, going to be a clerk in San Francisco, by grace of cousinship and favor—I found myself where many have longed to be, and some cursed their ill luck, at the last, to find themselves—on a desert island. Free of the water, I stood up on a beach that was as white as crushed sugar, patterned over by the little feet of birds and the trails of hermit crabs, and by these alone.

Something scarlet and blue sat up in the crown of a palm tree, contentedly gobbling to itself. The green behind the beach burned like colored fire, and the edges of the waves were laced with fallen flowers—vermilion, white, egg yellow. All the air, on that blue morning, was full of the tiny shouting of the shallows; and what they told me over and over again was: "You are free."

So I took up life on Blacklock.

Blacklock, very far and very lonely, is down in the sailing directions as "uninhabited." Nevertheless, the first thing that I saw, when I had recovered sufficiently from the fatigue of my long swim to begin exploring, was a house.

No one, for a certainty, lived there. Buffalo grass stood high against the doorway. A custard apple had stretched its glaucous leaves across the shutters of the single window. In the small garden, fenced with bamboo, mangoes and oranges lay rotting on the ground. Abandoned, I thought with joy. And I took possession.

There was almost nothing in the house, but I furnished it by and by with things that drifted up from the wreck, and provisioned it, too. I made myself fishing tackle out of banana fibers and curved small shells ground down into hooks.

I opened the cases of food; I gathered fruit; I fished a little; and, for the rest, did what I had always longed to do and never could do before that time—nothing at all.

The deliciousness of it! I have spent whole days sitting on a log in my hut, watching the sun rise and the sea change, and the sun go down the sky, and the sea change again, watching the sunset and the outrush

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HOUSE OF THE HATTER]
Continued from page seven

of the stars—bathed, steeped in solitude and peace. Well, nothing lasts. You know that, who read. You thought that It would wear level with your life, end when that ended, and where is It today? . . .

One night, when I was sitting in a deck chair that had floated ashore, smoking a pipe of island tobacco, it seemed to me, for an instant, as if I were not alone. Shadows, for some time, had begun to trouble me. Only the solitary knows what shadows mean—how they can vex, cheat you into thinking that something has moved, where nothing is.

I sat extremely still. My pipe, by and by, went out, but I kept the stem of it sucked between my lips. The candlenuts that I was used to burn at night flared on their threading stem, throwing strange shadows on the baked earth floor. The sea, a little way off, made hushing noises, and you could hear the delicate tinkle of coral sprays, drawn back and forward by full tide. All this I knew—I had seen and heard it a hundred times. But now I knew that I did not listen or look alone. The crystal of solitude was blurred.

Not a corner of the room that made the lower floor of the hut was hidden; everything showed in the brilliant smoky flame. Upstairs, reached by a ladder, there was a primitive sort of loft, with a floor of split palm; the kind of floor that is transparent, seen with a light beyond. There was no light up there, and no movement that could be perceived by any ordinary sense. But some sense beyond the ordinary protested, kept telling me to go and look.

I did not want to go. "You're a hatter," I said to myself, taking the unlit pipe out of my mouth. "Hatters live in such places and behave like you."

In Australia a "hatter" is the term used to describe a man who has lived alone in the bush so long that he suffers from delusions, sees and hears things that are not there.

The wind, getting up for moonrise, rustled in the thatch of the loft. I knew it was the wind, but I rose from my chair and took the ladder in a couple of bounds. "Now we shall see," I said. The floor of the loft was semitransparent to the light of the torch below; I could see everything plainly enough, and there was nothing at all—nothing but the empty room and the high, sloped roof. Not a corner where a bat could hide.

But—even if a bat had been there—do bats sneeze? It came upon me that the rustling of the wind and thatch had sounded more like a sneeze than anything else.

"HATTER, hatter," I said. "Go outside and see that there's nothing there, and then you can go to sleep."

I went down, outside the house, with a torch in my hand. There was nothing there. And as I stood on the damp, sweet smelling ground, peering into the aisles of columned coconuts, there came, from the air above me, another sneeze. It was not a rustle of thatch and wind; I heard that too. I ran out and looked at the roof. Bare and plain it rose in the staring torchlight. Not a mouse could have escaped notice.

"Now you will go to bed," I said, and I went. But I had strange dreams—terrible dreams. I woke, panting and sweating; then I felt the moon upon my face, and knew she was in fault.

"I will go out till morning," I thought. "Sleep is impossible."

The tide was still pretty high. Leaves and corals were floating in it, on the fringe of the sand. I stripped and walked in. The cool of the water was heavenly. It was shallow for a long way out from the beach, and I walked and paddled, neck deep, for an hour or two.

When the sun came up I was at the far side of the island, nearing the spot where the reef went down, in a dropping cliff of silver, into several fathoms deep. I didn't want to step over that. I was about to turn, when a round, shining head lifted out of the water twenty yards away, and showed two eyes that glared in the early sun. It had antennæ of some sort as well; I did not pause to look. Swimming as if the devil were after me, I gained the beach, glanced over my shoulder (the thing had vanished), and ran round to the house.

"It's nothing to be afraid of," I thought, panting and dripping. "Everyone knows the central Pacific waters have beasts in them that aren't known or classified. It can't come ashore. It's all right, if—if I saw it at all."

FOR that was the real trouble. Had I seen it, or was I truly becoming that which I had called myself more in jest than in earnest? Were the sea beast and the being that sneezed on land only manifestations of something far more formidable than physical danger—danger to the mind and soul?

I did not know. But from that time on the island dream was flawed and I began to think about getting away. Still, I was doubtful. I used

A round, shining head lifted out of the water and showed two eye

to stare at myself in the rock pools—a fine figure of a man, not looking my thirty years; not looking a fool either, or a slave. And yet, I had been both. And yet, if I found a way to leave Blacklock, I was bound to be both, or either, again. Because I had not a single sou of my own.

Oh, you who speak of money troubles as the lightest on earth (being yourselves sure of a safe living), have you counted the cramped lives, the wrecked characters, within your own knowledge, who might have been free and happy people but for the want of a mere fifty or a hundred pounds? Have you dreamed how many men there are who can't save as much, try all their lives long?

I knew nothing. I was undereducated, untrained, without prospects. I always had been.

On the day I climbed the highest tree in the island, and saw from its top—what I had never yet suspected—that there was an island within easy sail, I found myself divided in mind. If I put up signals for rescue, got someone to take me away from Blacklock, what was there for me, after all, but some new slavery? I had no golden key; I must remain without the gate. Whereas here—

In that moment I made up my mind. Even should I be in danger of becoming a hatter—one who lives in waste places, walks about talking to himself, sets up his hat upon a stick, to fight with it—that fate was better than the life I had had to lead.

I would not signal. I would stay. As for the sneezes in the roof—why, it might have been a swamp pheasant: the bird that sneezes, spits, and pours out mimic bottles of bubbling water. And as for the sea beast—I could not bear the thought of those long, trailing antennæ, so I thought about it as little as possible—it could not harm me if I stayed on land.

I had planted food products; I had found a spring to take the place of

the uncertain tank. I might well spend my life Robinson Crusoe fashion, if not discovered. Better than day labor, which is, when all is said and done, still the curse that God, or the devil, made it.

Thus a little while passed. And one day—when I was walking very happily along the farther shore—I found a trail. It seemed to be that of some animal with immense paws and (I judged) a long tail that dragged behind it.

"How long is it?" I thought, "since I saw the sea beast?"

By this time I had made up my mind that I really had seen something of the kind. It seemed better to believe that than the ugly alternative.

"Wasn't it the time of the last spring tide?" I had never taken much account of tides before I came to live on Blacklock, but now they bulked large in my life, being almost the only events I knew. "Yes," I answered myself; "that was the time. And this is spring again."

...at glared in the early sun. It had antennæ of some sort as well.

And suddenly the gold of the morning was dimmed, and the banana birds, flirting among the beach hibiscuses, began to squawk unpleasantly (I had thought they were twittering before). "Amphibious" was the dismaying word that had somehow made its way into my consciousness. "There are such things—"

I hunted the rocks; I went all over the white sand beach; I even beat the bush and the little grassy lawns in search of further traces. There were none, and the swift tide, coming back with a gallop, as it comes at spring, wiped out the disquieting trail within an hour. But nothing could alter the fact that it had been.

"Is there no peace in the world?" I thought. "Even here—out of the sea something comes. And as for freedom—"

IT was a blue morning again. Nearly all the mornings on Blacklock were blue and gay. The shallow waters were laughing under the ruffle of the trade, as they had laughed the day I landed. This day they were laughing, not with me, but at me. They were free; the nameless spirit of the sea and the islands was free; but not I. A slave before, I was now a prisoner. I had learned (oh, it's wonderful what you can learn alone on a desert isle!) that freedom cannot be stolen: it must be bought.

"Isn't there anything, then, but what must be bought?" I shouted angrily.

I was near the doorway of the hut as I spoke. I'd fallen, after all, into the hatter's trick of talking to myself.

The greater was the shock when I saw what told me I was not, this time, talking to myself. A man was there.

I stared at him. If he had fallen from the flying trade-wind clouds, I could not have been more dismayed. Yet he was a personable fellow enough, rather tall, thinnish, with fair hair and a red skin, and a look of smartness and activity about him. A man of good class—better class than myself.

Perhaps that was why I felt so dismayed. I had never been at ease with what are known as the upper classes.

"AH, I take you by surprise," he remarked apologetically. Something in his choice of words suggested to me that he was not English. "I am sorry. Perhaps you didn't notice my boat?"

I had not noticed it—the one thing that I ought to have seen if I was half blind, heard if I was deep asleep. My trouble over the sea beast track had obliterated everything else. But there it was, a large launch, inside the reef, on the side of Blacklock where I knew the distant island lay.

"You have been here a long time?" he asked, speaking rapidly. "You were wrecked here, perhaps? Yes, yes; I have heard of the wreck of the Sydney steamer. And you found this little house of mine, and have lived here quite like the Robinson Crusoe. Well, now I am come, Mr. — Perhaps you did not know that there is another island thirty miles away; it is named King William Island. I am staying there—will you have a cigarette? Do, they are excellent—do keep some as well.

"I am staying to make marine biological work, and that is my launch, that there. I have seen some smoke on Blacklock, and every time I said to my friends, 'You fellows, we must go and see if it is a native or if it is not.' But they were busy, and delayed. So at last today I've got the launch myself, and when I arrived, I saw you walking on the beach, and I said, 'Ah, hah! There is the fellow, very tired of making the Robinson Crusoe. Now I will take him away. So, Mr., from this moment you are free."

He beamed over his cigarette. He had blue, candid eyes—mine are an uglyish black—and he looked like nothing so much as a youthful Father Christmas, delighted with his gift bringing rôle. But from the crown of my head to the soles of my ragged shoes I mistrusted him. I had not the slightest excuse for so doing; still, there was the fact. Of course I tried to beat down the warning. Don't we all attempt to bully those invaluable instincts, shared, and not neglected, by wiser animals than we? I had opened my mouth to say "Thank you; you are very kind," when two things caught my attention and silenced me. The first was the fact that the stranger's trousers were rolled up and wet, showing that he had waded from the launch, having brought no native boy, as is the usual custom. The second, due perhaps to the first, was—a sneeze.

Now, a man's sneeze is a thing as individual to himself as his laugh. I knew where I had heard that sneeze before, and I was instantly certain that my new friend was not making his first—perhaps not his second—visit to Blacklock, though it was clear he wished me to think he was. If I had been slow to entertain suspicion at first, I was wide awake now. I threw a glance toward the launch, left rocking to the outward tide, and I saw that there was indeed no one in it.

"So he has come thirty miles of open sea, alone, to Blacklock," I thought. "Why? To rescue me? But, if he is in such a hurry, why didn't he come before? I do not believe a word he says."

Nevertheless, I temporized. The under dog learns prudence. He was already staring at me as if he wondered why I did not answer.

"I have been here—months," I said slowly, as if speech were beginning to fail me. In truth, though I exaggerated my lack of ease, I was a trifle rusty. "Thank you," I added. "Are there—boats—calling at King William?"

"Yes—yes," he said pleasantly. "Steamers; the monthly steamer's due in a day or two days."

Now I knew he lied; for I had once done work as a stevedore in Sydney, and understood the run of the island boats as well as most. I had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HOUSE OF THE HATTER]
Continued from page nine

heard of King William. It is an unimportant island touched at only by stray sailing vessels, with an occasional call from some tramp steamer. As for regular monthly boats—!

"This man," I said to myself, "does not intend me ever to reach King William; that is why he does not care what he says—so long as he can get me on board the launch with him. But you have misjudged me, my bully boy," I thought. "You do not know how much I know of rough customers, and you're one, for all your fine appearance and gentle education. If you'd been where I've been, and seen all I have seen, you would judge your men better.

"You think, because you have those gymnasium and sport trained muscles, you could tip me overboard from the launch, and no one be the wiser. You know about the things that happen at sea, the things that don't get into newspapers—dark night, squall, and somebody with sea boots on on the lee side of the boom. Everybody saw it, and everybody can swear it was an accident. Or the 'rotten' ratline, sliced half through by somebody's knife. Or the launch that got broadside on in a swell—we'll say; almost lost. One chap tumbled overboard, baling; sank like a stone, and who could help it? You know those things—but *so do I.*"

Aloud I said, "Thank you, sir, but I don't want to go." What else could I say?

"Ah, ha, you want to make Robinson Crusoe some more," he answered, and he shut his eyes for a moment as he spoke—a trick I'd seen before and didn't like. "Well, see, I don't desert you, for all that. You're a very foolish chap, and I tell you this is a most unhealthy island. But stay you must if stay you will. Now! I'll send for you again—in a month or so—and after that it will be on your own head."

HE laughed. He looked a jolly fellow, or would so have looked to anyone who reads a man's disposition by the lightness of his hair and redness of his skin. I don't, myself, any more than I'd judge a horse by the color of his coat. The eye's the thing in man and beast.

"I'm going," he said, jumping up. "Sure you won't come, Mr. — Mr. —"

"Smith," I answered. It is my real name, but it has been troublesome to me; there are times when Smith sounds too like an alias. This was assuredly one of those times. I saw the blue eyes of the stranger blink before he answered:

"Why, so it is, of course; and mine is Jones. Good-by, Mr. Smith; I wish you a better mind and more sense next time I come."

His hearty voice rang false as a cracked jug.

I made no move to see him off. He walked down to the sea with a light, springy tread, waded through some rods of shallow water, and leaped very actively into the launch. She glided away through the reef opening, and I stood in the doorway of the hut, watching her with amaze. For never in my life, which has comprehended much seafaring, had I seen any power boat fitted with such an effective silencer. From the moment her engine began to turn until she disappeared, there was not so much as a whisper out of her. I've since thought there must be a lot of money— But that is not the story.

At the time I was chiefly taken up in wondering how often she had been there without my suspecting the fact. And with that idea came a distaste for the thought of the brown hut at night, and the sago pole roof above my head. Unless "Jones" had the gift of invisibility, I did not—yet—see how he could have been there; but that there was some connection between himself and all the queer happenings on the island I doubted no more than I doubted the fact that I was alive and well—so far.

But I would not be driven from my home, the only one I had ever owned. Jones had said nothing to suggest that I did not possess as much right to Blacklock and everything on it as he or anyone else, and as long as that was so I proposed to stick to the hut.

I cooked my supper latish that night, intending to go to bed soon after—the chief drawback to life on a desert island is the unholy length of the evenings after sundown. In my deck chair I sat, contented enough, and well pleased with the way in which I had handled the difficulties of that eventful day. I remember I had a fistful of young corn, boiled, and was dipping it into a mess of coconut cream and eating it. I made so much noise chewing that at first I thought the faint rustle in the roof above me was mere fancy. But by and by, when I swallowed my mouthful and paused to listen, I knew that it was not.

"Well," I thought despairingly, "I saw him go, and I know he hasn't come back, so if there's anything there it must be the devil himself."

Up I went, up the ladder, and stuck my head through the small opening in the floor. The light of my candlenut torch, as before, shone through the black palm flooring, and, as before, from end to end of the loft there was not a living thing to be seen. Nevertheless, I could not throw off the conviction that something living was, or had been, there.

In the middle of the night I was waked by a horrible sensation. A finger, cold as death, had brushed my face. I winced away from it instinctively, rolling out of my bed on the farther side. On the floor, panting and sweating with fear, I managed to recover myself a bit; stood up, and grabbed into the darkness. There was nothing to grab —nothing anywhere.

I had been using flint and steel in order to get a light. It took me some minutes now to work this ancient substitute for matches and set the candlenut torch aflame. I could see nothing at all when it was lit; but my blood was up by now, and I swore I was going to find out this time or—

"YES," I thought, pausing for a moment, with the torch guttering over my hands; "that's just what it is. Find out—or die."

I had never in all my life less wanted to die. In sleep it had come to me—as things sometimes do come—that there was a secret about Blacklock Island, a valuable secret in all probability, and that if I succeeded in finding out what it was before some "accident" put me out of the way, I might find the golden key in my hands, after all.

I! Rich! The thought almost made me stagger. And yet, I was sure it was no impossibility. Rich, before long, I was going to be, unless I died first. For good or ill (and it might well be either), the old slave life was done.

"I'm not mad, and not dreaming," I thought. "If I heard people weeks ago, people were there. If something touched me just now, there was something alive in the room. And that damned loft has to do with both."

I was collecting all the candlenuts I had, in order to make a survey of the loft, when something gave me pause. The man who has "lived rough" will never neglect a gentle breeze that breaks the stillness of a hot tropic night—a breeze that begins very softly, and for some good while increases, steadily, surely, pouring in at doors and windows like a soft, resistless flood; gentle—but always growing.

I did not neglect it. I went outside, took one good look at what was coming up from the northwest, and bolted for the open sands. Shelter was the last thing I wanted, with that black mushroom climbing up the sky—unless it was the shelter of a bombproof cellar.

This is not the tale of the hurricane that swept the islands beyond King William, and just flicked Blacklock with the tip of its wicked tail, going by. It will be enough to say that when I returned, through a watery, ugly dawn, to the brown house by the palms, there was very little brown house left—unless you counted a mass of beams and wreckage. I could have cried. It was the only bit of home I'd ever known, and it was just a pile of kindling.

The sun was coming up, red and ashamed. I stirred the wreckage about, looking for bits of property that I had had to abandon. I had forgotten all about the ghostly hand of the night before, when it was unpleasantly recalled to me by the touch of something soft and chill under a mass of broken thatching. I felt about. The thing seemed harmless, and I pulled it out.

It was a handful of eggs—largish eggs, about as big as sparrows'. White, soft, like kid. I couldn't remember where I had seen such things before, but I had a notion they were not exactly "canny." With a long stick I made further explorations.

There were more—and yet more. The thatching must have been alive with them. Eggs! What kind of eggs? How did they get there?

One question was answered speedily, even while I stirred with my stick. A narrow head, with a black lightning tongue flickering in and out of it, followed my vigorous prod. After it came a yard and a half of thin body, pouring like a stream of treacle down among the wreckage. I killed the brute with my stick; and almost immediately after several others came inching and twirling out, not half the size of the first, but clearly the same kind.

I cut up some of them. The brutes had poison fangs as big as pen nibs, when full grown, and even the little ones had formidable, wicked needles in their jaws, powerful enough to kill.

And inside every one of those innocent white kid eggs was a little snake, almost ready to hatch. Those I had seen were the first brood. Another must have been almost due.

No wonder the thatch rustled in the night, the ghostly loft above ticked and sounded! No wonder cold fingers touched me as I slept. That I could have escaped so far was almost a miracle. And almost a miracle was the ingenuity that had wrought out the plan, the cleverness that had carried it through. As neat and complete a scheme of murder as ever I had heard of.

I went to what was left of the palm grove—it had not suffered very badly—and examined the trees still standing near the site of the house. I saw that one of them was a good deal marked and polished on the lower part of the trunk.

"Few white men can climb palm trees," I thought; "but some can, and do. If they are very active and well drilled. If they have a special motive for wishing to get on to somebody's roof in the dark, unseen. If they want to start a snake hatchery in the roof without risk to themselves.

"You couldn't safely carry snakes by the dozen up a tree, but you could carry their eggs. Quite a clever way for one of those science fellows to set a lot of time fuses that'll be exploded in due course by the sun, without any danger to the person setting them; he'd be thirty miles and six weeks away by the time they really went off. You deserve a medal, Mr. Jones, and I'd give you one if I had my way: a twenty-pound diver's weight hung round your neck, and a tip over the side of a launch to go with it. Now to act St. Patrick and drive the snakes out of an island where they'd never any business to be. I'll swear, whether there are snakes on King William or not, they don't grow naturally here."

WITH flint and steel I struck a light, and set the rubbish, now well sun dried, on fire. The eggs popped like little cartridges. The snakes, big and little, came wriggling forth. If you've ever assisted at the clearing out of a thatch roof in the tropics—one, we'll suppose, not previously planted, as mine was—you will be able to guess how many I killed in the course of the next quarter hour. Otherwise you would merely call me a liar.

I found myself pleasurably excited when all was done. If I was so dreadfully in the way that two distinct attempts had already been made to kill me without trace, why, it stood to reason that there must be something worth having pretty near. What? I thought of pearls, but abandoned the idea; the lagoon was not the pearling type. Gold? Not on a flat, small island half a mile across. Buried treasure?

At this my heart began to beat loud drums. In spite of all common sense and probability, something shouted joyously, "Right!—right this time!"

"Look here," I said, arguing with myself aloud, after the true fashion of the hatter. "You aren't living in the old times when there were pirate ships and pieces of eight. There haven't been pirates for hundreds of years, especially not here. What would they be doing in the central Pacific?"

But the other half of me kept on talking in its silly way; it was quite sure about the treasure.

"Think a bit," it said. "It'll come into your mind. Nobody would go on like that if there wasn't treasure. Stands to reason. So there must be."

"Oh, shut your silly head!" I cried. "When did anybody ever go raiding and looting about here? If—"

There I stopped, for the answer was plain before me. "*In the war.*"

Well, it was like standing under a waterfall after that, so many things came tumbling down on my head all at once. *In the war!* When was it that they lost the famous Loewe, which went down all of herself, no one knew how, and no one knew where, except that it was somewhere about these seas? Didn't she have all sorts of valuable stuff on board, including specie?

Didn't the Germans try to find her in '21, and give up? And weren't the science chaps over on King William Island Dutch?—by the sample I had seen, colonial Dutch, who are not such decent fellows, if you ask me, as the Hollanders by a long chalk, but who know about all that is to be known, and a bit more, when it comes to the secrets of the tropic seas.

Believe me, a man who has been hit by it himself, their secret service system, from Sumatra to New Guinea, and a good bit farther on, covers pretty well everything worth knowing. They understand how to use the natives; there's a lot in that. And—like ourselves—they have a way of taking it for granted that everything lying loose in, on, or under the seven seas is naturally their property.

The waterfall hadn't done pouring yet. "You blooming idiot," I said to the hatter who was I, "don't you see now that the sea beast wasn't anything of the kind—it was just a diver?"

"That be hanged," said the hatter. "A diver has machinery, and a tender, and works from a boat, and he doesn't work alone; pairs at least, is the rule."

"No," said I; "but you forget what sort of a daredevil Jones is. No pairs for him! The fewer who know, the more profit. And as for machinery, there's dresses can be used alone, though they don't look like that one; I reckon it's a new invention.

"By gum," I said, striking my hands together, "I'm getting it! It's a shallow water outfit, and the wreck's lying somewhere right out in this lagoon; else why bother about spring tides?"

"Aye," says the hatter, "you're right, man. And what about the dress? He'd never risk carrying it backward and forward from King William. It's on this island, and," says the hatter, "me and you are going to find it."

And with that we shook hands, and that was the end of the hatter; for I never had time or thought to give to him afterward.

When I had found the diving dress (it was in a little cave, covered up very cleverly with sand and seaweed, but once you knew it was on the island it couldn't have escaped you) I laid it out in the broad sunlight and took a long look toward King William. I had already made up my mind where the Loewe must lie—no difficult matter, considering that I had seen Jones in the water once, and once also seen his trail. He must have known I did, by the way, and that was what pushed him to extremities.

I had decided that there was only one thing to do—visit the wreck for myself, and then start a smoke signal, three fires in a line, for ships. If Jones took it into his head to return meanwhile, things might turn out badly. But the risk was worth taking.

There was nothing at all in sight. The sea, off Blacklock, was just a pure sheet of pale blue silk, fingermarked here and there by the smears that mean shoals of fish.

I examined the dress. It was as ingenious a thing as I'd ever come across. The patent is in dispute, so I had best give no descriptions. I can say, however, that the antennæ were very clever devices for obtaining fresh air in anything up to three fathoms, and that below that they could be folded away and their place taken by chemical supplies carried in a knapsack. It was a new version of an old idea, and very practical.

Before putting on the dress, I stripped and went out for a swim, following the line of the track that I had seen some days before. I had worked out in my mind by now the method of Mr. Jones. Crossing by night in his noiseless launch, he had moored her out of sight among the mangroves—not a difficult thing to do, as the far side of the island was one mass of mangrove trees standing in comparatively deep water. He had then visited my house and made sure I was asleep. Entering the water at dawn, he had done whatever he came to do, and returned to his launch to wait until dark once more.

This had probably occurred at least twice after my arrival. I reckoned that the last trip, for one reason or another, had made him so impatient to gather his gains that he had declared himself, with the object of taking me on board and getting rid of me boldly—the ingenious plan of planting snake eggs in the house having apparently failed.

"He wanted to avoid violence, if possible," I thought. "Too near a British settlement; no stomach for international trouble. But he isn't done, or I'm a Dutchman myself."

It followed that, if I wanted to be beforehand with the treasure, now was the time. I stripped, took a long swim out over the reef, and had a look at things. What I saw amazed me. No wonder Jones had been in a hurry to get me away!

The Loewe was lying in something like four fathoms, with her foremast almost above water, and nothing on earth to have kept her from being discovered, all those years, save the fact, well known to seamen, that Blacklock is surrounded by some of the most vicious and dangerous reefs in the Pacific and is therefore a place for all ships to avoid. The Loewe herself had proved it, and so, later, had the ill fated Sydney boat.

I reckoned that any natives there were in those seas had known all about it from the first; but natives are oddly reserved, and—save in the case of the Dutch secret service folk—nobody can get much out of them if they do not choose to talk.

IT was nervous work getting into that dress, when I was back ashore—uncomfortable to know that a single mistake in putting it on would mean certain death, and that I could not be sure—being no professional diver—of anything at all about it.

What I hated most of all to do was to screw the helmet glass home. Once that was done, the world seemed shut away and I inclosed in a sort of walking tomb. I'd—almost, not quite—have given every prospect of the treasure for the right to let myself out again, breathe and move freely, and forget I had ever been, for a moment, a mere understudy of a hermit crab in i's shell.

Nevertheless, I could not but admire the clever construction of the dress, which was truly a one man contrivance and quite easy to adjust unaided.

I had put it on, standing on a block of coral near the great purple shadow that was the sunken Loewe, and I was just giving my last look at the kindly upper world before plunging in, when something caught my attention out at sea. A small, dark streak, moving—moving rapidly, headed for the island. It was Jones!

For a moment—no more—I hesitated. Then, deciding that I was in for it in more senses than one, and had best go through, I sat down on the rock with a heavy thump, slid my leaden booted legs into the water, and slowly, reluctantly, sank after them, down and down. "Will it work?" was my only thought.

It worked. The bottom came up to meet me quite pleasantly; and though I hit it with my head first of all, and had difficulty in reversing, I managed, as a good swimmer can, to set myself right.

A few steps through water that seemed to be nothing but shifting rainbows, among branch corals covered with flowers like the jewels in a lady's necklace, and I was under the raider Loewe.

She looked immense, threatening, long and purple red in that odd light. She seemed like some great beast seen in a nightmare. My head was very light, and I breathed too quickly. Besides, there were pains in my ears, and my mind worked slowly, as if muffled in cotton wool. I stared at the Loewe, and could not decide where to attack her.

It was easy to understand how she had met with her end. She lay just outside the main reef inclosing the lagoon, on a sloping shelf of coral that bordered the black blue deeps beyond. It is these sloping shelves that make the chief danger of Blacklock. They've sunk down from a higher level in many places, and stretch out just where you

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE HOUSE OF THE HATTER
Continued from page eleven]

would not expect them. Oh, yes, there are charts, of course; but you ask any old South Seaman just what he thinks about charts, and how far he relies on them.

The Loewe, supposed up to this time to have gone down in some unknown deep, had simply flung herself upon the coral shelf of Blacklock at high speed—God knows what she was up to, keeping that gait near land—and had ripped herself open like a slaughtered pig. It must have been night and a high sea. No one survived assuredly, or the world would have known a good deal sooner.

I worked this out in my mind as I stood balancing beside the great dusk hill of the wreck, feeling light and oddly helpless, and rather as I should imagine a ghost might feel the first time it strayed outside its tomb in its unmanageable spirit body.

Underneath the wreck one could see nothing. I bounced like a rubber ball and, rising easily, caught the rail of the upper deck in my hands. It was child's play to hang on and look down into the hull, but what I saw was not encouraging. During the years when the Loewe had lain undiscovered, marine growths of all kinds had taken possession of her. She was a perfect garden of strange weeds and coralline flowers, with little bright blue fishes finning through.

They weren't afraid of me. They and others—biggish, tiger striped fish with long heads—came quite close and nosed about the dress. I hardly noticed them, and as for the beauty of the scene, it came back to me only long afterward. One sensation alone possessed me—disappointment, allied to plain dismay.

Somehow, I had thought that the chief difficulty would be over once I got down to the wreck. "Just let me see her, and I wager I'll find the stuff," was what I had said to me. And, behold, I saw her, and I wasn't within days of finding it.

The mere sight of that black blue hill with the sea flowers growing over it daunted me. I began to comprehend, for the first time, just what deep water salvage might mean. Why, the Dutchman must have been on the job for months, and hadn't finished it yet, though one could see traces of his work here and there—a way cleared into the ugly deeps of the hold, masses of broken timbers and shattered bars piled up together.

How he must have toiled, down there alone! Like me, he wanted to keep a good thing to himself; unlike me, he must have known he was up against a heavy job.

And I had imagined gold coins tumbling out of torn steel plates, little gleaming bars scattered over the sand!

I HAD almost forgotten the launch. It came back into my mind with an unpleasant shock, and at the same time came something very like fear. I'm as good a fighter as most, but when you pit me against a chap who has no limits—who will do absolutely anything, provided he can get away with it—I am, like other honest men, handicapped. And this was not a case where one could afford handicaps.

It has been my experience that one thinks more quickly in a tight corner than at any other time of one's life. I thought very quickly just then—with the dead hull of the Loewe looming above me, and the blue and tiger striped fishes nosing at the glass of my helmet, and Jones' launch all the time coming nearer and nearer.

And the sum of my thinking led me to inflate the dress with air, float to the surface, and land on the flat topped rock. Here, lying low, I looked about me. The launch was invisible. That meant that she had run around to the other side of the island, toward the opening in the reef. Had I time? Whether I had or not, there was only one thing to do.

I got out of the dress as quickly as possible; then I filled it with heavy lumps of coral that I fetched from the shore, screwed home the glass, dragged the queer, half human figure to the edge of the deep water, and dropped it right over the wreck. Looking down, I could see it sink, waggling its arms and legs absurdly, until it reached the Loewe's hull, where it subsided, leaning on the plates. It looked natural, but rather scared, as if it were trying to hide.

Then, dragging on my clothes as I went, I made for a tumbled mass of rocks that ran across the shore, and hid myself among them. I wanted to know what Jones would do when he discovered the loss of the diving dress. I rather thought I could guess.

I had to wait quite a while there among the damp smelling stones, with their incrustations of queer shells, and the sea snakes looking out of holes closer than one liked, and over all the blazing blue of the island noon. Jones, as I knew afterward from his footmarks, spent an hour or more hunting the island for me, with systematic Dutch thoroughness. I don't think he could have left a stone unturned, and he certainly would have found me in my lair if he had not first visited the cave and discovered the absence of his precious diving kit.

That, I judge, solved the problem for him on the instant; at any rate, it set him scurrying back for his launch. I sat up in my hole, stretched my cramped limbs, and laughed. For now I was beginning to hope that the game might, at last, be mine.

It was a very little way from my hiding hole to the spot where the wreck lay under water. The tongue of rocks pointed to it like the needle of a compass, and I was hidden at the seaward end. I was therefore able to enjoy an excellent closeup of Jones when he came up, stealing silently along in that uncanny launch of his, dropped anchor over the wreck, and lay still. I couldn't make out what he was about at first. He seemed to be putting spectacles over his brilliant, farsighted eyes.

"Diving glasses!" I thought, of a sudden. And diving glasses they were—the kind you buy for a couple of shillings in any island store—barnacle shaped things that you strap tightly over your eyes, shutting out the salt water, so as to see clearly when you put your head underneath. With diving glasses, on any ordinary day, a man can see the bottom almost as if no water intervened.

WHEN I saw him dip his head, look underneath, take breath, and prepare to look again, a wild idea struck me. The very idea made my breath come quickly.

"It would not do to miss," I thought, hardening my heart, as one does when there is work ahead. "So I shan't miss."

Very carefully I inched and crawled along to the verge of the rock pile. Now there was only a narrow space of water between myself and the man called Jones, who had raised his head again and was busily searching in a locker at the stern of the launch.

"I bet a bob I know what you're about," I thought. And the care with which he handled the packet he took from the locker showed me I was right. "Dynamite," I thought; and then, as he unwrapped the stuff: "No—gelignite! That's something like business—you swine!"

I didn't suppose he had brought the stuff with any other intention than that of using it (when he had got rid of me) for blowing up part of the wreck. But the sight of the intruder (or what he took to be the intruder) cowering down below, in his dress, beside *his* wreck, apparently suggested a good plan for getting rid of me safely and certainly.

All island people know that when you are dynamite fishing you must be careful not to jump into the water in chase of your fish before the plug has exploded. If you do, you are liable to rupture your inside.

Jones was preparing a cap and a fuse to explode, not the milder dynamite, but gelignite, which would punch holes in a brass elephant, if the elephant happened to be in swimming when the thing went off. What it would have done to me if I had really been down below there, I did not like to think. Because it was quite on the cards that if I did not carry out my crazy plan with complete success, those things might happen to me—even yet.

It's a good plan to shut your mind to possibilities when you have something to do that demands certainties and nothing else. I shut mine.

Watching him as a cat watches a mouse, I slipped to the edge of the water, let myself in (it was deep here), and swam noiselessly out toward the launch. I reached her and clung to the sternpost, waiting. The moment would occur when he threw the plug—not before, and not after. And if he didn't give it a good high throw, it wouldn't occur at all. But other things— Stop that!

As I had calculated, he gave a high throw, having cut his fuse long, for safety. And in that instant I made a cat spring on board, seized him by one shoulder and one knee, and tossed him into the water.

He wasn't dazed. He wasn't taken aback. Of all the quick thinkers, quick movers—

He went for that plug like a swimming champion in the last ten yards of a race, caught it before it touched the water, and, with a tremendous heave, flung it right back into the boat. The fuse was almost burned through; I knew there couldn't be a second to spare. I snatched at the thing and flung it, this time far out of his reach.

It blew up with a frightful noise. The launch rocked on the swell, almost oversetting, and from every side blue, green, and silvery fish came to the surface and flapped about, dying. Jones didn't flap. He just turned over and, with his arms and legs hanging like seaweed, sank.

I hadn't had much chance at fishing since I came to the island, so I filled the boat with mullet and kingfish first thing, and then took the late Jones' discarded water glasses and strapped them over my eyes to see what had happened. Leaning down, I could see the diving dress open, with its "innards" of white coral tumbling out. I could see Jones lying on the bottom, apparently uninjured—except that he was dead. I suppose you can call that an injury. But I hardly noticed either of these things. Something else demanded all my attention.

The Loewe had opened out like a pea pod and spilled herself on the sand and coral, just as a broken basket spills its contents on the road. I do not suppose that the explosive had done it; she must have split when she struck. But she had been jarred all through, and the jar had revealed more damage than anybody knew, even Jones. The work was done.

And through the gaps, just as I had dreamed it, came the shine of something maddeningly bright: the gleam of that which sets the world aflame—calls, lures, more than the light of woman's eyes can lure, or the light that shines upon the world's high places. Gold!

The key was in my hands, and I was free.

Nevertheless, the spirit of the island seemed to laugh at me. It was not with me now. There are different kinds of freedom. It is a man's misfortune that he cannot have them all.

THE END

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

"We, as a nation, intend to do everything for your discomfort. You shall have jeers, corrupt government, even the killing of innocent citizens."

Why I am Against PROHIBITION

By

PIERRE S. DU PONT

Chairman of the Board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and the General Motors Corporation

IN last week's LIBERTY the case for prohibition was presented by the Rev. John Roach Straton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York City. In what follows a distinguished American business man offers an opposing view. It should be explained that, though the discussion is in the form of a debate, neither of these authors saw the statement of the other before writing his own.

IF there is one thing American business men are proud of, it is of their business sagacity. And yet—

We have prohibition.

If one wishes to gain trade in the manufacture and sale of a commodity he addresses himself to the demands of the customer, whether or not these demands meet his own personal views.

By catering to his customers' wants the manufacturer obtains more and more of the existing trade. Meantime he develops other trade by advertising that appeals to the imagination, taste, and desire of prospective customers. The hope of gaining new trade warrants the expenditure of large sums of money. Frequently a great business has been developed by catering to a prospective want through liberal advertisement.

In prohibition, however, we have taken a course diametrically opposite to the dictates of business sagacity or common sense. The law says

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

to all who desire to drink alcoholic beverages:

"We, as a nation, intend to do everything for your discomfort. We are going to keep from you all but the worst liquor sold at the highest price and with many undesirable features added.

"You shall have the jeers of successful propagandists, padlocks, unconstitutional searches without warrants, illegal resorts, corrupt government agents, even the killing of innocent citizens."

As a demonstration of business imprudence the success of this announcement is complete.

Not a drop of the enormous quantity of liquor consumed in this country goes through Uncle Sam's hands today. His competitors, the bootleggers, have swallowed up the whole business. They have proved themselves the better business men, for they continue to increase their trade under very adverse circumstances.

Such is the result of entire disregard of the practical in trying to solve the drink problem.

WHAT is the drink problem? One should not discuss it without making clear the aims of the advocates of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law, and their opponents.

Those who favor prohibition believe in the total abolishment of alcohol as an ingredient in beverages. However, they concede important exceptions to their demands:

1. Beverages containing less than one-half of 1 per cent of alcohol are considered harmless.
2. Sacramental wine of any strength is allowable.
3. Alcohol and beverages containing it may be permitted for medicinal purposes.
4. No prohibition of *drinking* is proposed or recommended.

Clearly these exceptions establish two facts: first, that prohibitionists admit the drinking of alcoholic beverages is not a wrongful act; and, second, that they consider harmless certain quantities of alcohol, which may be of actual benefit when taken in the sacrament or as medicine.

The antiprohibitionists, who have arisen in opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment, indorse laws planned to prevent the results of excessive use of alcohol. However, they adhere to the doctrine that the liberty of the individual is limited only by his obligation to refrain from interfering with the liberties of others.

The ill kept and illegally protected saloon, or other means of encouraging excessive drinking, is as abhorrent to these antiprohibitionists as it is to the prohibitionists themselves.

Thus it is evident that the dispute between the factions involves the extent of the middle ground only; that is, the quantity and the strength of alcoholic beverages permitted, and the method of controlling the sale and distribution.

The illegally protected saloon is as abhorrent to antiprohibitionists as to the prohibitionists themselves.

Let it be clearly understood that the prohibitionists have not proposed to penalize drinking, and that they concede the harmlessness of beverages containing alcohol under certain conditions. Let the prohibitionists understand that their opponents are willing to join them in stamping out the excessive use of alcohol, as well as the saloons catering to drunkards.

If anyone should ask me if I would be satisfied—in order to meet prohibitionists halfway—to have the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act amended to prohibit distilled spirits only, I should answer, "No."

I should answer thus because the most objectionable feature of these laws is not their misconception of the harm arising from the use of alcoholic beverages. Their main fault relates to the principle involved.

When the Federal Constitution was ratified our individual States continued to exist in order that the people might choose their own laws and regulations in matters not of national concern.

Among the questions of State determination is the regulation of food and drink supply and quality. If the hot weather of the South, or the humid weather of the Atlantic seaboard, requires laws for the protection of food supply different from those needed in the cold North or the dry West, no uniform Federal law or regulation can be made appropriate.

If the people of thirty-six States believe they are better off not drinking alcoholic beverages, or if they think they have stopped this drinking simply by prohibiting it, they are welcome to their belief. They have neither moral nor constitutional right to insist that all other States shall pretend to the same view.

The chief prohibitionist objection to State control is well expressed by Dr. E. H. Cherrington, one of their leaders. One page 321 of his book, The Evolution of Prohibition in the United States of America, he says:

> Just as it had been impossible fully to enforce township, county, and municipal Prohibition without State Prohibition, so it had become apparent that the enforcement of State Prohibition would never be permanently successful until National Prohibition had been secured.

Dr. Cherrington stated a fact as to the failure of State prohibition, but he failed to realize the cause of failure, namely—this prohibition was adopted against the wishes of a large minority.

Without this minority—the customers—there would have been no difficulty in handling bootleggers from adjacent wet States. It is the disregard of the minority, embodied in all prohibition laws, that makes them impossible of success.

You ask what is the proper course to pursue?

First of all, the liquor trade must be returned to legitimate paths. To win back the customers of the bootlegger should not be difficult, as under legalized procedure all requirements of quality and of price can be readily met.

Of course, the demands of the people of different States are very diverse, and no Federal law can meet all requirements.

Dispensaries operated by the States, or by responsible persons, will cater to individual State needs. If the people of one State demand beer, they will be content if beer only is allowed. But if they demand a full list of alcoholic beverages, there will be no successful operation without granting their wishes.

There also must be careful attention to good service. Carrying a bottle or flask has become conventional under prohibition auspices. Perhaps we can continue satisfactory service by selling a quart at a time, to be drunk off the premises only.

But if we picture for a moment the popularity and success of a restaurant or hotel where the service is confined to the sale of meals in a box, to be eaten on the sidewalk or at home, we can picture the probable effectiveness of this by the quart method of sale as a means of eliminating night clubs and speakeasies. That bridge may be crossed, though, when we come to it. Meantime the "sealed package" will give sufficient and popular relief.

When it comes to advertising we have the reverse of the commercial problem.

Having regained control of its lost business, the State will be interested in reducing the volume rather than in expanding it. Therefore, no advertisements should be permitted. But advertising might be reversed. Customers purchasing liquor might be furnished with a leaflet setting forth the quantity of liquor to be drunk with prudence, the ill effects of partaking before work, and so forth.

© Brown Bros.

Pierre S. du Pont

Any business can be reduced in volume if its owners spend their money in reverse advertising, or in advocating a competitive product desirable in itself, and well advertised.

The worst of the Volstead law, and especially of its progenitor, the Eighteenth Amendment, is not told in relating its practical unwisdom.

The propriety of the amendment and the law, perhaps their constitutionality, may be gravely questioned.

The amendment was introduced into the Sixty-fifth Congress early in the year 1917. The members of that Congress were elected in November, 1916, at a time when no prohibition plan such as the Eighteenth Amendment had been proposed. In fact, the original amendment, offered in December, 1914, prohibited the manufacture, importation, and transportation of liquor *for purposes of sale only.*

The people of the United States had no opportunity to elect representatives for consideration of the Eighteenth Amendment as it now stands, for in December, 1917, Congress voted to submit the amendment to the legislatures of the States. Prior to November, 1918, when the next election was held, fourteen States had ratified, so that there, at least, the people were deprived of opportunity for action.

IN addition to this, in fourteen States an amendment to the State constitution, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, had been rejected by the people. And in three others the State constitution required the maintenance of local option conditions for the counties or other divisions of the States. In eleven States the people had ratified amendments to the State constitutions prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor and its manufacture for sale, but the laws of these States specifically sanctioned either importation of liquor or the domestic manufacture of wine.

In a total of thirty-four States the people had not authorized the prohibition of transportation; while in six States only had the people prohibited the manufacture, sale, and transportation of liquor.

From the fact that the constitutions, or the legislatures, of forty-five of the forty-eight States had recognized the right of the people to be heard on the subject of prohibition on 133 different occasions, one must conclude that this was one of the rights of decision reserved to the people in accordance with the Bill of Rights of the State constitutions, as well as the so called Bill of Rights (the first ten amendments) of the Constitution of the United States.

Questions of illegitimacy and unconstitutionality have brought the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act to their deserved position. While obeyed to some extent, they are respected by none of their opponents and by few of their advocates. These, then, are the fundamental objections to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law:

They are failures as a remedy for the drink evil.

They command no respect and scant observance because they disregard the wishes and rights of a very large number of people.

They were brought into being hastily, without proper approval, and, it seems to me, by methods that are not constitutional.

Enough said.

THE END

Mock Turtle Soup

Here's "Something different" for your table

I'm riding high, with feelings spry
Aglow with true ambition.
I'm headed straight at lively gait
For Campbell's rich nutrition.

Just because Mock Turtle is a favorite soup in the fashionable hotels and restaurants is no reason why you should not enjoy it right on your own table. Campbell's French chefs blend it for you with all the skill of master soup-makers.

For a welcome note of novelty, serve this unusual and delicious soup. Campbell's use only the tender, tempting meat for which this soup is famous. Toothsome pieces of it are blended in rich beef broth, puree of luscious tomatoes, snow-white celery, herbs and seasoning.

A dash of truly European flavor livens the soup and helps to give it that tempting, distinctive taste so prized by the epicure. You just add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer a few minutes. So convenient! Many like to garnish this soup with a slice of lemon or hard-boiled egg before serving. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

PACKARD

A better buy *used* than many cars *new*

Recently an eminent western surgeon who has driven Packard cars for a number of years, turned in his Eight Club Sedan on an Eight Convertible Coupe.

In nineteen months of driving he had used not quite twenty of the many thousands of miles of first-class Packard transportation he originally purchased. Reconditioning put the Club Sedan in prime shape. It looked like new.

A well-to-do Minnesota stock fancier, desiring a fast and powerful car for business use saw it on the dealer's floor and immediately purchased it —knowing that it would provide superlative performance, together with luxurious comfort, at a distinct saving in cost.

Packard used cars, when reconditioned and modernized, are always real bargains. Sixes or Eights, they offer far more in comfort, beauty, distinction and performance than many cars selling new at comparable figures.

Why not see the Packard dealer in your neighborhood? The example cited here is typical of his used car offerings.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Black Sheep

A Story of Rebellion

By

Clarence Darrow

Pictures by Harry Townsend

"Yes, the letter is from Ellery. He has brought disgrace on me and the family."

NOT all Puritans are religious. The deep sense of duty and the strong conviction which makes one almost yearn to suffer for righteousness' sake are born of an intense nature and a hostile environment.

Daniel Knight was a Puritan, but he was not a godly man. He was born and reared in a Calvinistic community in Connecticut, but came west to eastern Ohio at an early age. His parents were very religious, and long before Daniel knew anything about it they decided that he should be a preacher. This ambition was born of Daniel's intense love of books.

In those simple days the trade of a parson was thought to be an intellectual calling. He was bound out, as it were, to the Presbyterian faith, and his father eagerly looked forward to the time when he could embark in the life saving business of a preacher and thus bring distinction to himself and honor to his name. After getting such education as his means allowed, he went to a theological seminary.

However, neither individuals nor parents are all powerful in settling careers. Something which we call fate has the last word to say. Daniel had scarcely entered the sacred precincts of the school when he began to doubt. He doubted hell, and he even questioned heaven and God. How this came about he could never understand. His parents had always believed everything they heard.

Luckily, as he then thought, a Unitarian college furnished him a refuge for his doubting mind and troubled soul. Here he read Voltaire and Thomas Paine and Volney's Ruins, yet managed to adjust himself to the elastic bonds of Unitarianism until he graduated at the school and found a place to preach. (In those days even Unitarian ministers preached.)

Daniel followed his studies by reading William Ellery Channing and Edward Everett, and from these authors he went to Hume and Newman, and then still farther to Theodore Parker, who was the immediate cause of his undoing.

In a way, Daniel was unfortunate. He had a stern and righteous and uncompromising nature which would not let him preach something that he did not believe. So he closed the door of his little church, turned the key, and sought something else to do.

It is not easy to leave friends and familiar faces and plain thoroughfares and trudge away alone without even a trail to point the way. To add to the serious burden, he had married as a young man, and already had two young sons who must be fed.

In his dire need Daniel turned to a friendly old German shoemaker in a little town near by. The shoemaker sympathized with his views and encouraged him in his mad resolve. All of this was seventy-five years ago; and even in religion the world is a little more tolerant than it was then. One now is not so very lonely even if he doubts that Eve was made from Adam's rib.

Daniel's wife shared his religious views. Even if he ever showed the least hesitation in the hard path that he seemed to have chosen for himself, she encouraged him to go on. His first son was christened Theodore Parker and his second Ellery Channing. These names testified to his waning religious faith.

In due course, without much time between, six more children were born to him and his wife after the first two were named. But there were no more christenings in the family.

Luckily for Daniel, the old shoemaker had died after the second child was born and Daniel succeeded to the little shop and the small venture, which in those days was called "the business."

For many years the wolf stayed close to the door of the little home, but that did not much matter then; everyone was poor.

Daniel never recovered from his fatal love of learning. All that he could possibly pinch from the food and clothes of his growing brood was spent on books. The home in which he lived was none too large. In the course of time, in spite of the growing family, the shelves and tables and even the floors were strewn with books.

AN infidel in a country town in those early days was a curiosity, if not an example, to the simple, trusting peasants that gathered each Sunday in the big white church that was built upon a hill.

Daniel might have been boycotted and driven from the town, but he was a good shoemaker, and the neighbors knew that he did honest work, and, besides, there was nowhere else to go.

Gradually his little shop grew to be a sort of forum. In the evenings the farmers and hired men from the country round about would crowd into the place to discuss the events of the day and the mysteries of life and death.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Her Hair
is Lovely;
She uses Perfect Combs

BEAUTIFULLY combed hair is an outward expression of taste and fastidious grooming. Ace Hard Rubber Combs have smooth, polished teeth which coax away snarls and tangles without breaking. In order to attain perfection in the care of the hair, a large Ace Comb should be used each morning upon arising. For every occasion during the day, the Ace Pocket Comb is a necessity, while at night the Ace Dry Shampoo Comb cleans away every bit of dust or powder, leaving the hair glossy and the scalp healthily glowing. These Ace Combs assure a loveliness that fully repays their modest cost.

ACE COMBS

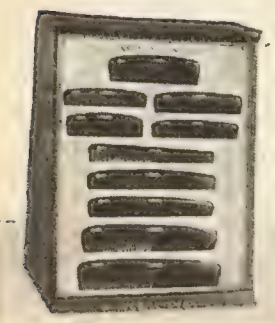
A GENUINE Ace Pocket Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING".

{Tear Off Here}

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept. L-12, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to

Name .....

Address .....



The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

[THE BLACK SHEEP Continued from page seventeen]

These simple people, with their unquestioning faith, listened open eyed to the shoemaker, who paused even while driving pegs into the soles of the boots to proclaim the reasons for his faith. This dangerous shop, with Daniel's sacrilegious talk, somehow held an uncanny charm for the simple folk. Moths are not the only insects that are lured by the flame.

Daniel's infidelity did not interfere with his work, although he and his family were looked upon with doubt and distrust by the best people of the town. But even then there was a handful of despised infidels in the small community and country round. These were drawn closer together by the social boycott that the godly automatically enforced against these children of darkness.

NOW and then some preacher, perhaps more curious than the rest, would call at the infidel's home in the evening to see if perchance he might not do something to save this godless family that seemed wedded to its idols.

Daniel always welcomed the ministers to his house. This gave him a chance for a battle royal which the simpler neighbors could not stage. In spite of their best endeavors ministers could not interest the shoemaker in his soul.

Daniel's one bad habit that always dogged his steps and kept him poor was his love of books. No other member of the community had anything that even by grace could be called a library. Still less did any of them even know the names of the infidel books that were the constant companions of the misguided home.

Now and then some neighbors had heard the preacher demonstrate the shallowness, absurdity, and wickedness of Paine and Voltaire, and of course the parishioners marveled that such books were permitted in the ungodly home.

Daniel and his wife were not unmindful of the intellectual food as well as the physical needs of their growing family. All of the children were urged not only to go religiously to school, but to read and study in their home.

Not only did their house have more books than any other in the little town, but in some way the shoemaker managed to find money for magazines and weekly papers too. From the time that Horace Greeley began publishing the *Weekly Tribune*, this newspaper furnished him most of his political ideas and ministered to his literary and artistic taste as well.

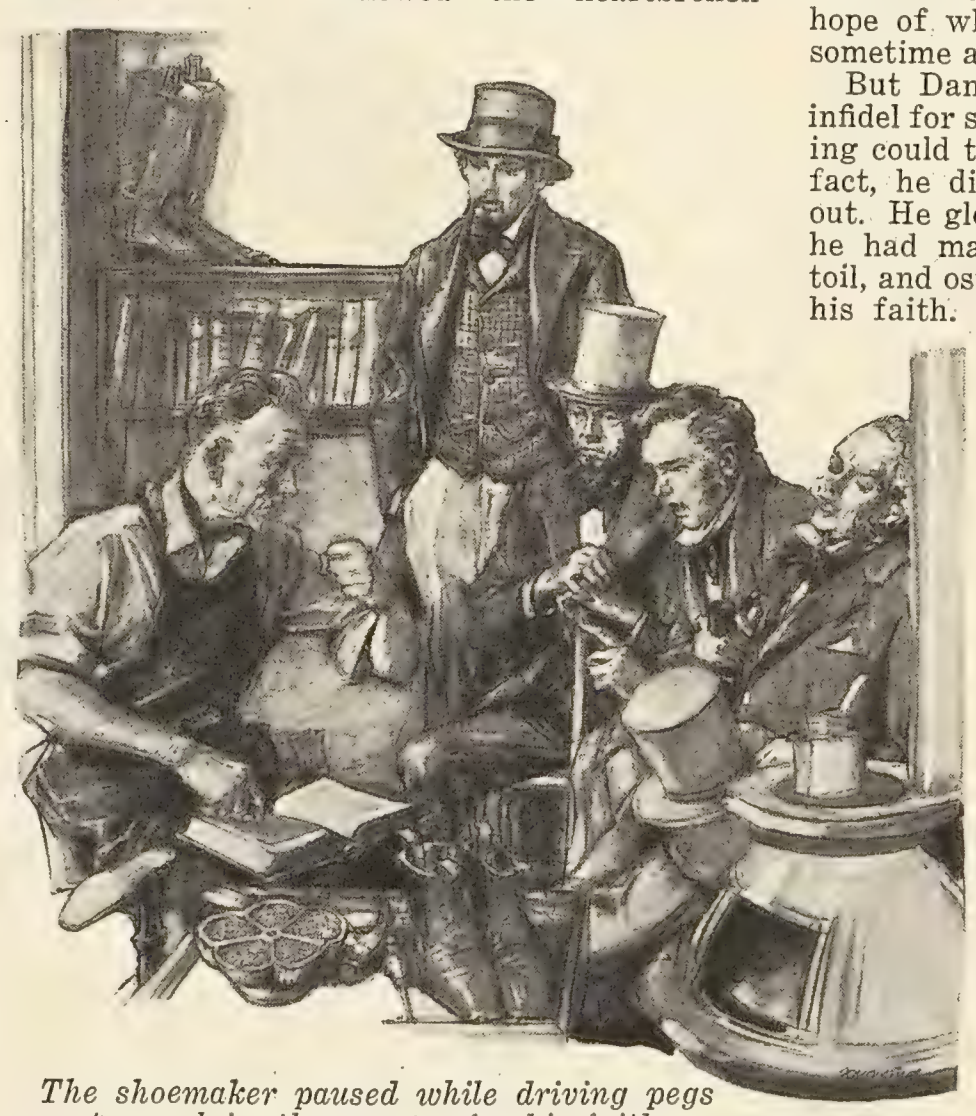
Daniel and his wife had resignedly accepted the station in life that faith and fate had seemed to impose. In this case his faith was rather lack of credulity, and fate seemed to be the neighbors.

Although Daniel often felt the unfairness of the destiny which had chained him to the little leather seated bench in the small shop in the obscure backwoods town, he could find no release. He was always certain that but for circumstances he could have been a lawyer or a doctor and thus lived an easier life and given his children a chance.

So time wore on. One boy had gone to his everlasting sleep almost in infancy. In sorrow and despair they had laid him away in the little graveyard surrounded by a white picket fence.

The neighbors had talked and marveled and condemned the devoted infidel who had let his child die without baptism. Many of them wondered, as good Christians, why the law should permit a father to send a child to hell out of perversity and stubbornness alone.

They even doubted if the community should suffer him to live in the town with his terrible example and his dangerous beliefs. When the child was buried in the churchyard "without benefit of clergy," they wagged their heads and told each other that they should not have allowed the heartbroken father and mother to desecrate the yard with the burial of an unbaptized child.



The shoemaker paused while driving pegs to proclaim the reasons for his faith.

The father and mother and brothers and sisters grew accustomed to their grief, as all sufferers do, and in time, if it was not forgotten, the deep sorrow found its place with the other experiences of life and was blended with the rest. After all, forgetfulness is kinder and more useful than memory.

Gradually it became evident to the community that the children were growing up in the footsteps of their parents. With the help and encouragement that they found at home they were always at the head of their classes in school.

One of them already was the marvel of the town, and was preparing to go to the academy on the hill. He was quiet and serious, and his common talk was in the language of books. An interesting and easy future was everywhere predicted for this remarkable son. The other children, too, with one exception, loved their books and a studious life. In spite of itself, the little community realized that somehow the wrath of God had not descended upon the heads of this infidel family. Why did God withhold His hand?

Not only were the children studious at school, but they, like the Christian children, had been reared in the faith of the parents that cared for them. After years, their infidelity seemed to be taken for granted by the people who had been horrified in the earlier days.

DANIEL and his wife looked forward with pride and hope to the great things that the children would sometime achieve. It is the nature and habit of parents to feel that their children will fulfill the ambitions that were denied to them. Slowly, as life waned and age crept on, their own buried ambitions were resurrected in the hope of what the children would sometime achieve.

But Daniel had been the town infidel for so many years that nothing could take away the stain. In fact, he did not want to wipe it out. He gloried in the brave fight he had made, through privation, toil, and ostracism, in obedience to his faith. He was sure that his children could outstrip their neighbors.

The dead child out in the graveyard, unostentatiously lying among headstones adorned with carvings of doves and lambs, still slept alone. His life and death were scarcely remembered except when some word of allusion called him back for a brief moment to their minds. Life had really been kind, when only one out of eight had died in youth.

But still one deep sorrow clouded Daniel Knight's life. This sorrow called for all his fortitude and strength. He had lived in a hostile community and reared his family in the face of almost impossible handicaps. He had never turned his back on friend or foe. He felt proud of the long fight that he had made and the strength of his devotion to his ideas. He was proud of the family that would carry his banner triumphantly when he should be forced to lay it down.

But one son, Ellery Channing, named for the great leader of the Unitarian Church, had disappointed his ambition and almost

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

Dull Film on Teeth

How It Fosters Serious Tooth and Gum Disorders

How film turns lovely white teeth dingy and "off color"

Now remove it as prescribed by modern dentists everywhere—a health as well as beauty measure

Sparkling teeth hold charm that others note and marvel at—for still many do not know how great a change Pepsodent can work.

WHY dental science wants you to keep teeth dazzling white is a new and interesting chapter in modern health and beauty. Teeth, we are told, cannot be white or sparkling unless they are kept free from dingy film that forms each day. And film, it's proved by exhaustive scientific study, fosters serious tooth and gum disorders.

Thus teeth and gums to be healthy must be kept beautiful. Today, in accordance with leading dental practice, film is removed by a *special film-removing dentifrice*, called Pepsodent. It is made primarily for this purpose in answer to a crying need, because brushing alone fails to combat film successfully.

FILM—What it leads to

Film is that slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. You can feel it with the tongue.

It gets into crevices and clings so stubbornly that ordinary brushing fails to remove it successfully. Food discolors film and smoking stains it, thus teeth look dull and tarnished.

Film is the basis of tartar. It invites the acids of decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs, with tartar, are an established cause of pyorrhea.

Old ways having failed, dental science evolved this new practice in tooth care—*a special film-removing method* known as Pepsodent.

How new way removes film

Embodying, as it does, the most recent approved dental findings, Pepsodent acts to curdle and loosen film and then in gentle safety to the delicate enamel to remove it. This is the outstanding forward step in years of dental history.

Embodies other properties

Pepsodent acts to intensify the alkalinity of saliva and thus to neutralize the acids of decay caused by fermenting starch in food.

Dentists know the secret of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

Pepsodent also aids to firm and harden gums to a healthy pink condition. Thus, in all protective measures, Pepsodent marks the utmost science knows in a modern dentifrice.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for a few days and see teeth lighten. Between your dentist and Pepsodent you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

Get a large tube at your druggist's. Or write to nearest address below for a generous supply to try.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; 191 George St., *Toronto 2*, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S.E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N.S.W.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Many Able Men *Waste Years*

before they learn this simple lesson

IN a very old book named Joel, after the man who wrote it, you will find this line—"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten."

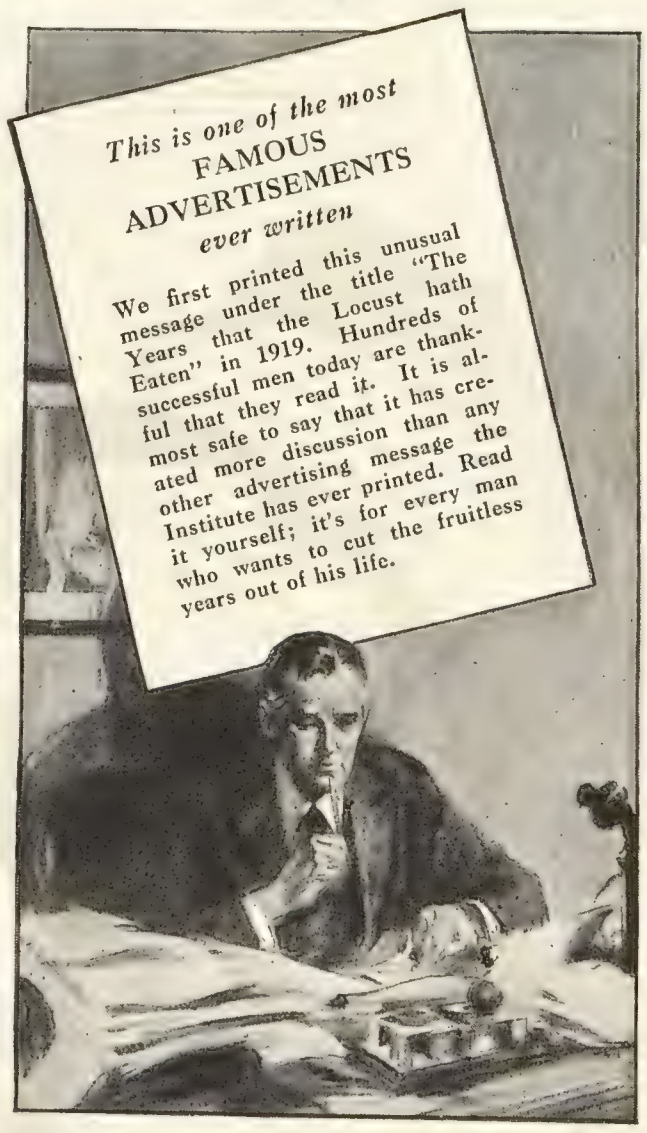
A solemn sounding line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

* * *

In almost every life there are some fruitless years; but the tragedies occur when, year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

In every week of every year the Alexander Hamilton Institute is brought into contact with such tragedies.



"I wish I had acted earlier"

"My experience with the Alexander Hamilton Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time," says one man.

For that regret there is no healing. The years when one might have acted, and did not; these are the years that the locust hath eaten.

"If I had enrolled with you a year or two ago, I should be better able to handle my daily problems," another says.

Many able men waste years before they learn this simple lesson—before they learn that success today is impossible without training and that the time to get that training is not next month or next year but *right now*.

The punishment of wasted years

This happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him detailed information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped more than 358,000 men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain the Institute's plan and method. And as he talked, naming one and another who now occupy high positions, he looked across at the gray-haired man, who was plainly disturbed by emotion.

The representative of the Institute turned away his eyes; he knew what that man was thinking. His thoughts were turned back over the fields of wasted opportunity; he was plagued by the thought of the years that the locust hath eaten.

Today's decision may save you tomorrow's regrets

You can hardly call this an advertisement about the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The facts about its Modern Business Course and Service have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated.

The average man could say them almost by heart. He knows that the Institute is *the* institution that specializes in taking men who know only one department of business, and rounding them out into fitness for high executive tasks. He knows that 358,000 men are proof of its strength and standing.

Advisory Council

This advertisement is directed to the man who knows all this and, knowing it, has let the weeks and months and years slip by—years that might have meant so much to him, and now are gone and beyond recalling; years that the locust hath eaten.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

To such men—and to all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years—the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

A book has been published for you, entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

It is not a book for drifters; but to men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be five years from now?" it is offered freely and gladly without the slightest charge.

Today your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" is waiting. Send for it now.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

Modern Business

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 692 Astor Place, New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Name..... Business Position.....

Please write plainly

Business Address.....

IN CANADA, *address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto*
IN AUSTRALIA, *11c Castlereagh St., Sydney*

[THE BLACK SHEEP Continued from page eighteen]

blasted his hopes. Somehow, Ellery never cared for books. While the rest of the children bent over the table under the great lamp as the twilight came on, Ellery was not at home.

Daniel knew that there were boys in the town who prowled by night and indulged in unknown and unimagined deeds. What was Ellery doing in the dark? He was not at home with his books where he should have been. Ellery did not read Thomas Paine or Voltaire or Emerson or Theodore Parker. He did not care for that kind of book. If he read anything it was stories of adventure and wild life on the prairies of the West. It was of Indians and cowboys and stolen maidens that he read.

Although the family did not go to church, Sunday was a sacred day to them. It was sacred because the thump of the hammer on the iron last was not then heard. The family was at home reading magazines and books.

ALL but Ellery. In some way Ellery had bought a gun, no one knew how or where, and on Sundays he would steal off to the woods and hunt. Of course he was admonished, then lectured, not only by the father and the mother, but by all his brothers and sisters who were old enough to understand.

No one could do anything to change him. To cap the climax, he ran away. At least, he left home. Weeks and months went by with no word from Ellery.

The neighbors inquired solicitously for the boy, but the family confessed their shame by saying that they had never heard from him since he went away. It was not the fault of the father and mother or the brothers and sisters; they had done all they could for Ellery, but it had done no good. He would not study; he was always "wild."

In those days the mail was delivered to the little town by stage. Daniel's home was almost half a mile from the post office. The stage arrived in the evening about 8 o'clock. The children always waited for the mail before they went to bed. They were eager for some magazine or paper with an installment of a continued story that had held them breathless for a week or month until it came.

Ellery had been away so long that the family almost despaired of ever hearing from him again. Faithfully they looked for a letter day by day, but no word came. One night, early in winter, when the snow was drifting around the house, Theodore was persuaded to go to the post office, regardless of the weather. The roads were bad and the stage was late. It was past 9 o'clock when the family heard him stamping his feet on the porch to jar off the snow.

The father, mother, and children sat in a circle around the table waiting for the mail. Finally Theodore came in and handed a letter to his father.

Daniel read it in silence; then he read it once more, slowly, even gravely, as befitted ill tidings.

The children easily sensed misfortune if not tragedy. After a few moments of evident sorrow, he passed the letter to the mother. She read it slowly and brushed away a tear while she moved her hands convulsively.

THE father and mother slept in the front bedroom upstairs. After the reading of the letter, they arose silently to retire for the night and then hesitated before leaving the room. Anxiously, Theodore asked:

"What is it, father? Is the letter about Ellery?"

Daniel bowed his head, evidently in pain. He did not raise his eyes to the anxious group. Finally, quietly, gravely, and as if in grief, he began to speak:

"Yes, the letter is from Ellery. He is in Arkansas, a long way off. I was sure something had happened to him. He isn't dead, and I suppose that is something. But he has brought disgrace on me and the family. If the neighbors ever find it out, which I am sure they will, I don't know what I can do. If I had the money I would go down and help him, but of course I can't.

"I was always afraid something would happen to him. You all know how hard I tried to raise him right, but I couldn't do it. You remember how he went to Orangeville and was found in a billiard room. You know about his going to Junetown to see a horse race. When he came back I was sure he had been drinking. Anyhow, I smelled something on his breath that I had never smelled before. Then he ran off and went to Maizeville to a camp meeting.

"He never would work or study. I tried to get him to read the Age of Reason, but he wouldn't do it. And now, after this, I don't see how I can ever meet the neighbors. To think of a child of mine! I don't want to see his face again."

The mother was crying softly, with her eyes fixed on Daniel as he spoke. Finally she said:

"Oh, father, you are too hard on Ellery. We must stand by him. I never thought he was quite right, but he was always good to me. He is my boy and if he ever does come home I will take him back, no matter what he has done."

Theodore could wait no longer.

"Father, father, what has Channing done? Is he in jail? Tell us, what is it?"

"Well, Channing got in with a gang of young fellows down there. I am sure he must have been drinking or he wouldn't have done it. They all of them went to a revival meeting, and Channing joined the church. He always was a black sheep!"

The father and mother opened the door and softly went upstairs.

THE END

The Shoplifters

An Amateur Detective's Look at Some Ladies with Taking Ways

By ALICIA PATTERSON

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

"When she looked in the girl's closet, Mackay nearly keeled over with surprise. There were fifteen or twenty of our dresses hanging there, as pert as could be."

JOB hunting this year in Chicago for the young ignorama from the country with no experience of a trade is not easy. I tried everything from charladies to dress models and back again. I didn't even make first base.

The nearest I came to landing a job on my own merits was at the Granada movie theater —as a cashier. The Granada movie theater is a misnomer. It is the Granada theater. It looks with palatial scorn on the old nickelodeons of yesterday. It occupies most of a block and is all dressed up in gold, crimson, and white. It has plush upholstery and military ushers. It will entertain you with snappy jazz, beautiful girls, and five a day comedians. But this castle of enchantment was not for me. I used what little tricks I could on the manager. No go. The best I could get from him was—"In a week. Leave your number."

Finally, in desperation, I went to a friend of mine and asked him to give me a card to Mr. Arthur Davis, the manager of the Davis Store. The Davis Store is the Bloomingdale's of Chicago. It puts on no airs. It makes no class distinctions.

Mr. Davis gave me a job selling dresses at fifteen dollars a week. Now, selling dresses may sound easy. Just try it once. You are on your feet from 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., with only a half hour off for lunch. You must smile sweetly at every customer that comes your way, and tell her what a perfect shape she has, and how you envy her (often she weighs 200 stripped).

You have to pull out dress after dress, only to put them back again, while she will be telling you helpfully what a complete dunce you are, and asking if she couldn't get "a more competent saleslady." Finally she will walk out on you with never so much as a five dollar purchase. A great life!

After a week I resigned. I never wanted to see another dress or another buyer. I had mixed my accounts, and I had alienated some of the Davis Store's best customers. I was too abrupt to make the ideal saleslady. I was obtuse, inept, blunt, or just plain stupid. In any case, I was a flop.

I went to Mr. Davis and explained my predicament. He was very kind and offered to switch me to the detective force. I was to go around with one of the store sleuths and learn the intricacies of the shoplifting racket. It was a grand opportunity and I jumped at it. I felt certain I should make an excellent detective. In murder stories I have always picked out the criminal when only halfway through the book. So I was introduced to Johnny MacFarland, head detective of the Davis Store. He used to work under Pinkerton. In winter he tends the store—the rest of the time he keeps various race tracks out of trouble. Johnny has a powerful build, an Irish sense of humor, and old fashioned ideas about women. He is still a bachelor. He is of that school that does not believe in rouge, lip stick, or powder. Johnny is the kind that will give his subway seat to a woman in the rush hour.

I don't think he was anxious to take on a raw girl and teach her the business, though he was too polite to show his feelings.

He took me down to the basement dress department, and presented Mrs. Mae Mackay, star detective. It was her job to put me wise.

Mackay, as she was called, did the actual catching, while Johnny did the third degreeing. There were five other plainclothes men and women scattered on different floors, but none so smart as Mackay. Mackay looked like anybody else; she talked like anybody else; and she dressed like anybody else. I had had my mind set on some modern Amazon that would sweep her culprits to a swift and righteous justice. All wrong.

She had snitched seven dresses, which she concealed in a shoppers' black bag. One girl kept watch while the other stood in front of her mother to shield her from view.

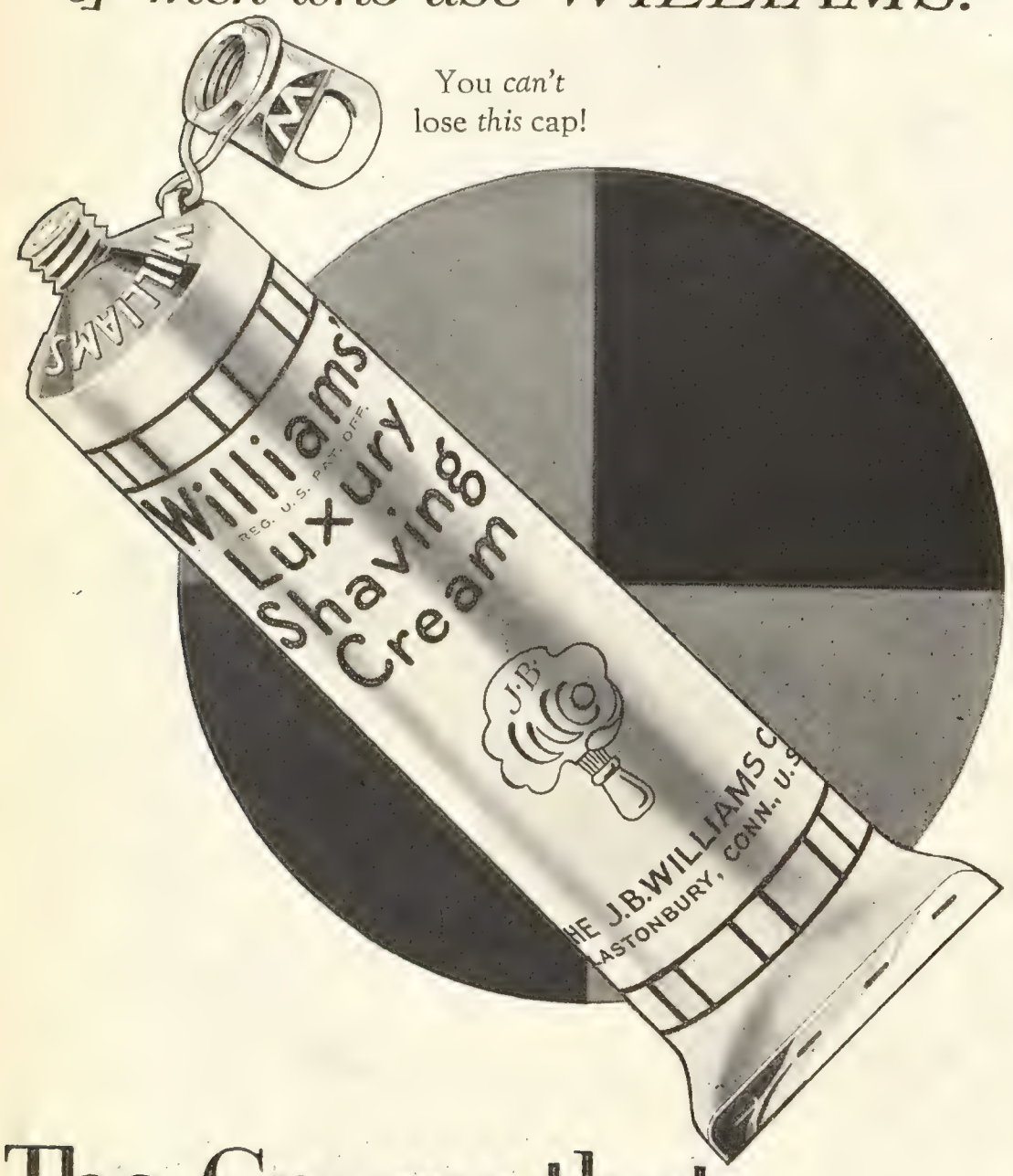
MACKAY explained the ins and outs of sleuthing.

The main requirement was an abnormal amount of suspicion. The second, an ability to appear inconspicuous. The third, quick wits. And the fourth, a lion heart.

Mackay had all those qualities and plenty more. She could tell a potential thief almost as soon as she or he entered the door. It might take one hour, maybe two, before the culprits were actually caught—but she usually got them in the end.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"



The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

More and more, well groomed, discriminating men look to Williams to help them toward *Face Fitness.*

Utterly pure. Uncolored. Supremely mild. It makes shaving speedy and simple.

And more than that it has a wonderful effect upon facial pores and tissue. It leaves the skin, no matter how close the shave, soothed, satiny and *Fit!*

There's quite a lot in the drug clerk's canny observation. "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Afterwards find out how perfectly AQUA VELVA completes the shave.
Made *just* for that!

The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

THE SHOPLIFTERS

[Continued from page twenty-one]

In store detection, the idea is to look and act like a customer buying goods. One eye on the goods, the other on the goods lifters. If the salesladies see a suspicious character hanging around, they step to a telephone and tell the operator the floor and department. A system of lights is then switched on to every floor of the building. Each detective has his own combination of lights. When he sees his lights, he goes to the nearest phone, finds out where the trouble is located, and takes himself post haste to the source.

"Ah, missus," she whined, "yo' all don' wan' to sen' me to jail."

It sounds complicated, but these Davis dicks have it down to a fine point. They can't afford to make mistakes.

Mackay had just returned from a month's vacation and was in despair. "I had this place all cleaned up before I went away," she told me. "Now the shoplifters are back in force. They knew when I left that their chance had come, and they sure took advantage of it. It will take me another month to make the basement livable."

Mackay always stays by the basement dresses. "Better business there," she confided. She calls anyone under suspicion a customer. The "customer" may come in several times before she is caught. She may not have the nerve to take the dress the first time, or she may wait for a better opportunity. She usually comes back, particularly if she has got away with something before.

Mackay never makes an arrest unless she sees the article being taken with her own eyes. A false arrest brings a lot of trouble. The accused is likely to bring a damage suit against the Davis Store for defamation of character. There is also much unfavorable publicity attached to a blunder of this kind.

MY first day proved profitable—two catches. The wife of a policeman, and a high brown gal from the South Side. Mackay caught Mrs. A quietly putting a $2.95 dress under her coat. She was accompanied by her six year old son. I couldn't believe she had done it—she looked so painfully honest.

Mackay took her up to MacFarland's office. The kid waited outside. Johnny found out her name, address, and occupation. The poor woman was terrified for fear her husband would find out.

"He will kill me, mister," she sobbed over and over again. She swore it was the first time she "had ever gone wrong." I believe she was speaking the truth. It seems she had wanted a house dress for over a year, but never could afford to buy one. A policeman's wages served only to make ends meet, with not much left over. There were a couple of other children at home, her husband had been sick, and the rent had been raised. She was an underfed, shabby little woman with lots of trouble in her eyes.

Johnny gave her a good talking to and let her go.

"She won't do any more stealing for a long time to come," was Johnny's only comment.

The chocolate wench, who gave her name as Jessie James, was a more colorful type. She was decked out in a bright red dress, a smart black toque, and high red heeled patent leather slippers. Jessie was one of Mackay's customers. She had been in time and again, but Mackay had never before been able to get the goods on her. She arrived at the dress department all ready for work with a large flat purse and a paper bag. Jessie went in between the dress racks, gave a swift glance around to see that no one was looking, and in a moment she had a dress in her purse and a small crêpe de Chine cape in the paper bag. She worked so quickly that I couldn't see the actual theft. I had to take Mackay's word for it. I am certain Jessie would have made a fortune in vaudeville doing sleight of hand tricks.

JESSIE was nobody's fool, however. She saw me gaping at her in wide eyed amazement and sensed that she had been detected. Instead of making a bee line for the door, as less expert thieves are likely to do, she went behind the racks, threw away the paper bag, and was in the act of getting rid of the dress when Mackay stepped up and tapped her on the shoulder. Once caught, Jessie became very abject. She offered Mackay ten dollars to release her.

"Ah, missus," she whined, "yo' all don' wan' to sen' me to jail. Ah'll geeve yo' anyt'ing yo' say, on'y pleese don' mek me go up 'fore dat jedge. He'es ten dollars yo' kin have. Ah've got mo' home Ah'll git yo'," etc.

Mackay carried the protesting female up to the office.

She swore indignantly that she had never in her life taken anything before; that she was a good girl. After half an hour's quizzing from Johnny, she admitted she had "borrowed jest one teeny dress before." Finally it came out that she was a regular dyed in the wool shoplifter and had been practicing her trade for a number of years. She sold her takings to friends on the South Side. Johnny called up the police station and the reluctant Jessie was borne off to jail.

I expressed my surprise to Johnny that a pocketbook should be used for stealing purposes.

"They use everything and anything," he said. "Purses are very common. An ordinary purse is plenty big enough to hold a flimsy

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"What is back of these bonds?"

When you buy bonds from The National City Company you get something more than dependable income and adequate security of principal. You get a broad choice of issues, and personal contact with bond men well qualified to help you select suitable offerings; you get quick service through a chain of investment offices in over fifty leading American cities, offices interconnected by thousands of miles of private wires; you get ready access to up-to-date information on your various bond holdings; and, finally, you get the broad benefits which come from dealing with an organization having a background of over a century of financial experience and maintaining close contact with investment conditions throughout the world.

Our monthly list of recommended issues will keep you informed on attractive current offerings. It will be sent upon request.

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Offices or representatives in the principal cities of the United States, Canada, Europe, China, Japan, India, Australia, South America, Central America and the West Indies.

New thrill

Your skin feels a new sensation

INGRAM'S lather starts to *cool*, as soon as it goes on . . . while the shave is on. From start-off to wipe-off . . . your skin feels a new sensation. Pioneer of *cool* shaving creams . . . Ingram's is kind to tender skins . . . takes the pull out of dull blades . . . soothes tiny nicks and razor scratches . . . leaves your skin whole and wholesome for the next shave. If you've had a notion you must use a lotion . . . INGRAM'S will show you you're wrong. With INGRAM'S you need no lotion. Men like its clean, pleasant odor.

Even the package is different for this different shaving cream. INGRAM'S comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste.

FREE!
7 COOL Shaves for you. Different from all others.
Use coupon below.

The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you're not shaving . . . and doesn't roll under cover when you are. Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

7 Free *COOL* Shaves Await You

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first—at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your own face. Just send the coupon . . . and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 cool shaves for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
1162 10th Street, Detroit, Mich.
Also **Windsor, Canada**

I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 FREE *Cool* Shaves.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

[THE SHOPLIFTERS
Continued from page twenty-two]

dress if there is nothing else inside."

He then showed me a cupboard in his office that was filled with purses, shopping bags, suitcases, and boxes—the tools of shoplifters who had been caught in the past. There was one box that had been ingeniously made to look like a wrapped package done up in heavy string. There was a false bottom to the box where the dresses had been inserted.

"There was a pair of them, a man and a woman," he related, "that used to come in about three times a week. We suspected them, but we never could see where they put the stuff. Mackay, here, leaned down one day to tie her shoe, and saw the phony bottom. She took both of them, but the woman broke away, and we never did find them again.

"IT turned out that this couple had formerly owned a fifty thousand dollar estate in Beverly, Massachusetts. They had a run of bad luck, lost everything, and turned to stealing. They were making quite a nice living by selling our dresses when we stopped them.

"We get a lot of queer cases here," Johnny went on. "About a month ago we caught a girl of twenty-one. She was a pretty little thing too; and so innocent looking that we were all for letting her go. She had swiped a couple of dresses, but maintained it was the first time. We decided, however, to make sure, and Mackay took her home.

"When she looked in the girl's closet, Mackay nearly keeled over with surprise. There were fifteen or twenty of our dresses hanging there, as pert as could be. Mackay took her to the station after that, you can be sure. We found out afterwards that this same girl was wanted in New York for passing bum checks and robbing houses.

"She used to chum up with a lot of rich girls. She found out when they were going out, then opened their doors with a skeleton key, and got away with everything valuable in the apartment. She was a card, all right."

"What about kleptomaniacs?" I asked. "Do you get many of them?"

Johnny roared. "Everybody new at the game always asks me that question," he chuckled.

"There isn't such a thing. People take things for three reasons: because they need them badly; because they want to make some extra money without working; because they have crooked instincts.

"The first two are the most common. You can understand a woman or man stealing if they are dead broke. The second cause, of course, is through laziness and cowardice. The thief in this case just hasn't the guts to go out and make an honest living.

"The third cause, and the one you probably have in mind, is the most dangerous. People who have plenty of money and go out and steal anyway. It shows that they have no regard for law and order. They get a kick out of putting something over on the law. They like danger and excitement. Bootleggers, rum runners, and racketeers come under this head. They are pretty smart, as a rule, and hard to catch."

A sermon from Johnny served to reduce Marian to a quivering mass. Not so with Mary. She stuck to her guns.

The next day Mackay added three more scalps to her belt—a Polish mother with two children, a waitress, and a pair of girl friends.

The Polish lady was doing well when we stopped her. She had already snitched seven dresses, which she concealed in a shoppers' black bag. The two girls, aged eighteen and fifteen, were her coworkers. One of them kept watch while the other stood in front of her mother to shield her from view. The woman was hard as flint; tried to blame the theft on the two daughters—said they had led her astray. The elder girl, Stella, was loyal to the end and begged Johnny to be allowed to go to jail for her mother. The younger child was sent home; the other two went to jail.

ALICE, the waitress, was released. She was a poor, soft-hearted slob who had stolen for the girl friend. The girl friend ran out on her at the crucial moment, and Alice was left with a telltale dress and a scared face. Johnny gave her a severe lecture on the dangers of soft spoken acquaintances and packed her off.

The day ended with the detention of Mary and Marian, two young marrieds of the flapper variety. They were quite unlike as far as body conformation went. Mary possessed the much envied boyish form, while Marian tipped the scales at a good 200 pounds. But what's in a contour, after all? Marian knew all the tricks in spite of her generous proportions. She could roll her eyes, pout her lips,

and show her legs as aptly as Mary.

These two charming young matrons, not content to rifle the Davis Store, had made the rounds of every large department store in town, picking up souvenirs on the way. There was a chemise from Marshall Field & Co., hose from the Boston Store, gloves from Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., and a dress from Mandel Brothers.

A sermon from Johnny served to reduce Marian to a quivering

mass of moisture. Not so with Mary. She stuck to her guns, giving Johnny plenty of snappy comebacks. After each round she would pull out her powder puff, give her nose a vigorous dab, and they would be off again.

"Nobody can make me scared," she stoutly maintained, "even though I'm not hightoned. Wish I was a regular hardboiled guy, and then I'd show you."

All argument proving futile, the wagon was called, and Marian and Mary had a free ride to the station house. Mary was scornfully indifferent to the end. She had the courage of her convictions.

The following morning I went to court to hear the trials of Mackay's protégées. The whole outfit looked a little the worse for wear after several hours in the uncongenial surroundings of the Harrison Street station. Even Mary was subdued, though she still wielded the powder puff valiantly. They got ten days and costs, with the exception of the Polish lady and her daughter. They were released on a six months' parole.

In the week and a half that followed, Mackay added many more triumphs to her record as a good detective—among them a colored woman whose husband was an official at the courthouse; an unusually pretty girl of eighteen; three kids of sixteen, fifteen, and thirteen; a crippled lady of excellent family whose main worry was riding to jail in a police wagon; and a dope fiend.

NO estimate is made of the amount of money lost each year through shoplifting, though it comes well up into the thousands. There have been 297 arrests in the Davis Store already this year, 176 of them going to Mackay's credit; 97 of these were sent to jail.

They had $4,500 worth of stolen goods in their possession at the time they were stopped. This is only a small percentage of the loot that each day leaves the Davis Store in the hands of shoplifters.

Eight out of ten shoplifters are women. They come from every class and station in society, and steal everything from dresses to hardware. It would take more than 100 detectives to make the store absolutely safe.

Every big store in the country has six or more detectives to guard its wares, and there is no doubt that they do a lot in keeping away undesirable characters. It is impossible, however, to keep track of everyone that comes in to shop. Many detectives think a severer punishment would scare the shoplifters away. Others think stealing is a chronic disease that can't be cured. They argue back and forth—and the shoplifting goes on and on.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page sixty-eight)

1—What is the derivation of the name November?
2—What is the birth stone for November?
3—According to the Bible, what did Jacob see in his vision?
4—What is Michaelmas?
5—Which is called the Flicker-tail State?
6—What marriage anniversary is celebrated as the Floral Wedding?
7—What particular ability is possessed by the mongoose?
8—What organ includes small bones sometimes called the anvil and the stirrup?
9—In what celebrated novel do we find the character Rowena?
10—On what continent is Arabia?
11—What does laconic mean? What is its origin?
12—What is plumbago?
13—What is meant by lip service?
14—What is the capital of the Straits Settlements?
15—What is megalomania?
16—What is the name for a lamb reared without its mother's aid?
17—What is another name for the okra plant or its pods?
18—What is meant by the French phrase *jeunesse dorée?*
19—With what important inventions do you associate the following names: Mergenthaler, Howe, Westinghouse?
20—Who succeeded Herbert Hoover as Secretary of Commerce?

The Ensemble Idea Invades the Radio Corner • • •

THESE NEW

RADIO TABLES

with Benches to Match, complete the Modern Colorfulness of the New Radio Sets

YOU will thrill at the added beauty a Markel Radio Table with bench to match will give to your radio set. Modern, sparkling colorfulness to harmonize with the new trend in radio set manufacture.

Wrought in metal with tables equipped with your choice of R C A, Peerless or Utah Speakers. Or if you prefer, without speaker assembly. Prices decidedly attractive even to those who have thought they could not afford the Ensemble Idea for their radio corner. See these tables and benches at your dealer's, or write direct to Markel Electric Products, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

A MARKEL Product

Also Manufacturers of Markel Lighting Fitments

Sizes to fit the most popular radio sets, including Atwater Kent, Crosley, Freshman, Fada, Mohawk, Philco, Kolster, R C A, Spartan, Steinite, Stewart-Warner and others. Prices without Speaker $17.50; with R C A Speaker $47.50; with Peerless Speaker $45.00; with Utah Speaker $32.50. Benches to match in red or green velour $9.50.

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies.

Illustrated above, Conventional Model A. Designed and finished to harmonize with the decorative note of any room. At top, Heraldic Model B. Distinctive motif featuring ninth century crest and shield. Benches to match.

The Winners of $4000 Cash Prizes

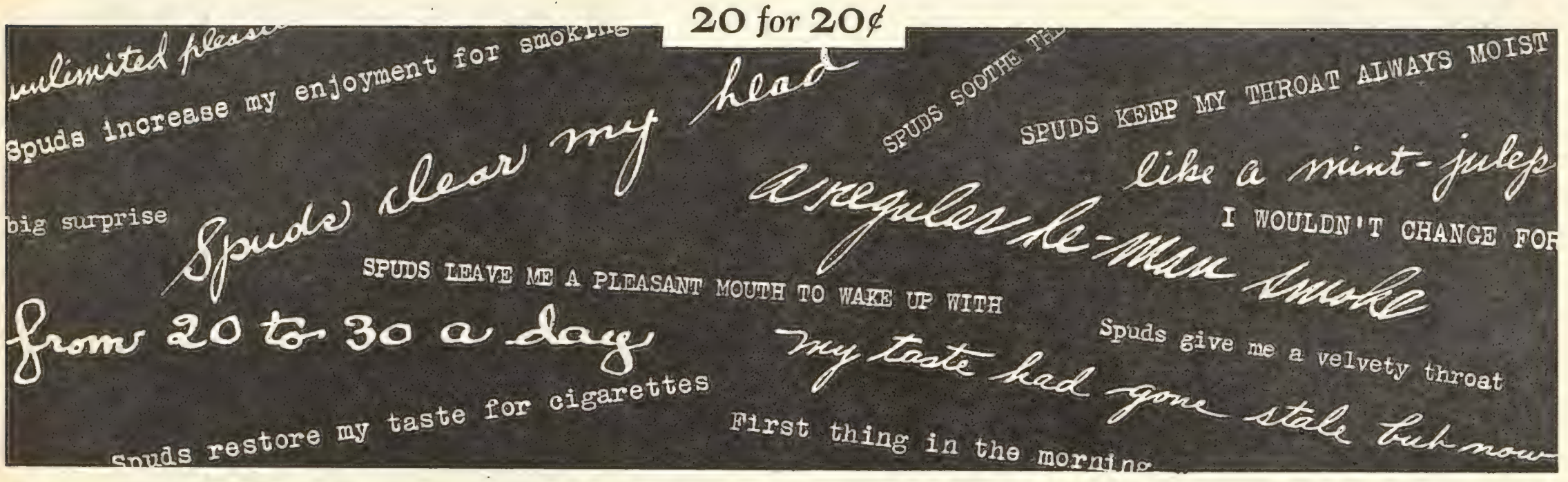
for the Best Letters

ON

SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED CIGARETTES

20 for 20¢



THE contest for the best letters on Spud Cigarettes has been decided. Some 20,000 people took time to write us their experiences and opinions and inquiries concerning this menthol-cooled smoke.

Contrasting Replies

All manner of people they were .... with all manner of letters. Veteran pipe smokers told of using Spud as a "change-off" Cowboys and plainsmen, odd to relate, described how Spud eased throats parched by alkali dust.

Dyed-in-the-wool cigarette enthusiasts wrote of switching to Spud, because their last cigarette of a two-pack Spud day tasted as good as their first .... bringing them a new "unlimited cigarette enjoyment". Tobacco cranks and connoisseurs lauded Spud's blend as epicurean among tobaccos. Novice smokers were grateful for Spud's gentleness on their untried throats.

Many New Slants

We learned hitherto unrealized attributes of Spud. Dentists and throat specialists, in considerable number, cited Spud's conquests over "leukaplakia" (!) the raw, fiery throat-condition. Innumerable Spud rooters turned up among actors and lecturers, whose throats are their bread-and-butter .... but who want a smoke like ordinary mortals.

Thousands and thousands told of meeting Spud in the midst of a temporary cold .... and continuing the friendship when the cold was gone. There were also the puzzled experiences of those who first doubted Spud .... who went through a whole Spud pack before being convinced. (Is Spud, like many other forms of now established enjoyment, a cultivated taste?)

One Great Similarity

Whatever its special experience, nearly every letter seemed to indicate that public taste is getting what it has long desired ... a new development in cigarette smoking ... that a better tobacco enjoyment, a modernized-radio-four-wheel-brake cigarette enjoyment, which is unhampered in every way, has been introduced with Spud.

To all who wrote us letters, the Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company extends its thanks. The company will always keep the names of these 20,000 as Spud's special friends.

A Contest Difficult to Judge

The competition was keen. Witty letters ... original, sensible, powerful letters ... amazing letters. Selecting the best from among so many good contributions was difficult. The judges were: Frederick C. Kendall, Editor of "Advertising and Selling"; John Lee Mahin, Vice-President, Street Railways Advertising Company, Floyd W. Parsons, Feature Writer, Editorial Director and special writer for The Saturday Evening Post. They laid down the principle that those letters would be favored which were sincere, straightforward Spud experiences. By careful comparison and elimination they awarded the first nineteen prizes as follows:

Kenneth R. Close, Miami, Florida ..... Pastor, Coral Gables Methodist Church.	$1,000
Martha Petelle, Maranacook, Maine ..... Actress ... New York Address: 53 Charles Street	$500
David Thompson, Greenwich, Connecticut ... Master in English, Brunswick School.	$250
Paul A. Fitzgerald, 916 Delaware Avenue, Wilmington, Delaware ... Doctor	$100
Mrs. Alfred Bailey, Berkeley, California	$50
William T. Gray, Brooklyn, New York	$50
Col. Edward R. Stone, U.S.A., Fort Omaha, Neb..	$50
W. R. Brown, Wyoming, New York	$50
Dr. Herbert L. Herschensohn, Milwaukee, Wis...	$50
L. M. Mitchum, Kansas City, Missouri	$20
Rev. Howard D. Grant, Meyersdale, Pennsylvania	$20
Jules Moret, Kennewick, Washington	$20
Mrs. J. Talbott, Seattle, Washington	$20
Elsie Marie Hauger, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	$20
Lt. Walter S. Ginn, U. S. N.	$20
Arthur Berggren, Stillwater, Minnesota	$20
Helen Goode Bragg, Walla Walla, Washington	$20
Kenneth B. Murray, Sturgis, Michigan	$20
Edward F. Lane, New Britain, Connecticut	$20

Cheques, ranging from $10 down to $2, were also mailed the remaining 540 prize winners. Any one who wishes it, may secure a complete list of prize-winners, by addressing

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE RESULTS OF THE GRAPHIC SECTION'S GREAT NATION-WIDE STRAW VOTE READY FOR PUBLICATION ON EVE OF ELECTION
HOW 32,569,136 AMERICANS WILL VOTE NOVEMBER 6—AND WHY

FOR SMITH

Because he will abolish Prohibition and make highballs 6 for 5 cents..	6,298,321	Because he likes animals.....	295,782
Because he will not turn the government over to the Quakers and force free-born Americans to say "thee" and "thou".....	3,001,262	Because he knows nothing about foreign parts.....	199,250
Because he wears a brown derby....	1,222,165	Because nobody loves a fat man....	185,555
Would like to see his smile in the White House.....	696,245	Because his father was a teamster...	182,610
Because he does not live in the West	300,677	Because he has a long nose.....	176,414
		Because he sings at his work.....	128,479
		Because he likes lamb stew.....	110,952
		Because he seems to possess the greater gifts of statesmanship.....	32
TOTAL.....	12,797,744		

FOR HOOVER

Because he will enforce Prohibition and save us from the Demon Rum	5,450,929	Because he likes to fish.....	210,172
Because he will not turn the government over to Rome and force free-born Americans to attend 6 o'clock Mass.....	8,261,921	Because he knows a lot about foreign parts.....	320,410
Because he don't wear a brown derby	2,600,232	Because everybody loves a fat man..	190,144
Would like to see his frown in the White House.....	1,720,111	Because his father was a blacksmith	175,411
Because he does not live in the East	250,006	Because he has a short nose.....	164,577
		Because he does not sing at his work	282,988
		Because he eats mutton chops.....	144,446
		Because he seems to possess the greater gifts of statesmanship....	45
TOTAL.....	19,771,392		

To the DEATH!

How a Little Nation Fought to the Bitter End

By LOTHROP STODDARD

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

The Paraguayan grand army advanced to the

THIS is a grim war story, so fantastic that it would do credit to the imagination of a sensational novelist. Yet it all actually happened in our part of the world, and not so very long ago.

The tragic story here related is the rise and fall of Paraguay: how an ignorant, warlike people, led by a half mad dictator, challenged the greatest part of South America to mortal combat and literally fought to the death. Also, this grim tragedy is, in some ways, a curious parody on the recent European war.

Let us imagine what might have happened if Prussia, like Paraguay, had fought to the bitter end. Suppose that, instead of laying down their arms in November, 1918, the Germans had clung to the Kaiser with fanatical loyalty for several years more.

Suppose that the German armies had come to be made up of old men and boys of eleven to fourteen, while the women and girls were brigaded as transport animals or as field gangs to plant and harvest scanty crops behind the battle lines. Suppose that, as the Allies advanced, the Kaiser had deliberately destroyed every house and living thing.

Suppose that, when the Kaiser finally had been killed at the head of his last guerrilla band, Germany had been left a depopulated waste, with six-sevenths (more than 80 per cent) of its population killed in battle or dead of starvation and disease—the surviving remnant consisting almost entirely of women and young children.

There we should have a perfect parallel with what actually happened in Paraguay.

Paraguay is an inland country of South America, lying on the middle reaches of the great river Plata, which, like a second Mississippi, flows southward through the heart of that continent and finally reaches the ocean as a mighty estuary on which stands the Argentine metropolis of Buenos Aires.

Paraguay is one of the smallest of the South American republics, a mere pygmy, squeezed in between its two giant neighbors, Argentina and Brazil.

In early times Paraguay was a frontier outpost of Spain's colonial empire, lying on the border of the rival Portuguese colonial empire (Brazil), which covered the eastern half of South America. The Spanish explorers had found the fertile region of Paraguay inhabited by an Indian people—the Guaranís.

The Spaniards conquered and enslaved the Guaranís, as they did the other Indian peoples, and established themselves as a small white upper class ruling a vastly more numerous native population. And in Paraguay, as elsewhere in Spanish America, since there were few white women, the resident Spaniards took the Indian women for wives and concubines.

The result was a large mix-breed element known as mestizos. Only a few of the leading families kept their blood white. And even these American-born whites (called creoles) were looked down on by the Spaniards from Spain, who ruled South America despotically in their own interest.

Thus all classes except the officials were dissatisfied; and finally Spanish America threw off the galling yoke and set up as a series of independent republics. Spanish America had thus won its freedom. But there was big trouble ahead. For the small class of white creoles that had led the revolution was at once attacked by ambitious half-breed mestizos. As for the full-blooded Indians, they had been so tyrannized by everyone else that they were mere ignorant, docile serfs, ready to fight blindly for any master.

The upshot was a welter of war and revolution, which has persisted in many parts of Latin America to this day. The only thing that gave temporary stability to these distracted countries was the rule of dictators.

An able dictator might make his country strong and prosperous. But a bad, ambitious dictator could plunge his country into ruin. And of this Paraguay is a striking example. For Paraguay rose and fell under the most extraordinary series of dictators that even Latin America has ever seen.

In Paraguay the revolt against Spain was a tame affair. So weak was Spain's hold over this remote province that the governor promptly abdicated to the rebels, who thereupon set up a "republic" under Dr. Francia (José Gaspar Rodríguez).

A middle-aged creole gentleman of good education, Dr. Francia soon made himself dictator, and instantly showed his "fellow citizens" who was boss in that neck of the woods. Dr. Francia's classical studies had filled his mind with the heroes of Greece and Rome, and he resolved to imitate those ancient worthies in his ambitious task of founding a nation.

He took as his motto a saying of Solon, the famous lawgiver of ancient Athens: "I have given you, not the most ideally perfect laws, but the laws best suited to you." In other words, Dr. Francia, realizing that a republic was impossible for a population of factious creoles, ambitious mestizos, and half-savage Indians, determined to rule Paraguay as an enlightened despot. And that is just what happened. Taking the significant title of *El Supremo*, Dr. Francia ruled Paraguay with a rod of iron for nearly thirty years. Opposition was ruthlessly crushed. Indeed, fearing lest the revolutionary anarchy which cursed his neighbors might somehow filter in and upset the profound peace of Paraguay, Dr. Francia took the extraordinary step of turning Paraguay into a hermit nation.

ALL ordinary intercourse with the outside world was forbidden. No Paraguayan might leave the country, and no foreigner might enter, save on rare occasions by express command. Foreign trade was made a government monopoly, exercised through a single river port at the country's southern extremity.

Here foreign ships unloaded cargoes, mostly arms and ammunition, and took away the country's exportable products—chiefly the *yerba maté* drunk in many parts of South America in preference to coffee or tea. Dr. Francia refused even to make treaties or have diplomatic relations of any kind.

Thus Paraguay became a land of mystery, while its tall, lean, saturnine ruler was the talk of the civilized world. Carlyle proclaimed him a superman. As for his own subjects, El Supremo, as he was known, was to them an object of boundless awe.

Dr. Francia exacted from all Paraguayans the most abject reverence. Even the little Indian boys were compelled to wear at least wisps

battle cry: Vencer o morir! (Conquest or death!)

of straw around their heads, so that they might have hats to doff when El Supremo passed. Indeed, his subjects would usually vanish down side streets or shut their windows when he rode forth.

Now, the most curious thing about all this was Dr. Francia's insistence that these honors be paid him, not as a man, but as the impersonal head of the state. To the end of his days he lived most frugally, devoting the whole national revenue to public purposes. And the results were noteworthy.

While the rest of Spanish America was torn and bankrupted by endless wars and revolutions, Paraguay remained peaceful and prosperous. When Dr. Francia died, in 1840, little Paraguay had a full treasury, an expanding population, and an army so efficient that none of its neighbors cared to meddle with it.

SO well drilled were the people that, on Dr. Francia's death, the dictatorship passed peacefully to his successor, one Carlos Antonio Lopez. The new ruler was not the equal of El Supremo. Carlos Lopez was a light mestizo—a half-breed Indian of humble origin. Yet he had managed to get a fair education, and he proved to be a moderately good ruler.

Relaxing Dr. Francia's exclusion policy, President Lopez instituted some relations with the outside world. Though Paraguayans were still forbidden to cross the frontiers, foreign diplomats were received at the capital, Asunción. Foreign traders were allowed to reside in the river ports by special license, and foreign experts were hired to improve the government services.

This was especially true of the army and "navy"; for President Lopez energetically continued what Dr. Francia had begun—the building up of a formidable military machine, although he seems to have harbored no aggressive designs.

Civilians were ordered to doff their hats at sight of even a common soldier on duty, and to get off the sidewalks when an officer appeared. The growing wealth of Paraguay enabled Lopez to import quantities of arms and several river gunboats for his navy, while foreign experts (mostly English) built arsenals, forts, and barracks, and drilled his troops. So matters went on for more than twenty years.

When Carlos Lopez died, in 1862, he bequeathed to his eldest son, Don Francisco Lopez, a highly prosperous country and the most efficient army in all Latin America.

When Francisco Lopez became the ruler of Paraguay he was thirty-six years of age. His personal appearance was not pleasing. The son of an Indian mother, Don Francisco was a dark mestizo, being at least three-fourths Indian in blood. He showed this in his broad-cheeked face, coarse black hair, scanty beard, and short, squat frame. Except for his beard, there was little to distinguish him physically from the ordinary Guaraní Indian type.

However, his father had given him unusual advantages. As a young man he had had a careful military training. While in his late twenties he had been sent on a special diplomatic mission to Europe, and had studied for some time in Paris, where he had picked up European manners and had learned to speak fluent French.

This stay in Paris was really the turning point in his life; for there he acquired a mistress who was to be his evil genius. This interesting woman was no common person; she was a real personality. Though born in Paris and married to a French army surgeon, she was of Irish parentage. When young Lopez met her, she had left her husband and had resumed her maiden name, Mme. Eloisa Lynch.

Mme. Lynch was what the French call *belle femme*—a tall, shapely creature with gray-blue eyes, a wealth of light brown hair, a keen wit, and spirited intelligence. Added to all this was a boundless capacity for champagne, her ability to hold her liquor amazing all observers.

IT was in Paris, apparently, that the future dictator also met his chief military adviser, a Hungarian refugee of the name of Colonel Count Wisner de Morgenstern. The gentleman never let you forget these titles, for he had his rank and heraldic crest smartly engraved on large visiting cards, which he passed out on the slightest provocation.

The influence of this precious pair of adventurers upon the morose little Indian mix-breed may be imagined. It did not take Mme. Lynch long to discover that Don Francisco cherished the secret notion that he was an embryo Napoleon. Since her thirst for power equaled her thirst for champagne, that gave Mme. Lynch a perfect cue.

In Paris Don Francisco acquired a mistress who was to be his evil genius.

With all the cleverness of an able, unscrupulous woman, she systematically played upon Don Francisco's enormous vanity. His morose stare became a "penetrating, commanding gaze"; his imperious temper was a sign of "compelling genius"; even his stocky build was subtly lauded as clearly "Napoleonic."

Don Francisco swallowed all this and came up for more. Already, before he left Paris, he had sat for an equestrian statue of himself with such significantly Bonapartist touches as a white charger and grenadier boots—the rest of his costume, however, being a Second Empire officer's kepi and a scarlet poncho with a heavy gold collar and fringe. In fact, this was the get-up which he usually wore after he ascended the Presidential throne.

He also affected certain other Napoleonic oddities. His bodyguard were uniformed as grenadiers, and he delighted to pinch their ears and chaff them *à la* Little Corporal—at which the sturdy little "bulldogs" would grin all over their flat Guaraní faces overjoyed at those marks of imperial favor.

To go back a bit: When Don Francisco

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[TO THE DEATH! Continued from page twenty-nine]

returned to Paraguay from his long European sojourn with his Franco-Irish mistress and his Napoleonic airs, his shrewd old father was apparently somewhat disturbed, and is reported to have thought of changing the succession to his younger son, Benigno—a less ambitious person.

HOWEVER, President Lopez was already a sick man, and either could not or dared not alter plans which had been carefully laid. So, when he died, Don Francisco had no trouble in gathering the reins of power into his impatient grasp. The budding Napoleon was on the Paraguayan throne!

Don Francisco's first act was to take a title in keeping with his ambitious designs. He had himself proclaimed "Supreme Chief and Generalissimo of the Armies of the Republic of Paraguay"!

The dictator's manner of life was on a correspondingly magnificent scale. Rejecting alike the austerities of Dr. Francia and the moderate comfort of his father, the younger Lopez splurged in a series of splendid banquets and public festivities. These were duly arranged by Mme. Lynch, who shone resplendent—an uncrowned queen.

For that matter, coronets were already in the offing; for, when the great South American war broke out two years later, the Argentines intercepted a steamer from Europe bound for Paraguay. And part of its cargo proved to be an elaborate outfit of palace furniture and fixtures in the Napoleonic style specially ordered from Paris, together with a plaster model of Napoleon's imperial crown sent by a noted firm of Paris jewelers with the understanding that from it the dictator should design one for himself.

Lastly, Lopez began to build a sumptuous palace, which he was destined never to occupy, but which still remains the principal landmark of Asunción, the capital.

Lopez' imperial splendors were, however, by no means the whole of his activities. Those first two years of his reign were filled with grand warlike preparations.

For fifty years Paraguay had been steadily arming.

Now Lopez put the final touches to a really formidable military machine.

Arms and munitions of every description were imported from Europe or manufactured in his own arsenals.

River steamers were armed and converted into a respectable navy. And the army swelled in size until it numbered 80,000 men, for the most part concentrated in a vast training camp, where it was constantly drilled and maneuvered to bring it to topnotch efficiency.

News of all this naturally leaked out and roused alarm in Lopez' neighbors. Here was little Paraguay, with a population less than 1,400,000, armed to the teeth and ruled by a dictator who openly gave himself the airs of an imperial conqueror.

And the alarm of Lopez' neighbors was justified. For there was no power in sight immediately capable of opposing him.

The map shows the size of Paraguay, whose mad dictator attempted to conquer his giant South American neighbors, Brazil and Argentina. Above is the Government House in Asunción, and at the top the republic's emblem.

Let us picture the circumstances of the time. At that date Argentina, despite its size, was still in its stormy infancy, thinly settled by a population of creole ranchmen and wild half-breed cowboys known as *gauchos*.

Even this population lived on or near the river Plata, the rest of Argentina being mostly wilderness roamed by savage Indians. Furthermore, Argentina was cursed by a perfect plague of revolutions, which kept the country bankrupt and in a continual uproar. Lopez could have marched his fine regiments straight through to Buenos Aires.

Only one other Spanish speaking state existed in that part of South America. This was Uruguay, a small republic on the north bank of the Plata estuary opposite Buenos Aires. Like Argentina, Uruguay was then thinly inhabited by ranchers and cowboys, and they were split into factions which fought one another with the zest and fury of the traditional Kilkenny cats. The two principal factions were officially styled the Reds and the Whites, but were popularly known as *Crudos* and *Asados*—in plain English, the "Raw" and the "Cooked"!

THE upshot of all this was barbaric anarchy. Thus Uruguay was even less able than Argentina to oppose Lopez' imperialistic designs. The Uruguayan "armies" were mere mobs of cowboys, whose idea of warfare was galloping helterskelter on their little bronchos, yelling wildly, firing off their pistols, and shouting gross insults concerning their opponents' female relatives.

Such were the two republics menaced by Lopez. So we must admit that his schemes, though risky, were by no means impossible. His ultimate aim was to conquer Argentina and Uruguay, crown himself "Emperor of La Plata" at Buenos Aires, and unite all Spanish-speaking South America east of the Andes Mountains into a strong military state.

As a matter of fact, the only real obstacle to Lopez' imperialistic dream was his giant neighbor Brazil. Here, however, the dictator had a truly dangerous enemy. Brazil had thrown off the rule of Portugal shortly after the Spanish Americans had thrown off the yoke of Spain. But, unlike their Spanish-speaking neighbors, the Portuguese Brazilians had kept together.

Indeed, after a bloodless revolution, they had accepted a younger branch of the Portuguese royal family and had set up an empire which maintained peace and prosperity. Such was imperial Brazil, larger than our own United States, and with a population many times greater than that of its tiny Paraguayan neighbor.

On the other hand, Brazil's centers of population were far distant from the Paraguayan border; good roads and railways thither did not exist; and Brazil's armies, made up largely of Negroes, were of low average fighting quality.

A war between Paraguay and Brazil would resemble a bout between a keen featherweight boxer trained fine and a great lumbering heavyweight out of condition and mortally slow.

Yet just this war was now at hand. And the cause was Uruguay. The Raws and the Cookeds of that distracted country had been indulging in an unusually vigorous free for all, which had spilled over into a Brazilian province that lay on Uruguay's northern border. As this was merely the last of a long series of similar outrages, the Brazilian government lost patience and sent an army into Uruguay.

President Francisco Lopez, who directed his suicidal war from 1864 to 1870, when he was killed in battle.

That was enough for Lopez! He promptly sent a threatening protest to Brazil, and when this was disregarded he determined to fight.

Unfortunately for him, his plan of campaign was about the worst possible. Ordinary common sense should have showed Lopez that his best plan would be to strike directly at Brazil's southern provinces. This would have freed Uruguay of the Brazilians without directly invading that country.

HE also might have hoped to gain Argentine sympathy in a war against the Brazilian giant, which was then suspected by all the Spanish-speaking republics of South America. If he had thus struck quick and hard he might have smashed the unwieldy Brazilian military machine before it had got going.

Instead of this, Lopez began the war by a raid on an isolated Brazilian province that lay up the Plata River to the north of Paraguay. The province was overrun with ridiculous ease, and Lopez gained much booty. But it had not really hurt Brazil a bit, and it gave time for the Brazilian armies to mobilize.

Then Lopez made an even worse blunder. The raid up river took place in December, 1864. Thereafter Lopez wasted four months trying to get Argentina's permission to pass through its territory to invade Uruguay. The Argentine government stubbornly refused, while the Argentine newspapers derided Lopez as an Indian savage and held up Mme. Lynch to even coarser ridicule.

That turned Mme. Lynch into an infuriated tigress. Thirsting for revenge, she urged Lopez to chastise the insolent Argentines, and so played upon his passionate vanity that he was utterly swept off his feet. So, in April, 1865, Lopez launched his "grand army" southward, violating Argentine's neutrality and making a wholly needless enemy.

THE blundering Lopez had done his diplomatic worst. Feeling that they were faced by a dangerous madman, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil signed a triple alliance. The alliance treaty stated that they were making war not on the Paraguayan people, but on Lopez, and the signatories pledged one another to fight until the dictator should be killed or dethroned.

That was easy enough to promise. The next thing was to do it. The Paraguayan people stood, to a man, behind Lopez. Drilled for more than half a century to unquestioning obedience, and wholly ignorant of the outer world, the Paraguayans thought themselves the greatest nation on earth.

The spirit of the Paraguayan soldiers was extraordinary. The grand army advanced to the battle cry: *Vencer o morir!* (Conquest or death!) That was the slogan emblazed on its battle flags and even painted on its drums. And, unlike some other war mottoes, the Paraguayans meant every word they said.

Lopez' grand army numbered fully 100,000 men, well armed and equipped. Its chief weakness was the ignorance of its officers. Knowing little of strategy, these officers, like the common soldiers, were eager only to get at the enemy, with no regard for lines of communication and with sublime contempt for opposing numbers.

This rashness soon caused the collapse of the Paraguayan offensive. The left wing of Lopez' army, 12,000 strong, rushed by forced marches clear into Uruguay, only to have its line of communication cut by the swarming gauchos. Then, when exhausted and half starved, the isolated corps was annihilated by the great Bra-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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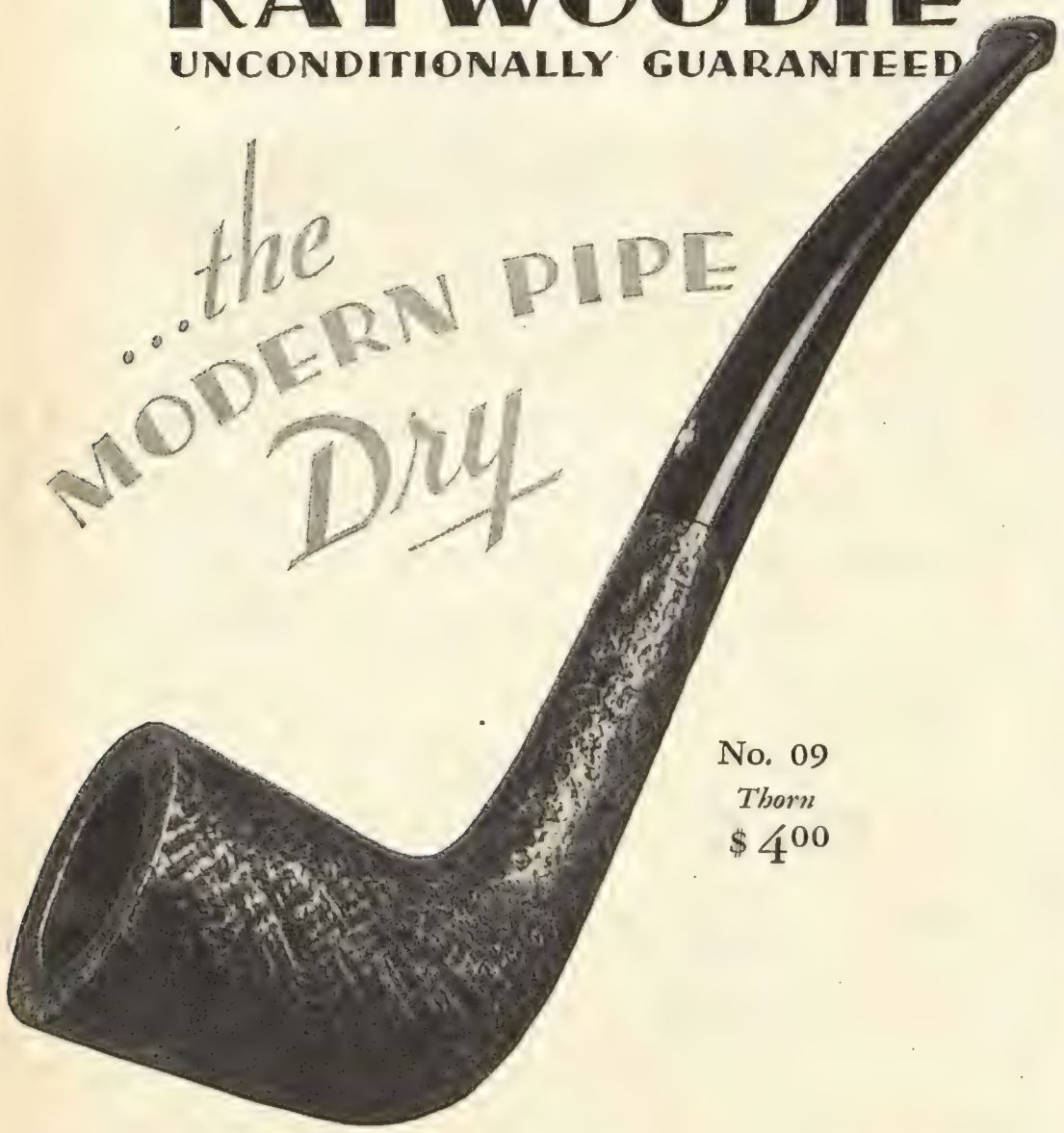

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[TO THE DEATH! Continued from page thirty-one]

zilian army, headed by the emperor himself. The result was complete disaster.

Meanwhile the main body of the Paraguayan army was marching southward along the east bank of the Plata River. But soon a large Brazilian fleet came steaming up the Plata. Then occurred one of the most extraordinary incidents of the war.

THAT very night the Paraguayan navy steamed down river, towing barges crammed with troops to board the Brazilian warships and take them by storm. And the Paraguayans nearly succeeded! So wretched was the Brazilian naval discipline that this amazing attack threw the Brazilian crews into a panic.

Two or three of the Brazilian warships were actually boarded and captured by the desperate Paraguayan soldiery. Yet in the end the Brazilians rallied, blew the little river steamers out of the water with their big guns, and retook the captured ships. The Paraguayan navy had been almost destroyed.

This was a heavy blow, because it exposed Lopez' line of communication. To invade Argentina, the dictator had had to ferry his army across the Paraná — a wide, deep river which forms Paraguay's southern border and which empties into the Plata just west of where he had crossed.

If the big Brazilian warships should silence his shore batteries and enter the Paraná, Lopez knew he would be cut off and destroyed. So, raging with fury, Lopez ordered a retreat.

It was now the allies' turn. Soon their great army, mostly Brazilian, lay massed along the southern bank of the Paraná. However, the northern bank was so strongly held by Lopez that the allies waited for several months before they ventured to force a crossing. Then only after enormous slaughter on both sides did the allies make good their footing in Paraguay.

And even then their troubles had only begun. For no real invasion of Paraguay was possible until the great fortress of Humaitá had been captured. Though little known, the campaign against Humaitá is one of the great sieges of modern history.

Built on a bluff overlooking the Plata River just above its junction with the Paraná, Humaitá was a second Vicksburg. Its hundreds of guns commanded the Plata so that no fleet could pass up the river, while deep swamps protected its rear. It was held by Lopez himself and the pick of his army.

The siege of Humaitá lasted two years. Assaults, counterattacks, fleet bombardments, and other military operations went bloodily on. The loss of life was prodigious. In one grand assault the Argentines alone lost 5,000 men. And the battle losses were far less than those by disease.

Stuck in malarious tropical swamps, and with wretched commissariat and sanitation, allies and Paraguayans alike were scourged by epidemics, including a terrible visitation of cholera. The siege of Humaitá is supposed to have cost more than 100,000 lives.

The final episode of the siege well illustrates the fanatical spirit which still animated the Paraguayan soldiery. Humaitá having become little better than a heap of ruins, Lopez at last evacuated it, leaving 3,000 men behind to cover his retreat. After bloodily repulsing an allied assault with its last cartridges, the devoted rear guard tried to escape, but was cut off on an island in the marshes.

José Gaspar Rodríguez de Francia, first dictator of Paraguay. Above, Carlos Antonio Lopez, his successor and the father of Don Francisco.

SURROUNDED and helpless though they were, the Paraguayans refused to surrender! For hours shells, grapeshot, and rifle volleys were poured into the island, the Paraguayans being unable to reply, since their ammunition was exhausted. They were virtually annihilated, only a few survivors swimming the swamps and getting away. Yet, when those few bedraggled wretches reached Lopez' camp, the dictator had them promptly shot as having been guilty of cowardice in the face of the enemy! That was merely typical of the dictator's conduct. For by this time the infuriated Lopez had come to display a ferocious cruelty worthy of a madman—which he probably was.

Just before the fall of Humaitá, the dictator had announced the discovery of a conspiracy in the capital, and hundreds of leading citizens had been executed, including many women of prominent families. Henceforth executions and tortures were the order of the day.

Yet his soldiers followed Lopez as devotedly as ever, while the docile Indian population silently obeyed his commands. The condition of the country was terrible. All the able-bodied men had been conscripted, so that Lopez' armies were now largely made up of boys, wretchedly equipped.

Lopez' fine uniforms and modern rifles were long since used up. Yet his new boy levies, half starved and staggering under old flintlock muskets, charged the allied lines with the same fury as had their dead fathers, shouting the familiar Paraguayan war cry: "*Vencer o morir!*"

Slowly the allies advanced northward, the Paraguayans stubbornly contesting every inch of the way. After five months of continuous fighting, the Paraguayan army was brought to bay at a place called Loma Valentina, not far from the capital.

This was the climax of the war. For a whole week a great battle raged. Overwhelmed by superior numbers and equipment, the Paraguayan army died in its tracks, and was virtually wiped out. But Lopez escaped with a few hundred followers and took refuge in the mountains to the eastward.

The allies exultantly imagined that the war was over. They were mistaken. For Lopez yet lived and with diabolical energy was preparing a guerrilla war.

He now ordered all Paraguayans —men, women, and children—to destroy their homes and come with him into the woods and mountains. And, as always, his faithful Guaranís silently obeyed. Amid the woods and hills began a ferocious, interminable war of ambush and massacre.

The allied armies suffered severely. But the Paraguayan people were being rapidly exterminated. Living like savages and feeding largely on wild food, the poor creatures died like flies.

FOR more than a year this death struggle went on. At last, in the spring of 1870, a force of Brazilian cavalry overtook the dictator in the extreme north of Paraguay, where he was apparently trying to escape into Bolivia.

The Brazilian cavalrymen sabered his army almost to a man. And among the slain was Lopez.

The Napoleon of Paraguay was dead!

With his death all resistance instantly ceased. The Paraguayans surrendered as completely as they had fought doggedly while he was alive. The few survivors crawled out of the woods and mountains back to their ruined homes. And how few of them there were!

When the war broke out in 1864 the population of Paraguay had numbered more than 1,300,000. When the war ended six years later, there remained 28,746 men (mostly old men), 106,254 women above fifteen years of age, and 86,079 children. They had indeed made good their boast—*Vencer o morir!*

THE war was over and Paraguay was a wreck. What now was to happen? Brazil wanted to annex the country, despite the protests of her allies. To gain this end indirectly, the Brazilian diplomats wrote into the peace treaty a clause stating that, since this had been a war of unprovoked aggression, Paraguay should pay the whole cost; and a bill of damages was thereupon drawn up amounting to more than $200,000,000 —a sum which ruined Paraguay could obviously never hope to pay. Until payment, however, Paraguay was to be occupied by a Brazilian army.

For a while Brazil thus had things her own way. But, as time passed, the protests of Argentina and Uruguay were backed by those of other South American states. So, after long diplomatic bickerings, the Brazilian troops were withdrawn and Paraguay was left to itself once more.

For many years Paraguay remained a strange, melancholy land of widows and orphans, where a disguised polygamy was winked at to increase the scanty population. The only thing that flourished was politics. Deprived of its dictators, Paraguay soon bred those factions of greedy politicians whose squabbles and "revolutions" have been the curse of Latin America.

Despite these handicaps, however, the little republic has gradually risen from the depth of ruin into which it had fallen. Foreign capital and enterprise have begun to develop its rich natural resources, and the population is now rapidly increasing—though even today it is far below what it was before the war.

Paraguay thus seems assured of a modest future, in which it may perhaps forget the fearful hour when the mad dictator Lopez gambled for empire—and lost.

THE END

LIBERTY Is Still Paying $50 Apiece for Cover Ideas

What shall Sandy, Lil, and the baby do next? LIBERTY will pay $50 for every idea accepted by Leslie Thrasher for the continuation of his remarkable series of covers. If your idea provides for a series, $50 will be paid for each one used. Mr. Thrasher will determine who gets credit for the ideas he accepts.

Because of the time it takes to make cover paintings and reproduce them in four colors, the first idea will be used and the first $50 payment announced in the December 8 issue.

Everyone except employees of LIBERTY WEEKLY is eligible to compete. Address your suggestions to Leslie Thrasher, Cover Contest, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Suggestions may include the actual title of the picture or simply a short description of the LIBERTY cover. No communication will be returned or correspondence entered into relative to this contest.

Get busy now!

Her *evening comes at noon—too bad*—A CONSTIPATIVE

So much to live for. Yet, to so many women, the evening of life comes at noon. Somehow loveliness slips away and telltale signs of age appear. Shoulders droop and feet drag. Eyes dull and the skin becomes sallow. According to medical authorities they are *constipatives*—heedless women who sacrifice all that is precious. They neglect to stem the flooding tide of poisons sent through the body by faulty elimination. The pity of it! For now it is so easy to get relief.

Though it tastes like candy EX-LAX swiftly ends constipation

As flavorful and tasty as the finest chocolate candy, Ex-Lax makes the relief of constipation a pleasant duty. It tastes like candy. It is candy . . . pure chocolate treated with a tasteless laxative agent that gently but surely helps to relieve constipation, cleanse the body of poisons and so protect good health. So safe, mild and non-habit-forming! Physicians recommend Ex-Lax for children and grown-ups. It is the family laxative. Get Ex-Lax from your druggist. Ex-Lax "Chocolated", 50c, 25c and 10c. Also, for more obstinate cases, Ex-Lax "Fig Flavor", mad from fresh Smyrna figs, 35c and 15c.

For Constipation

EX-LAX

Tastes like candy

COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, a free trial box of Ex-Lax, the safe, sure laxative that tastes like candy.

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These SENTIMENTAL Movies

The New Ones Are Kind to Mr. Jolson and Miss Bellamy

A Page of Reviews by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

AL JOLSON, the lad who upset the silent drama with the pioneer sound hit, The Jazz Singer, is back again with a new and more elaborate Vitaphone effort. This is The Singing Fool. It had its world première at the New York Winter Garden, where, eighteen years ago, Jolson, fresh from Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, made his Manhattan début in a Gaby Deslys revue.

Jolson sings more songs—seven in all—and acts with vastly more assurance than in his first film. The Singing Fool is a singing waiter who lifts himself from a minor side street speakeasy to the top of Broadway, marries a treacherous blonde cabaret girl, is deserted, and collapses to the gutter. A faithful little cigarette girl of the old speakeasy helps him, and he skyrockets to the top again.

The story has typically tawdry Hollywood touches. Thus you see the rejuvenated composer singer dash from a hospital, where his little boy has died, to a theater stage, where he sings the theme song of The Singing Fool, called Sonny Boy. Grief has given a new force to our hero's plaintive voice and he will rise to greater heights of financial success.

Still, it isn't the story nor the acting, which—save for Jolson, moments of Betty Bronson, and the work of a little three-year-old, Davie Lee—is pretty terrible. The success of The Singing Fool lies in the persuasive voice of the popular mammy artist. No matter how the plot curdles, Jolson always is only a few feet away from another song.

Al Jolson sings a couple of million dollar lullabies for Sonny Boy (Davie Lee) in The Singing Fool.

★ ★ ★

There's a new star in Hollywood. True, she has been starring for some time, principally on the strength of one of the best sets of pedal extremities anywhere in celluloidia. The girl is Madge Bellamy.

The picture is Mother Knows Best. Here Miss Bellamy makes you forget her ankles, her baby face, and gives an unforgettable cerebral characterization. The film is built from Edna Ferber's biting short story of a stage mama who maneuvered her child into footlight stardom with the shrewdness and the ingenuity of a field marshal. Everyone said the story pictures Elsie Janis' career. Maybe so. Time and again in this film Miss Bellamy suggests Elsie, even to physical appearance.

George Bancroft trying to cure Betty Compson of those waterfront blues, in The Docks of New York. And (above) Madge Bellamy and Louise Dresser in a poignant scene from Mother Knows Best.

Anyway, this film adaptation is an absorbing study of mother love, distorted and intense—of a woman who was barred from following a stage career and who captures a vicarious triumph in the success of her child. This stage mama is superbly done by Louise Dresser, who invests the rôle with courage, love, and—yes—ferocity.

Barry Norton gives handsome assistance as the boy on the horizon.

★ ★

Josef von Sternberg, who did Underworld, directed The Docks of New York, based upon a story by John Monk Saunders, who wrote Wings.

The hero is a grimy, swaggering stoker of a tramp steamer. The background is a waterfront dive of the old days. The drunken, hardboiled coal heaver fishes out a blonde derelict from the murky waters of New York harbor and then, as a lark, he marries her.

Both Mr. Saunders and Mr. von Sternberg would have you believe that the wedding ring brings a complete double regeneration.

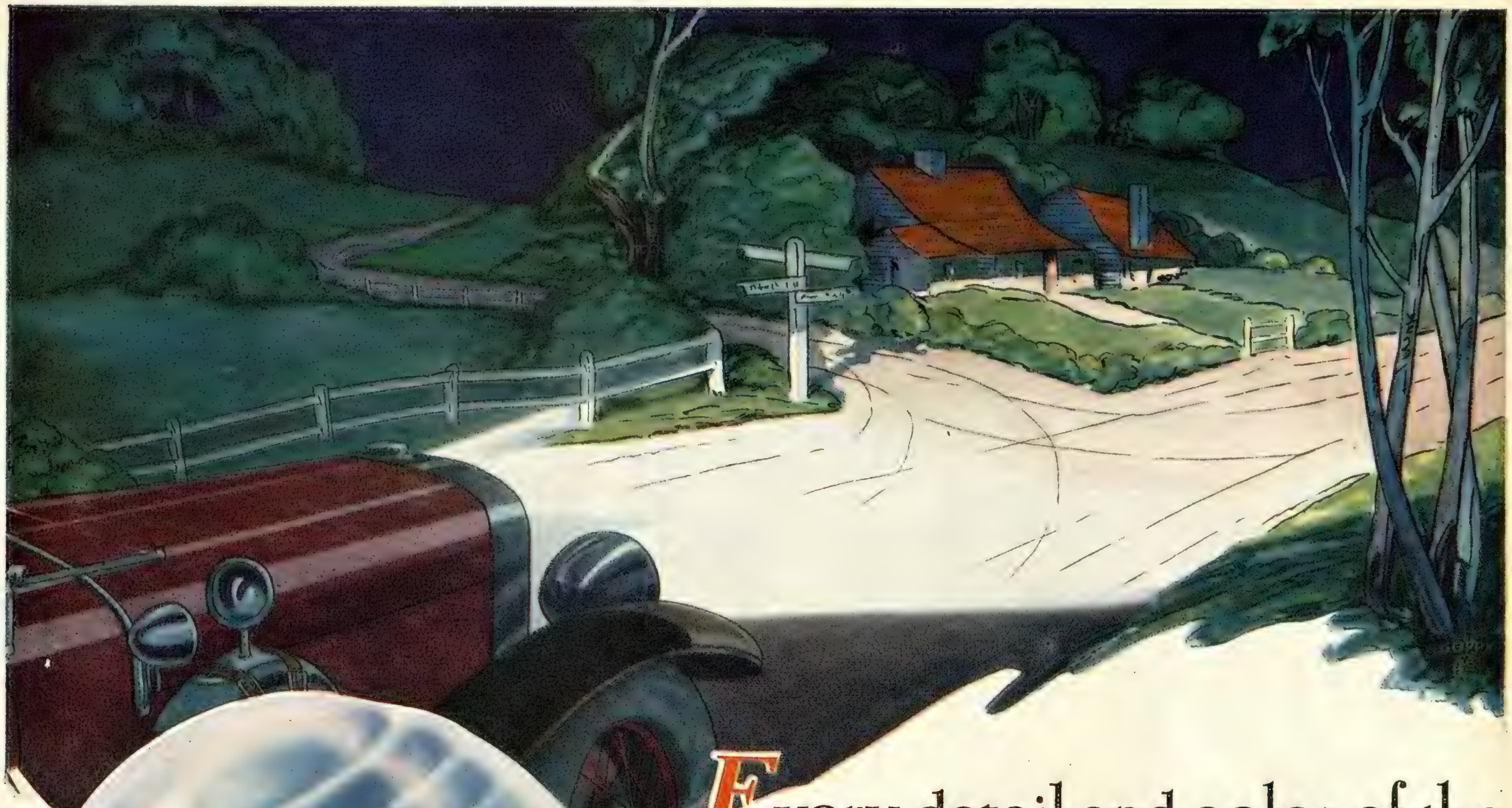
The film is strongly acted, chiefly by George Bancroft as the stoker and Betty Compson as the girl who wants to forget; but, for all of its grim realism and superelaborate details of squalor and sin, it is one of those topheavy screen structures built upon a false foundation.

Personalities—

At seventeen, Madge Bellamy (really Madge Philpott) played opposite William Gillette in the Broadway production of Dear Brutus. . . . George Bancroft is forty-six. . . . Al Jolson got $75,000 for making The Jazz Singer, more for The Singing Fool, and now he starts a new contract.

Do you know that—

Lewis Milestone, who made Two Arabian Knights and The Racket, is to direct Emil Jannings in his next, Ellis Island? . . . The new Gilbert-Garbo film, A Woman of Affairs, is no other than Michael Arlen's The Green Hat?

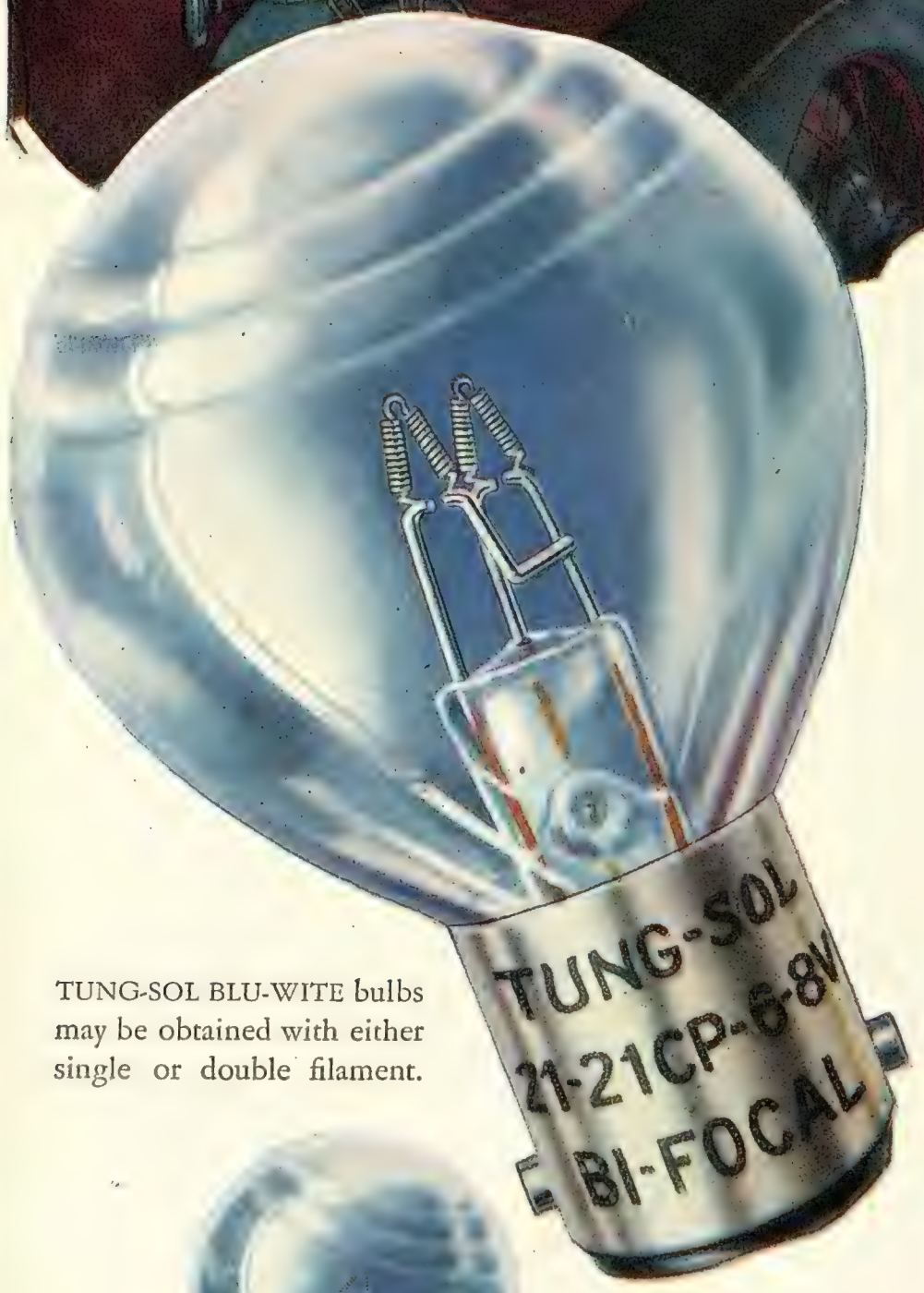


Every detail and color of the road . . *just as in daylight*

THE Tung-Sol BLU-WITE bulbs introduce a new and greatly improved type of road illumination. These bulbs are scientifically tinted a delicate shade of blue. The result is a remarkable *white light*—crystal clear and far reaching—which reproduces the actual colors of the road and roadside.

These new BLU-WITE bulbs add much to your safety and comfort. They increase the pleasure of night driving by relieving eye-strain. They create the confidence and security of daylight and are a revelation to everyone who uses them.

We suggest that you try these new Tung-Sol BLU-WITES in your headlamps and learn for yourself that here at last, is the ideal light for motoring. Ask your dealer for BLU-WITES.



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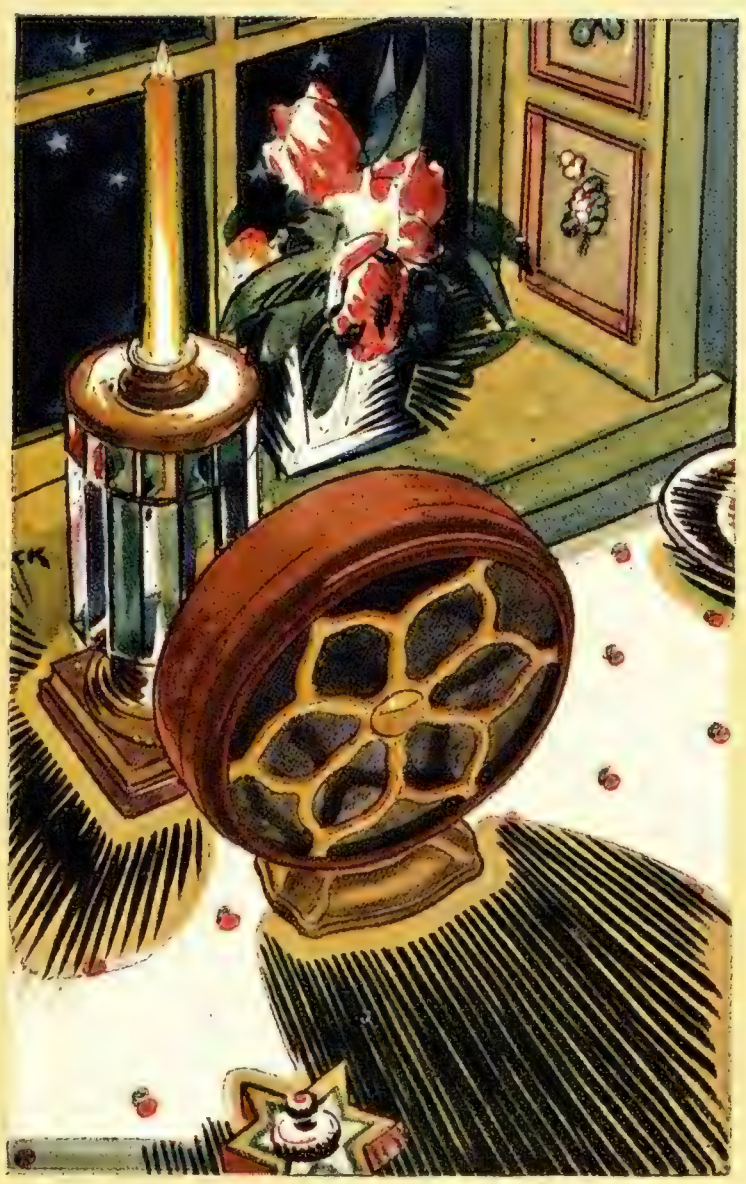
ATWATER KENT RADIO



"Radio's Truest Voice." Atwater Kent Radio Speakers are offered in three sizes. Your choice is a matter of personal preference. Tone quality is uniform. Satin finished in brown and gold or bronze and gold. Models E, E-2, and E-3, each $20.

"In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere."

So Atwater Kent all-electric radio is built today. Accurate to a fraction of a thousandth of an inch! 222 tests or inspections of every set. No skimping or "cutting corners." So —"it works and keeps on working."

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Model 40 electric. America's favorite radio. Tone, selectivity, power, compactness and good looks at a moderate price. FULL-VISION Dial. Satin finish. Uses six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube. Without tubes, $77. Also, Model 41 D. C. set, $87.

PRUDENT purchasers of radio ask, "How many people have bought it, and what do they think of it?" Atwater Kent Radio is already in nearly 2,000,000 homes and is first in sales everywhere. There are owners all around you. They'll tell you that the 1929 all-electric set is even better than they expected. And house-current that supplies all the power costs considerably less than a cent an hour.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Model 52 electric. Combining receiver and speaker in a satin-finished, compact, shielding cabinet only 30 inches high. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses six A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, $117.

TRUE TONE, plenty of volume, clean separation of programs—these you must have, of course. These, the 1929 all-electric Atwater Kent gives you—plus so much reserve power that you'll hardly ever need to tap it all, even if you wish to reach out for far-away stations. Really, this set has *everything*. A demonstration will prove it, and you can have one in your own home tonight.

On the air—every Sunday night—
Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in!

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Model 44 electric. Extra-powerful, extra-sensitive, extra-selective. Of particular value where distance getting is essential or an inside antenna necessary. FULL-VISION Dial. Satin finish. Uses seven A. C. tubes and one rectifying tube. Without tubes, $106.

MANY others would *like* to offer good radio at a low price. But such a price is possible only when great popular demand is matched by facilities for modern scientific production. In our two factories, covering 16¾ acres, 8,000 workers are busy supplying the demand for Atwater Kent Radio. *That* explains the price—and you needn't pay any more for fine radio.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

PLAY BILLIARDS FOR HEALTHFUL RECREATION

A Family Problem

Father's in a fix. The daughter he taught billiards has just made a good run, which left him a tough shot. Junior thinks he knows how to make it. These are the kind of situations, and they are ever-changing, which give billiards its fascination.

FOR laughter, entertainment and refreshing recreation, there is nothing in the world to compare with this greatest of all games—billiards.

Of course you can play. Everybody can, regardless of age, sex or experience. A few minutes' play is enough to demonstrate the tremendous fascination of the game.

And each time you play thereafter, the game becomes more entertaining — more enjoyable.

Systematic exercise is a recognized essential of health. But to yield the greatest possible benefit, it must be a fascinating, competitive form of exercise. Billiards is just this in its most alluring form, with the additional advantage that it can be played at any convenient time, irrespective of weather conditions.

And billiards is a most inexpensive game that can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $8.95 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities.

A Low-Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters

The Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark on the rail. Sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment, it is available in three sizes at $8.95, $18.50 and $49.75 at leading stores everywhere.

Prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada

Mail the coupon below for complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick tables. There is no obligation implied.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. C3 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your Catalog, giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

"Bah!" she exclaimed. "You are a fool — a wicked, stubborn fool."

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

She knew What She Wanted

A Love Story from Hollywood

By FRED MACISAAC

AMONG the great ones of Hollywood, one of the greatest was Hyman J. Abrons, and his secretary was Felicia Loring.

There is a popular impression that most of the film producers came out of the buttonhole or cloak and suit trade; but Hyman J. Abrons had been in the business of retailing silk stockings.

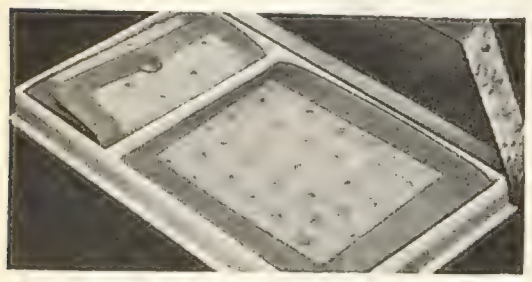
When he opened his chain of stocking shops, known as Eugenie Shops, Ltd., he had advertised for a young woman who could write shorthand, run a typewriter, keep books, and manage an office, and who was willing to accept a small salary in exchange for an opportunity to rise high in business. Out of the grab bag of replies he had drawn Felicia Loring.

Having sold out for a fabulous price to a great silk stocking factory, Mr. Abrons determined to break into the motion picture business by starting at the top as an independent producer; and he had gone West to conquer, with Felicia Loring to take his dictation.

Miss Loring was not the sort of girl who would stop traffic as she walked along the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A gift he will cherish



Find-ex and Key Kaddy in beautiful sets of matched leather, $7, in a handsome gift box. Find-ex alone, $5. Key Kaddy, $2.

AMITY FIND-EX

THE new Amity *FIND-EX* is more than just a pocketbook.

It provides a remarkably convenient way of carrying automobile licenses, cards, photos, tickets and memoranda, in clean, removable envelopes that instantly slide into view by means of a self-indexing pocket.

A firm, red divider separates the new, small-sized bills soon to be issued, from the present large currency.

FIND-EX is made in six beautiful leathers, plain, hand tooled or with laced edges. You can buy it alone in an attractive gift box or in matched sets of *FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy.

Other Amity gifts include wallets, bill-folds, Key Kaddies, cigarette cases, and ladies' hand-bags. You will find them at leather-goods dealers, drug stores, department stores, stationers, men's clothiers and jewelers.

Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 18, showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

This patented divider in the bill-fold compartment of Find-ex will keep the new small-sized currency separate from the larger bills.

if stamped

AMITY

it's leather

[SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED]
Continued from page thirty-nine

street. She was pretty as the violet is pretty, and she was slender and small and just a trifle too thin. Her face was illuminated by a pair of large blue eyes, and her mouth was very sweet in repose and when she smiled her expression was bewitching.

Felicia, having spent two years at Wellesley, discovered that her mother's ambition to make a college graduate of her was absurd in view of the scantiness of her income; so she shifted to a business school, and, after one or two unpleasant experiences as a stenographer in New York, found her niche as secretary to the future mogul of the movies.

When Mr. Abrons suggested that she migrate with him to Hollywood, she was at first aghast, then was tempted by an offer to raise her salary from thirty-five dollars a week to sixty.

"I'll have to talk to someone about it," she temporized. "Can I give you my decision in the morning?"

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Abrons. "But you'll come. You'd be crazy if you didn't."

The person she wished to consult was Bill Sherman.

Bill Sherman had a room on the second floor of the upper West Side lodging house in which Felicia had the third floor back, and as time passed they became friends, and now and then took in a film together or went to dinner at a cheap cabaret.

SHERMAN was an ungainly young man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, whose features were rough hewn, whose hair was thick and black and usually in need of attention of comb and brush, whose feet were big, and whose clothes were always in a state of unpress. He had fine, honest brown eyes, and Felicia liked him very much.

Bill worked on a New York morning paper. Felicia didn't think he was very successful, for the assignments given him were unimportant and obviously his salary was small. She spent considerable time wondering how he really felt about her, and she thought this California business might smoke him out.

She told him she had made up her mind to go, and watched his face eagerly to see how he would react to the information.

Bill took it like a soldier. If he was hurt he concealed it, and he muttered that he would miss her and maybe he would go to California some day himself. She said that would be very nice.

They talked about it a lot during the weeks before her departure, but Bill's attitude remained impersonal. It was evident that he didn't love her—and why should he? She wasn't beautiful.

Hyman J. Abrons had been in Hollywood three years. Having arrived with a million dollars—the age of pikers is past in the film business—he was able to start production at once. Being aware that he knew nothing about the technique of pictures, he was adept in concealing his ignorance and intelligent enough to pick good men and give them free rein.

His three independent pictures made a lot of money; his reputation for judgment, efficiency, and daring grew with his success; and at the end of two years he was invited to take over the management of a famous and long established company whose Wall Street directors kicked out all the old officers and placed the young dynamo in charge, at a salary of $200,000 a year and a percentage of the gross of all films manufactured by Mammouth.

Felicia had induced her mother to leave her home in a little Massachusetts village, and they settled in a charming little bungalow in Hollywood for which she paid seventy dollars a month rent. There was a garden with perpetual roses, a palm tree, an orange tree, and a banana tree, the last of which didn't thrive very well. Felicia owned a sport roadster in which she drove ten miles each day to the Mammouth studio in the San Fernandez Valley and ten miles home every night.

FELICIA was now the executive secretary to Hyman J. Abrons and earned eighty dollars a week, which will go much further in Hollywood than it will in New York.

Occasionally she wondered what had become of Bill Sherman, who had carried on a desultory correspondence for a year after her departure and then ceased to write.

She had a private office in the great administration building of Mammouth Films. In the days of the stocking shops she and her employer had shared a small office in an old building on West Twenty-eighth Street, New York. Now he sat in a sanctum sanctorum copied from the refectory of an old Italian palace, while in four anterooms important visitors waited for a moment of his time and others congregated in the main waiting room outside.

Abrons was still young—thirty-three years, no more—but already he was quite bald and getting very fat. In the old days he had been excessively affable. Now he was austere and taciturn, as befitted a very great man. But with Felicia his manner had never changed.

Felicia was in his confidence,

THEY stared at her until a faint color came into her pale cheeks. "It's a miracle," muttered the German.

knew all his plans, could have sold him out for a fortune; but he knew she wouldn't, and such a notion never occurred to her. Her position was so important that she could have been a social figure in Hollywood if she had had time to attend dinners and dances and teas; but Mr. Abrons worked from 10 in the morning until midnight about seven days a week, and Felicia and her assistants rarely had an entire evening to themselves. When Felicia wasn't working she usually was sleeping.

Mrs. Abrons, a plump, good natured young woman whom Hyman had married in the days of his poverty, was very fond of Felicia, and was continually imploring her to make Hyman get home to dinner on time or to be sure to present himself at some social function. Abrons never got home to dinner on time and rarely presented him-

self at a social function; but Mrs. Abrons never gave up hope.

Felicia hadn't thought about Bill Sherman for a very long time. But late one afternoon when she squeezed her roadster into a narrow space at the curb outside a notion shop on Hollywood Boulevard, her heart gave a leap and she pressed her hands to her breast and her eyes distended. For Bill Sherman was coming down the street. She leaped out of the car, slammed the door shut, turned, and looked directly into his eyes. She was as pale as death.

"Bill," she whispered. "Oh, Bill!"

Mr. Sherman's face was suddenly crimson, his eyes looked frightened. She saw he was seedier than he had ever been in New York.

"Oh, Bill, I'm so glad!" she said, stretching out both her hands.

He took them. "Hello, Felicia," he said, with a shake in his voice. "Gee, I'm glad to see you! You look great."

"Bill—" she repeated.

"It's fine to see you. That your car?"

She nodded. How could he ask such questions when they were meeting after three years? "Yes, it's my car."

"Peach. You certainly look pretty."

She opened the door. "Get in," she commanded.

"Er—I can't. I've got a business engagement."

"You haven't. How long have you been in Hollywood?"

His eyes were evasive. "Er—a couple of months."

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed.

He saw that she was hurt.

"Darn it, I couldn't," he protested. "You're the whole works at Mammouth and I'm just a false alarm."

"Get in," she said sternly. "I'm taking you home with me."

Without further protest he clambered in, and she slipped under the wheel.

"You're looking great," he observed.

"You said that before, Bill. You ought to have looked me up as soon as you arrived. I'm hurt."

"I didn't know whether you'd want to see me. You're a big person nowadays."

"As though that mattered. You knew I would be delighted. This is where I live."

SHE had stopped the car before her pretty little white bungalow set in its garden of green with patches of red and yellow and purple flowers, and she was childishly pleased at the impression it seemed to make on him. She knew her mother was not at home, and she was glad of that, because she wanted to get down to cases with Bill and find out what had happened to him.

"I'm going to make you some tea," she declared, after planting him in the living room. "Meanwhile dig into this chocolate cake, which my mother makes from a marvelous recipe of her own."

From the kitchen she glanced back to see that he was digging in. He was evidently hungry.

"How did you happen to come to Los Angeles?" she asked, when she entered with the tea things.

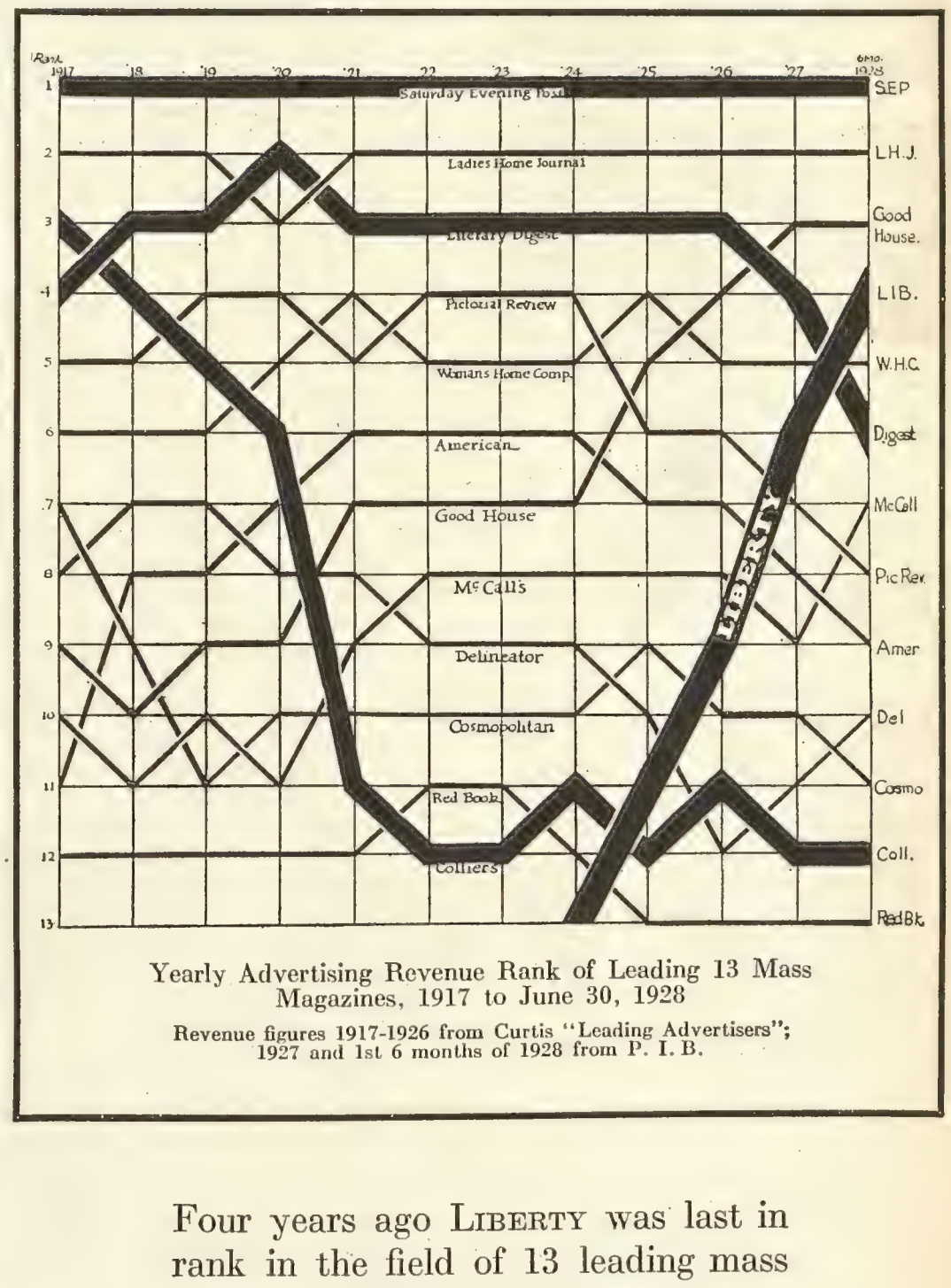
"Got fired from all the New York papers," he said ruefully. "It was darn lonesome after you left, Felicia. I never had another pal like you. I got thinking I might break in on the papers out here, so I hocked my belongings for the carfare and took a chance."

"Why didn't you write me that you were coming?"

He flushed. "I waited so long after you left, I was ashamed to write, and if I wrote after a couple of years it might look as though I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SECOND among all weeklies!



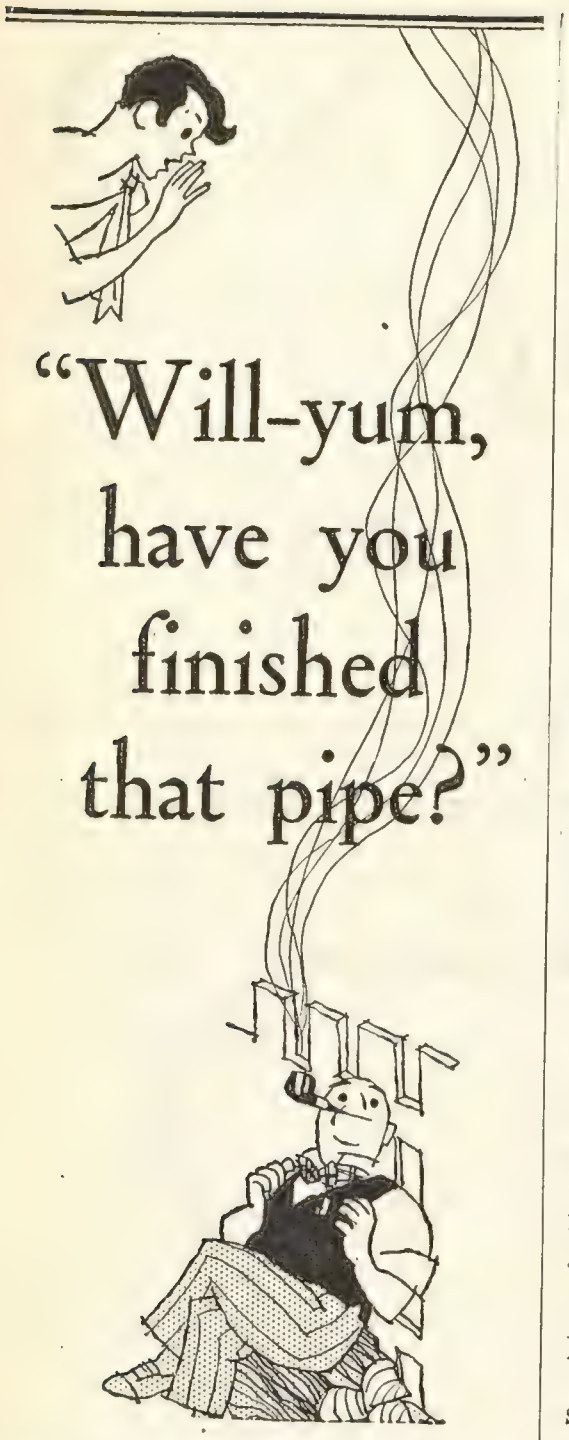
Yearly Advertising Revenue Rank of Leading 13 Mass Magazines, 1917 to June 30, 1928

Revenue figures 1917-1926 from Curtis "Leading Advertisers"; 1927 and 1st 6 months of 1928 from P. I. B.

Four years ago LIBERTY was last in rank in the field of 13 leading mass magazines. Today it is *fourth* in revenue among all magazines! Today it is *second* in revenue among all weeklies! Its revenue gains for the first 6 months of 1928 led all the rest! . . . The old order changeth indeed. Where the magazines are concerned business is buying differently.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

For 1929
Not less than 1,600,000 average net paid circulation. And no increase in advertising rates.



"Will-yum, have you finished that pipe?"

YOU don't have to take the old briar outdoors if you fill it with Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco. Wives like the fragrance of Sir Walter—husbands say it's the *mildest*, mellowest smoke that ever came out of the South. And the gold foil wrapping inside the tin keeps it fresh to the very last pipeful. Sir Walter can bring your pipe out of the woodshed into the parlor.

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(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. L, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Winston-Salem, N. C.

B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

[SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED]
Continued from page forty-one

hoped you might land me something. Gee, you look great, Felicia."

"Thanks," she said dryly. "Tell me what happened."

"Well, it seems that this is the place where good newspaper men go before they die. I found managing editors and city editors of big newspapers back East working as reporters for half what they used to earn. No chance for a goof like me."

"You are not a goof. Why didn't you try film publicity?"

"I looked up a couple of fellows I used to know who have big jobs in pictures, and they high hatted me. I couldn't stand for that."

Felicia studied him covertly. Bill was charming, but so helpless. Something swelled up inside of her—her heart, most likely—and she yearned to take his poor head and lay it against her bosom and tell him not to worry any more. But, of course, she had to sit up straight and keep her hands folded in her lap.

"GIVE me your address," she said gently. "I'll get you in Mammouth in no time."

Bill stuck out his jaw and his eyes snapped.

"Nix," he grated. "I stand on my own feet. You don't get me a job."

"Why?" she wailed.

"Because I couldn't let a girl help me."

Felicia frowned at him. Such stupid pride!

"You talk like that, but I know you are broke. You know I am your good friend. You don't use good sense, Bill. Let me lend—"

"No!" he shouted. Then he reached for her hand and patted it. "You are the salt of the earth, old girl. But men who borrow from women are no good."

"My heavens!" she exclaimed angrily. "You are loaded with copybook maxims and antediluvian principles, but what do they get you? I can place you in our publicity department in twenty-four hours, and you must let me do it. Your attitude is absurd—really it is, Bill."

"Gee, you're pretty," he gasped. For Felicia's earnestness caused her blue eyes to widen and her mouth to look so wistful that it was hard not to kiss her. "Think of a kid like you being a success and me a rotten failure!"

Felicia blushed like a rose, and she was really beautiful. "I had the opportunity; you haven't got yours yet. So—"

Bill was on his feet.

"Nope. Some day, when I have made good by my own efforts, I'm coming round to tell you what I really think of you. But I wouldn't take a job from Mammouth if it was handed me on a platter."

"Bah!" she exclaimed. "You are a fool—a wicked, stubborn fool."

He flamed. "Good-by," he said, and made for the door.

She followed him, repentant. "I want you to stay to dinner."

"You don't want to eat with a fool."

"Yes, I do," she coaxed. "With this fool."

"Nope. You're trying to put something over on me, Felicia." He was actually departing.

"Then give me your address and phone number. I want you to come back soon."

He gave her his address—in a bungalow court in a poor quarter—and his phone. "Just as quick as I land a job you'll see me. Not before."

He was gone, and Felicia wiped tears of exasperation from her eyes and wrote down the phone

"Good-by," he said, and made for the door.

number. Bill was terribly difficult, but somehow she would manage him.

Two days later she called him from the studio.

"Have you found anything to do?" she asked, when he came on the phone.

"Nothing to speak of. I'm going to see a man today."

"I happened to hear that there is a shakeup in the press department of Celebrated Players. If you will call on Peter Gray, who is in charge of publicity—"

"Wait a minute," he interrupted. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"Oh, Bill!" she sighed. "I never saw him in my life. I just happened to hear about this. Will you go to see him?"

"Yes; but it won't do any good."

"It might."

"All right. I'll go this morning, and thank you for the tip."

"And will you call me up and let me know if you had any luck?" she asked anxiously.

"Sure. I am grateful, Felicia."

She waited anxiously all morning for his return call. It was true that she did not know Peter Gray, but she was responsible for this opportunity nevertheless. To Mr. Abrons she had explained the sensitiveness of Bill Sherman, and persuaded the magnate to call the head of another studio and demand that a place be made for him. She heard the phone conversation, which was as follows:

"A favor, Sol," said Abrons. "My secretary, she is stuck on a bum named Bill Sherman, and she wants for me to get him a publicity job. I would use him here, but he would be wise she landed it for him. How do I know if he is any good? There ain't any of them any good. Look at all your wife's relations I got working for me."

"Tell him to see Peter Gray at Celebrated," Abrons told Felicia. "Ten minutes I wasted begging a job for that lowlife. For that you work overtime tonight."

"I could hug you!" cried the delighted Felicia.

"With all them movie stars, my wife is jealous enough," he grinned.

To Bill Sherman's astonishment, he found they could use him in the publicity department at Celebrated. They did not ask him what salary he expected, and he was afraid to make a demand; but at the end of the week he found a hundred dollar check in his envelope.

To the astonishment of Peter Gray, Bill could write. He turned out peppy copy, he was quick to catch an original or amusing angle of a story. For the first time in his life, Bill had found a niche he fitted, and his self respect and assurance augmented immeasurably.

HE came around to take Felicia to dinner, and boasted naïvely of his achievements. She was impressed.

"The trouble with me, old girl," he said proudly, "was that I was always a leg man in New York, just a poor hopper who had to telephone in his stories, and I never got a chance to write my own stuff. Besides, I hated to call on people I didn't know. These film stars love to see the reporter from the publicity department, and they help him all they can; so it's a cinch for me. Peter Gray told me today I am turning out the best stuff in the office."

"Isn't it wonderful?" she thrilled. "I always knew you had it in you."

"How much are you getting over at Mammouth?" he asked curiously.

"Eighty dollars a week."

"Why, I get a hundred already, and I'm sure to get a raise. Felicia, when I get that raise—"

"Well?" she demanded, with shining eyes.

"Just wait till I get it, that's all."

Felicia sighed and began to wonder if she could pull wires to bring about the raise rapidly.

Bill's assurance grew. It wasn't a swelled head, it wasn't objectionable—just the elation of a really capable man who was getting recognition. He acquired views on all sorts of things, which he aired to the Little Woman.

"The trouble with these people out here," he said, "is that husbands and wives are both working and their interests are diverse.

Now, a woman's only interest should be the career of her husband, because his success is hers. A man's wife should keep his house and be dependent upon her husband and think only of what he is accomplishing in the world, and that's the secret of happy marriage. These working women have no interest in their husband's business. Sometimes the wife makes much more money than the man, and her independence strikes at the root of marriage. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes, I see your point. It's rather masculine."

"Certainly. Now, you take a woman film star. What does she care what her husband is earning, when she makes a thousand a week or more herself? She has her own friends, and it isn't long before she gets tired of the man she married, or her conceit sickens him, and then it's the divorce court. You bet my wife will be dependent on me, when I marry."

Felicia ventured a remark:

"Two salaries are better than one, Bill."

"Nope. I want my wife to think of nothing but her husband, and of course I would think of nothing but her."

Felicia thought that would be rather nice, but she said nothing.

"NOW, take yourself, Felicia. You have a good job and you are independent. Would you be willing to give up your career for the man you loved?"

"If—if I loved him I suppose I would do what he wanted me to do," she stammered.

He nodded approvingly. "There aren't many girls like you. That's the spirit. You wait till I get that raise."

She was brazen. "Why wait?"

"Well—er—I want to be sure I'm going to make good this time."

"What's going to happen when you do get it?" she dared.

He smiled broadly. "You'd be surprised. You know, these film stars give me a pain. Say, if I loved a girl and she was a film star, I'd pass her up."

"Oh, not if you loved her," she protested.

"Yes. I'll tell you why. Because she would be wrapped up in herself. She would think she was the superior being, and her confounded money would strangle me. She wouldn't want to live on my salary in a plain, simple way, and I'd find myself being supported by her. Besides, it would kill me if the woman I loved earned her living by embracing and kissing actors before a camera for all the world to see."

Felicia smiled. "You are so old fashioned, Bill."

"And proud of it," he proclaimed.

Big things were happening at Mammouth. The New York office had purchased the film rights of a very great play, and engaged the actress who had starred in it to come out to Hollywood to appear in the film version.

Lucia Vanest was considered the greatest emotional actress of her time. She was a slim, star eyed creature, and had made the greatest personal success on Broadway in ten years in Tears.

THE Mammouth Films had paid $150,000 for the film rights to Tears, and signed a contract with Lucia Vanest for five weeks at $10,000 a week to make the picture. Arrangements were made to close the show during the time necessary to film it, as it had finished its run on Broadway and was about to take to the road.

A great German director had been brought over especially to direct the picture, and a large sum of money had already been spent in preliminary work.

The day following the conversation between Felicia and Bill Sherman, a telegram came to Hyman J. Abrons which overwhelmed him. Lucia Vanest had died suddenly of heart failure.

Mammouth was left with the play on its hands, a quarter of a million dollars already spent, a cast under salary, and a great director drawing $2,000 a week. It was impossible to abandon the picture at this stage, and somebody must replace the unfortunate young actress.

There was nobody who could replace Lucia Vanest in Tears as a drama, for her voice was as extraordinary as her personality. But on the screen she would have been voiceless; and so different is film technique from the art of the legitimate theater that she would have to learn it from the beginning. Given a woman who resembled her, a satisfactory picture could be made—although the loss of her name would affect it considerably from the standpoint of the box office.

Immediately the offices of Hyman J. Abrons were filled with stars summoned for inspection. Other studios were eager to lend a helping hand, and offered such of their own stars who were available, while all the freelance actresses of Hollywood were thrilled at the possible opportunity.

Herman Gottlieb, the German director, sat with Abrons day after day while Felicia marshaled the candidates for the crown of Lucia Vanest.

Salary was no object. Mammouth would pay anything to the star who could wear the shoes of the dead girl. Mary Laurel, the best bet of Celebrated, who earned $1,000,000 a year, came over and was rejected. Extra girls who had never stepped out of a mob scene were called and given the once over by the management.

So strange is the film business that experience is of no great consequence. Again and again it has happened that an inexperienced girl has been chosen for a big rôle because she was the type desired; and it sometimes has happened that the tyro has done better work

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

At Sea with High-Seas Fleet

How Men on Destroyers Conquer Rheumatism

By G. K. SPENCER, *Pres.* MARITIME AIR SERVICE

The Destroyer Stoddert of the Thirty-second Destroyer Division, of the Battle Fleet, was in company with two other ships of her Division. All three were battering their hazardous way northward and were off the northwestern coast of Oregon almost at the end of a four days' cruise from San Diego, the Destroyer Base of the Pacific.

Anti-Aircraft Guns

Standing together on her Bridge were Boatswain's Mate Calnan and Quartermaster Steger. Steger had noticed severe pains in his leg and Calnan, a seaman of the old school, was prompt with his suggestion that "you'd better go below and take some of those Weldonas; they've helped me. I doubt if I'd stay in 'the cans' if it weren't for Weldona."

This is a conversation in actuality. The names could be verified if given correctly. It was a conversation oft repeated, for there are many who serve in "the cans" (as Navy men affectionately term their Destroyers) who would not remain in the Destroyer service were it not for Weldona tablets. The writer, an old Destroyer man, can verify this in his personal experience—yes, aboard the Stoddert, one of the crack Destroyers of the Fleet. Though no longer in that service, the thought still recurs, that there are men, some of the very best quartermasters, boatswain's mates, radiomen, torpedomen, gunner's mates, old officers, who would not remain in "the cans" were it not for Weldona tablets. They are perhaps the only

U. S. Marines Landing on Beach

remedy of their kind, other than liniments, ever utilized in the Destroyer service, and they are used without the interdiction of the medical officers.

Many older Naval officers and men would not think of cruising without Weldona tablets in their kits, and the writer remembers incidents at the mess of various Naval vessels when officers openly advised others to use Weldona tablets in the presence of the medical officer, who himself seconded the advice and proffered to supply the tablets, though they are not a regular Naval issue, owing to the fact that the Navy does not officially recognize Rheumatism as a sea-going ailment.

It is highly interesting that in the service which most exposes the personnel, Weldona tablets may be found in practically every other locker. The men purchase them ashore in the Naval compounds or Drug Stores outside the Navy Yards and frequently a store may be entirely denuded of its Weldona tablets, as recently happened at the Philadelphia Navy Yard previous to the Atlantic Scouting Fleet's weighing anchor for Cuban waters. The men had only purchased sufficient Weldona to last them through the entire maneuvers, but it represented the entire stocks of several stores and the partial stocks of others. This is but one example of the profound effect of Weldona tablets on intelligent Naval personnel.

Whether or not Weldona tablets could be of value to the average landsman with his limited problems of exposure to face might be decided by how Naval men use them under extreme conditions of exposure. During the re-

Submarine Crews

cent aerial mapping of the Alaskan littoral by the Lieutenant Ben H. Wyatt expedition, a large number of the personnel on the expedition took with them Weldona tablets. These were of vast utility when fog and heavy weather descended on the little expedition as it lived on its make-shift barge off the Alaskan coast.

As a matter of fact, the traveller who cannot find Weldona tablets in some foreign port need only inquire of a few American sailors in port to satisfy his needs.

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Especially effective for Sciatica — Neuritis — Joint — Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to benefit. Weldona tablets are for sale by druggists from coast to coast. Largest selling rheumatic tablet in the world. Book describing rheumatism from Egyptian Days to present on request. Weldona Corp'n, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

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Outstanding Leaders!

IN milk chocolate bars, too, Washington represents the people's choice! Here in the great Union Station Nestlé's and Peter's outsell all others.

It's easy to understand why. Every "first bite" wins a new friend for these deliciously *different* milk chocolate bars.

Nestlé's is distinctive for creaminess — mild, delicately flavored, mellow. It is the creamiest of all milk chocolate bars.

Peter's tastes more decidedly of chocolate—rich and tangy. The richest in chocolate of all milk chocolate bars.

Pure chocolate and fresh milk with all its cream make these delicious bars wonderfully nourishing, too. Ideal for a quick pick-up bite.

Both are sold everywhere in five-and-ten-cent sizes, plain or with toasted almonds. Handy croquettes, also.

Richest in cream

Richest in chocolate

[SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED]
Continued from page forty-three

in her first picture than ever afterward. The director is the actor, the performer a puppet.

Days passed. Hundreds of young women of every variety of grace and beauty had passed in review, were compared to the portrait of Lucia, draped in black, which stood upon the great carved mahogany desk of Mr. Abrons, who leaned back in his chair, stolid as a Buddha, and consulted with the German, who sat at his right hand.

Most candidates were immediately rejected. A few were held for screen tests, which were made immediately and in an astonishingly short space of time were run off before the judges upon the office projection machine, which looked like a big phonograph when its cover was down.

Although $10,000 a day was being lost while the picture was delayed, Abrons and Gottlieb were determined not to proceed until they had found the right girl. They did not pause for meals, but ate while they looked and argued.

FELICIA flitted in and out, taking instructions, making reports, and sending for new candidates suggested by one producer or director after another.

In New York, scouts were roaming up and down Broadway. Half a dozen actresses and show girls were on transcontinental trains for final judgment in Hollywood. Felicia was half dead from lack of sleep and worry. Gottlieb's stolid German vitality kept him fresh, and Abrons was sustained by indomitable energy. Bill Sherman was very indignant when Felicia broke an engagement with him; but she was getting to bed at 2 in the morning and arriving at the studio at 8. Abrons and Gottlieb did not go home at all.

On the fourth afternoon Mrs. Abrons descended upon the studio with the light of battle in her eye, and fell upon Felicia like a fury.

"If Hyman is crazy, you ought to have sense enough to take care of him," she stormed. "Three nights he hasn't been to bed. Now I take him home, whether he likes it or not."

"Please, Mrs. Abrons, don't go in," the secretary pleaded. "He is in a most important conference—really, he is."

"Conference or not, he can't keep his wife out of his office. Get out of the way, Felicia. Do you suppose a rotten picture is worth the life of my Hyman?"

Poor, weary Felicia wilted.

"I'll lose my job if I let you in," she sighed; "but use your own judgment."

Mrs. Abrons went in. "Hyman, stop this nonsense and come home," she commanded. "Three nights you haven't slept in your house!"

"It needed only this," groaned the producer. "I told Felicia to keep you out. Sarah, we ain't found an actress to play Tears. Ten thousand a day we're losing, and you come here talking nonsense."

Mrs. Abrons stood before the desk and gazed at the photograph of Lucia Vanest.

"Is that her?" she demanded.

"Who else would it be?" snapped her husband.

"In Germany," said Gottlieb thickly, "a *Frau* stays in her home. *So!*"

Mrs. Abrons continued to inspect the picture, then laughed rudely.

"Everybody in Hollywood you have seen. Three nights you haven't been to bed. Such fools you are!"

In sullen exasperation, Hyman glared at her.

"And all the time she's here," continued Mrs. Abrons. "The very spit and image of that woman."

"Who?" they demanded in chorus.

"Felicia Loring."

"*Ach, Gott!*" exclaimed the German, goggling at the picture.

Abrons stared at it and thumped his desk.

"Felicia!" he shouted.

Fearfully Felicia entered. She knew what was coming, after admitting Mrs. Abrons.

"Stand behind the desk," commanded her employer.

They stared at her until a faint color came into her pale cheeks.

"Sarah, come to my arms!" cried Abrons.

Laughing, Mrs. Abrons submitted to a hug. "Will you come home now?" she demanded.

"It's a miracle," muttered the German. "The eyes, the mouth, the nose, the figure. This girl is around all the time, and I never looked at her before."

"What do you want, please?" asked Felicia.

"You!" shouted Abrons. "Why didn't you tell us you looked like Lucia Vanest?"

"Oh, I thought there was some resemblance, but I didn't think it mattered. I am a stenographer."

Abrons wagged his head at his own stupidity.

"Under my nose all the time! Felicia, you play the lead in Tears."

Felicia was trembling. Suddenly she began to cry.

"Sublime!" exclaimed Gottlieb. "Just like Vanest in the third act of Tears."

Abrons was pressing all the buttons on his desk.

"Contracts!" he shouted, when important officials entered running. "Make out contracts for Miss Loring to play Tears. Five hundred dollars a week."

MRS. ABRONS, who liked Felicia, embraced her.

"Hold him up, Felicia," she laughed. "Make him pay you a thousand. Even then, you make a lot of money, Hyman."

Felicia was stunned. "I never acted in my life," she protested.

Gottlieb laughed. "You don't act. I act through you."

"But a screen test?"

"Bah. Give her a contract, Mr. Abrons."

A typewriter outside had been clicking, and the contracts were set before Abrons, whose hands were trembling with excitement.

"Sign," he commanded. "I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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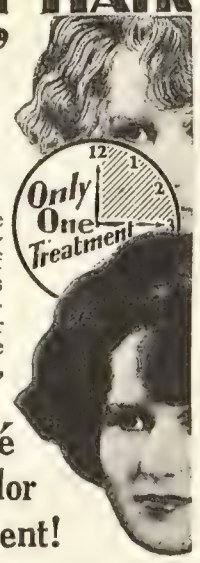

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Get the proof about Neos-Henné. Clip lock of hair close to scalp, and mail it with your name, address and color wanted. We will restore original tint and return the hair with FREE INFORMATION. Write at once to **Neos-Henné Co., 366 Fifth Ave., Dept. 116 New York City.**

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Norway-Mediterranean, June 29, 1929; $600 up

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

make it a thousand for five weeks."

Felicia suddenly straightened up and put her hands behind her.

"No; I don't want to."

"Temperament she gets!" exclaimed Abrons. "Sign!"

"I don't want to be an actress."

"A holdup! It's your fault, Sarah. Well, fifteen hundred a week."

"It isn't that. I just can't. I must talk to someone first."

"Talk to him later. Sign now."

She shook her head determinedly. "Tomorrow I'll give you my answer."

"Tomorrow I'll be asleep in my bed. Two thousand I give you—and you only a secretary at eighty. Oh, my God!"

"Mr. Abrons," she said, "you remember getting Mr. Sherman a job at Celebrated? Could you get his salary raised to one hundred fifty a week?"

"Yes, sure. What's he got to do with it?"

"Then do it today. I shall see him tonight, and tomorrow perhaps I can sign the contract."

And that was the best they could get out of a docile creature turned stubborn.

FELICIA went home early and waited impatiently for Bill to telephone the good news. He brought it in person at 6:30.

"I'm raised to a hundred fifty a week," he declared as soon as he was inside the door. "Put on your glad rags. We'll go to the Ambassador and celebrate."

She clapped her hands joyously. "Isn't that glorious!" she exclaimed. "I knew you would make good. I knew it."

Bill spread his arms in a gesture of jubilation. "From now on watch my smoke," he chortled. "I'm there—there with bells on. I used to think I was no good, but you don't get a hundred fifty a week as a press agent without delivering. Get a move on, girlie."

Felicia's hands were trembling so she could hardly dress, but she managed it in remarkably quick time considering, and, radiant as a full blown rose, she presented herself. This was going to be the happiest night of her life. She had dabbed a little rouge on her cheeks and her eyes sparkled joyously.

"Gee, you're pretty!" gasped Bill at sight of her.

"Do you think so, Bill?" she simpered.

"Gosh, you're a beauty; that's what you are."

They drove to the big hotel in Felicia's roadster, the girl so excited she twice violated traffic signals, fortunately with impunity. Finally they were seated in a far corner of the Cocoanut Grove and looked into each other's eyes.

For a time Bill bragged boyishly about his achievements—insisted upon telling her about this and that story which had brought about his good fortune. Finally came a silence more eloquent than speech. It was Felicia who broke it. No time to be shy.

"Bill," she said softly, "you promised to tell me something when you got your raise."

"You certainly are pretty," he said, wagging his head in admiration.

"You said that. What were you going to tell me?"

"Well, I hardly dare. I didn't realize how pretty you are."

"WE'RE friends," she cajoled. "There isn't anything you don't dare tell me."

"Well, this is hardly the time or the place," he evaded.

"There isn't anybody looking." She was vamping him with eyes and lips.

"Well, darn it, I'm in love with you," he blurted out.

"Oh, please go on."

"Isn't that enough?"

"No," she snapped. "It isn't. Do you want to marry me? Is that what you are trying to say?"

He was red as a beet. "Would you?" he mumbled.

"Ask me and find out," she pleaded.

"Well, will you?"

"Yes," she sighed. "Oh, Bill, you are awfully slow!"

He heaved a happy sigh. "That's over. I never thought I'd dare propose to you and that you'd have me. I wish I could kiss you, Felicia."

"Take a chance," said the new Felicia.

"My, you are sweet," he muttered.

"Bill darling, we're engaged." She smiled.

"I'll say we are."

Felicia nodded. "We're engaged and you can't back out. If you do, I'll sue you for breach of promise."

He laughed loudly. "That's an idea. We're engaged and we're going to be married, but certain things have got to be understood."

"Yes, Bill."

"You've got to chuck this job of yours. I'm making plenty to support us, and I want my wife all to myself."

"She wants you to have her," Felicia declared. "When shall we be married?"

"Well, I suppose we've got to wait until I've saved up a few hundred dollars."

"I've been waiting three years. I loved you in New York, Bill."

"Did you? I was crazy about you, but I was so dumb I didn't know it till after you went to California."

Her eyes narrowed and she watched him closely. "It would be nice if we had a few thousand dollars—say ten," she insinuated.

"Oh, sure; but we'll get along."

"You don't want me to stop working until we are married, I hope?"

"Well, I don't suppose you'd let me support you before then."

Felicia looked shocked. "Certainly not. Aren't you sorry you are not marrying a film star?"

"I wouldn't give one of them house room," he retorted.

"If you loved her you would. If

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

The OILY NINETIES

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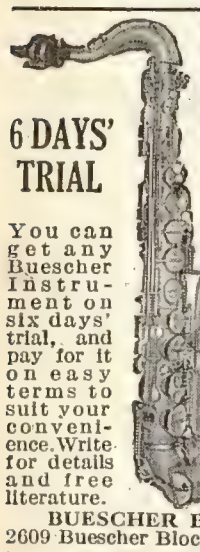

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[SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED]
Continued from page forty-five

she gave up her career to marry you."

"Well, maybe. But I happen to love you."

"Dear!" exclaimed Felicia. "We'll be married in six weeks from today. And then I'll give up my work—whatever it is. I'll love keeping house."

"You darling."

"Of course, mother will have to live with us. There is nowhere for her to go."

He hadn't thought of that, but he took it manfully.

"Sure," he agreed.

"But a mother-in-law makes trouble in the home. It would be nice if she had some money to live on by herself."

"Y-yes, but we'll have to make the best of it."

"You darling, you won't have to. Now that we are engaged, and I have named the day, and you have agreed that I may work until our wedding—you love me so much you would forgive me anything, wouldn't you?"

"What are you driving at?" he demanded, vaguely uneasy.

"Well," she said, "by the strangest accident, I happen to look exactly like poor Lucia Vanest."

"By George, you do!"

"And poor Mr. Abrons is in terrible trouble, and he has been so good to me. So, just to oblige him, and for no other reason, I have agreed to play Miss Vanest's rôle in Tears."

She watched him fearfully. He pushed back his chair and stared at her in dismay.

"You can't back out," she wailed. "You promised."

"But, Felicia—you'll be a film star."

"I'll make only one picture. Probably I'll be so bad they won't let me make another. It's a five weeks' contract. I promise you, Bill, I'll quit anyway."

He shook his head. "You won't. They won't let you."

"I will. They can't make me. Bill, I agree perfectly with your views. I am sure the only happy marriage is where the wife is dependent on her husband. I have confidence in your future, and I would rather be your wife than the most famous star on the screen. I've waited too long for this happiness to throw it away on a silly thing like picture fame. I'm just doing this for Mr. Abrons, and I'll get ten thousand dollars, and give it to mother so she won't have to live with us. May I do it, darling?"

As he studied her, she grew pale and dropped her eyes.

"You are very clever, Felicia," he said slowly. "I guess you have the brains of the family. I expect you'll wind me around your little finger after we are married. Of course I've got to let you do this. Have you signed the contract?"

"Oh, no. I wouldn't dare without your permission."

This pleased him.

"Well, of course, you've got to do it. I hope you will quit. That ten thousand will take care of your mother and I would be a fool to prevent you from getting it. Only I hope—you see where it leads to. Ten thousand for five weeks—and I get seventy-five hundred a year."

"We can live on that easily," she assured him.

"You are clever," he repeated. "I don't know what you see in me. I realize my luck in getting you. I wonder—"

"What, darling?"

"Did you have anything to do with my landing this job?"

Felicia lied bravely: "No."

He drummed on the table. "I'm not sure you didn't work it somehow, but one thing is certain—I earned this raise myself. I know that."

"Of course you did, darling."

"I'll see that you don't regret giving up big money to marry me," he promised. "I know I have the goods, Felicia."

Felicia was weeping into her dessert.

"You are twice as clever as I, and you'll show them," she assured him.

"What are you crying for?"

"I'm so happy. What I am giving up is nothing to what I'm going to get," she said, smiling through her tears. "Let's go home, Bill."

Everybody knows that Tears with Felicia Loring was a pretty good picture, and many film fans wondered why she never made another.

This is why.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Biter Bit

Mr. H. loves to tease. To three urchins who begged him for a lift to town, he spoke of giving any one of them the job of breaking a wild colt.

"How wild is the young horse?" queried one boy.

"Well, he threw a boy yesterday, breaking the boy's leg; but if you are brave enough to hold on, there's no danger."

Whereupon the third and youngest boy, eying Mr. H. closely, exclaimed, "I'll bet he isn't as wild as your imagination, mister!"—R. G. Hess, P. O. Box 464, Columbus, Ga.

* * *

He Said It!

After watching the new baby with admiration for a few minutes Frederick looked up at his mother and said, "Don't daddy buy the best babies?"—Kathleen Cofer, 10 Mt. Vernon Circle, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, New York, for October 1st, 1928.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(This information is required from daily publications only.)

J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1928.

(Seal) F. J. FUCITO

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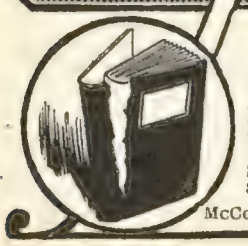
Commission expires March 30th, 1930.

Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

IRON GLUE



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Addressing the Jury

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

TRICKY, squally November winds played tag with the rubbish in the For Sale lot bordering Lil's apartment. The smell of burned leaves in the gutter and chestnuts roasting in front of Drugavio's fruit store entered her window whenever she opened it.

Although the landlord had turned on the steam, she rarely bothered with her radiator keys. Exciting, heated political talk was keeping her household's nerves quite warm. The countrywide question, Smith or Hoover, was as commonly sprung as the year in year out domestic queries of Cream or lemon? Hard or soft? One lump or two?

This week's cover picture.

"Smith or Hoover?" Lil had asked her butcher, accenting her candidate's name. "I don't care whether this is a Republican or a Democratic district, or how most of your customers tell you to vote—you vote as your conscience tells you. Don't make me tell you who I'm voting for. I should think you'd know even without seeing my little badge—and don't bother to give me chopped meat; give me sweetbreads and a bone for the dog."

So she got one cherished political promise of a vote for *her* party amid the gory sights of the meat shop.

"If every woman in the U. S. A. would talk about politics instead of the baby's new schedule," she told Bulgy Eyes, who was wabbling ahead of her on his leash, "there'd be no question as to who the next first lady of the land would be!"

"You don't want to be out of work, do you?" she had asked Mr. McToo, her baker. Indeed, Mr. McToo, red faced and Scotch, did not! "Then you watch your vote," she warned him, watching to see if she were getting a baker's dozen or just a Scotch dozen of jelly buns. "We have the highest wages in the world, but you watch your vote. Bread and butter! The whole world is yelling for bread and butter."

"I'm castin' me vote furrrrrrr yourrrrrrr parrrrrrrty," the baker said. "On account of the tarrrrrrrif an' its effect on me Edinburgh jams."

"That makes two votes, Uncle Sam," Lil sighed. And she went into an ice cream parlor for a strawberry soda with chocolate cream.

"How do you feel about prohibition and the election?" she asked the blonde behind the counter who'd seen better brunette days. "Realizing, of course, that the saloon's defunct."

"Defunct?" the blonde gumchewed. "I should hope so, but I'd like a drink now and then that I knew wouldn't lay me flat. I wouldn't want to be seen goin' into a corner saloon, an' I'd sure be fussed to see my kid spyin' under the doors to find his mama. *But* I would like a taste o' wine an' such light refreshments."

"We're for the same candidate," Lil murmured, staring at herself in the mirror. Were those rings under her eyes from her lingering attack of Smith-Hooveritis? Oh, no, thank goodness. It was only the reflection from the black marble topped counter! She spent fifteen cents for cherry drops, and yanked Bulgy Eyes out of the store.

"Well, I've lined up three votes," she boasted. "If I can get three a day between now and election, that'll make twelve. If two hundred women in every State would get twelve votes for my party," she was doing some figuring in her little memo book while waiting for traffic, "that would make 115,200 votes for—"

"For land's sake, watch where you're goin'!" a cop boomed at her just before she bumped into a truck horse.

Lil next took Joe Drugavio by political storm.

"I hope you registered for voting," she reminded him. She poked her pinkie finger into a ripe fig. "Foreign born or native born, it's all the same to the ballot box. Now, how many children have you, Joe? Eight? Well, you don't want them crowded out of their schools by children of swarming foreigners who've gotten in under the immigration—"

"Oh, I like immigration, Mees' Jenkins," Joe beamed, smelling strongly of some overpowering herb. "I want my brother's wife's brother's family to all come over and work in my son's lace factory. They'd love America. It's the land of the free," he added. "I'm voting for your candidate, Mees' Jenkins!"

"Four votes, dear," Lil told Sandy that night at supper. "That's what I secured. Aren't you proud of your wife?"

The baby started crying just then, so she never knew whether he was proud or not. And the radio was loudly spilling its political beans. My, but she was thrilled: From Maine to Texas, from Florida to—she never could remember the extreme northwestern State—American citizens were getting ready to go to the polls. While Mr. Smith and Mr. Hoover, from crowded lecture halls, dusty observation platforms, and microphones, were Addressing the Jury!

(Next week's cover adventure: Lil's First Vote.)

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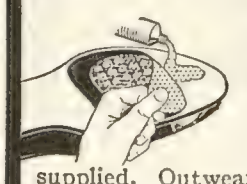

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Model Maybe, But How Do You Mean Modern?

HARTFORD, CONN.—This was inspired by "An Old Fashioned Husband," who had a letter in a recent Vox Pop. He said wives are all the better for a good beating occasionally. I had a wife beater in my family once, too, but now I have a model, modern husband. Girls! Give them their own medicine right back, blow for blow, and if you'll hang on to the finish you'll win. I had mine down to what I thought was the finish, but he gave one last mighty battle for freedom and his "right to beat the children" which brought in the neighbors with threats to call the police.

Since then I have a husband who:

1. Never drinks (never did!).
2. Never whips the children.
3. Cleans my whole house every weekend.
4. Does all the baking and, when home, all the cooking.
5. Gets his own breakfasts.
6. Walks with the baby at night.
7. Hands over every penny of his pay (always did).
8. Did washing till I got a machine.
9. Does errands.
10. And is getting so he tolerates the "petting hour" that I'm training him to, every eve before bedtime.

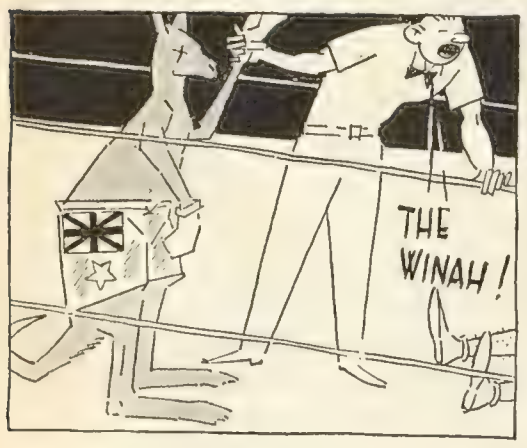
A real man has enough sex so he can respond naturally to a woman's ways.—*From a Modern Wife—a Southerner, thank God!*

Why, Sandy!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Can Sid Sutherland hit the nail on the head? Yea, bo, I'll say he can, and he proved it by nailing Gene Tunney right to the mast in "A Gentlemanly Brute."

I've known Gene was only a pain in the neck ever since he footraced away from Jack after they let him take a rest during the Long Count.

When Gene comes back to the ring—and here's betting he does—they'll have to enter a guy on a motorcycle



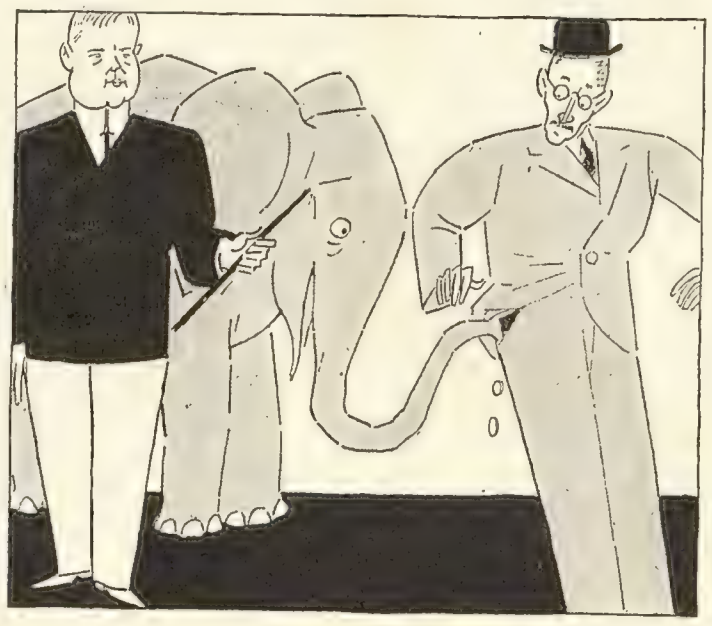
against him. Or a boxing kangaroo.

Yes, here's to the day when the referee holds up the gloved paw of Kangy the Killer, our next "champ" from Australia—the only thing on legs that can jump forward as fast as Gene jumps backwards.—*Sandy Robinson.*

Concerning Mr. Hoover

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Which college did Hoover graduate from? I hear he had a thorough course in acoustics, and paid special attention to listening to money talk.

I'll say that as an animal trainer



Herb's some boy! If he's elected, just watch him train the Republican elephant to stick its money-greedy trunk into the trousers pocket of Mr. Average Citizen.—*F. White.*

RACINE, WIS.—Were Al Smith a Protestant, he would, without doubt, be elected, his unexcelled record as a public executive and his attitude toward prohibition sending him to the White House with an overwhelming majority. But his religion is a frightening bogey man.

Why not the same test for Hoover, if religion is an issue?

A Quaker cannot conscientiously assume the duties of commander in chief of the American army and navy—an obligation the Presidency carries with it—because his religion is fundamentally opposed to warfare.—*A. C. Hommelsen.*

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—Undoubtedly Hoover is superior to our past Presidents on account of his superior training as a henchman of British syndicates, who have exploited the weaker peoples of the world, having thus acquired a polish, as well as several million dollars.

The great majority of Hoover's achievements have been accomplished in foreign countries with the aid of cheap Chinese labor and the labor of other peoples who have been excluded from the United States as undesirables. How this training fits him to lead a free people is more than I can understand.—*R. M. Worden.*

DES MOINES, IA.—It may be a reminder to say in answer to those who have criticized Mr. Hoover's residence in England over a period of time that, early in his Belgium work, the British government suggested that he become a subject of the king, and dangle a title.

His answer was, "I'll do what I can for you with pleasure, but I won't give up my American citizenship. Not on your life!"—*Maude E. McKee.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I've been keeping pretty good tab on these Smith-Hoover letters, and I've noticed that in the letters from Smith fans none of them has stated anything about Mr. Smith's experience outside of being governor of New York. All we hear from them is anti-prohibition, tolerance, and Smith's love for his mother.

Here are four reasons why I'm for Hoover:

1. He is a university graduate.
2. He is the most informed man in the United States on nationwide and worldwide economics.
3. He has executive ability which he demonstrated during the World War.
4. His grasp of international diplomacy is almost unsurpassed.

I ask you, is it better to vote for a "hail fellow, well met," than for an experienced executive and economist?—*C. H. Z.*

Besides, He's a Republican

LAKE ODESSA, MICH.—It is evident from your editorial of October 6, "For Smith and Hoover," that you are pulling for Smith. Why not come right out for him flat footed, instead of by innuendo?

You lay entirely too much stress on the prohibition question. You say: "If you are against the prohibition laws, you must vote for Smith, or you betray your principles." Nothing of the kind.

Elihu Root, for instance, likes Smith's stand on the prohibition issue better than Hoover's, but Hoover is so much sounder on other issues and so much abler than Smith that Elihu Root is going to vote for Hoover.—*F. A. Page.*

How About Hayes?

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Please allow me to contradict that fast one O. S. Whiteman tried to put over in Vox Pop.

His letter ended with this sentence: "No 'wet' will ever be President of this nation." Just what constitutes a "wet," Mr. Whiteman? We wonder where this gentleman was when our famous war President, Woodrow Wilson, vetoed the Volstead Act?

Ever since General Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House, ending the Civil War, and on down the sixty-three years since, there has been only one outstanding prohibitionist elected to the Presidency and that was James A. Garfield, who died at the hands of an assassin.

Even now this Hoover man is making a desperate effort to straddle the fence on the prohibition question.—*Mrs. C. C. Robbins.*

You Old Scotch Spendthrift!

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—I'm a janitor and I find LIBERTY in the wastebasket. I carry it home for kindling. It isn't worth five cents. Does anyone think so? I don't.

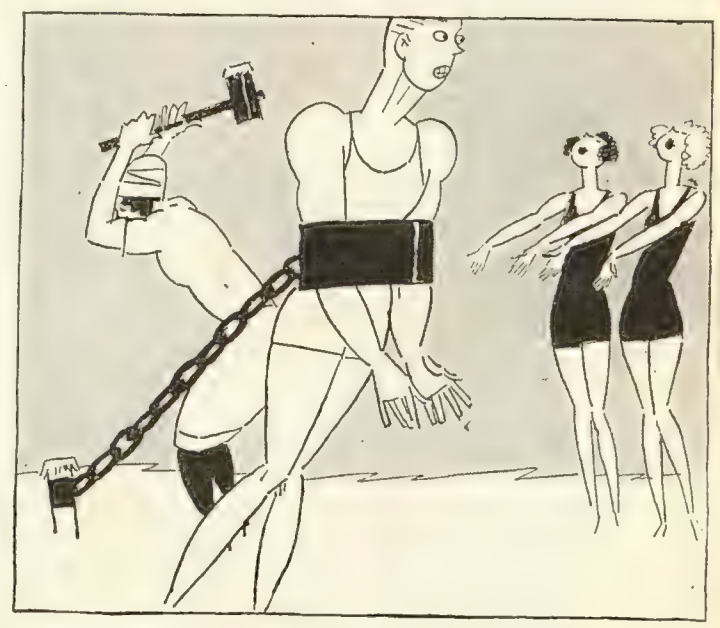
I found a stamp on the floor, so I'll mail this.—*Angus McPhail.*

He'll Probably Be Pleased

DALLAS, TEX.—I've just finished "A Substitute for Golf," by Ruth Cross, and I'll have to hand it to the father in that tale for finding a good way to unspoil his spoiled family. The back to nature cure!

But, as the mother of a boy of fifteen, I was alarmed by the way the girl in the story, Beth, an expert swimmer, got her man by pretending she was drowning. This happens so often in fiction that I'm beginning to think there must be something in it.

I foresee that when my boy gets older, and goes to the beach, I'll have to drive a stake into the sand and chain him to it. He may strain at the leash, but at least it will keep



him away from sirens of the sands and "drowning" girls who insist on being "saved."—*Mrs. J. L. W.*

Yes?

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Allow me to reply to your editorial, "The 18th and 19th Amendments." In it you said we have too much female rule.

Women *are* our rulers. To capture, break in, and train a husband should be the chief occupation of woman, and it will be increasingly so in the coming years.

Some are taking all their husbands earn and giving them a dollar

Pop

or so a week as allowance. Men should serve the wife or sweetie twenty-four hours a day by ring, call, or beckon. The chief happiness of man lies in serving woman. He should find his pay in the few kisses he gets.

This is the age of woman, when young boys should be taught to serve girls exclusively. When a man is old his wife is not only the captain of his soul, but the commander in chief.

When ladies are fully in power we shall have a civilization worth having. Every morning man should arise singing to his dearie: "There's something nice about everyone, but there's everything nice about you."—*A. Scales.*

From a Son of a Woman

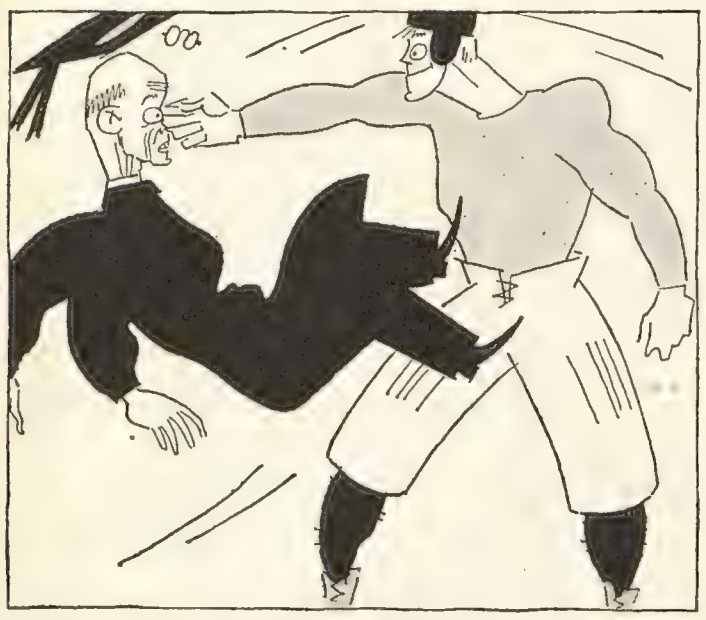
JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Just *one more* editorial like "The 18th and 19th Amendments," and no more nickels from this mere man.—*Son of a Woman.*

Hearts Are Trumps

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Viña Delmar must be redeeming herself rapidly with those who've been saying she has no heart. First she gave us "The Grandmother," then "The Little Theater." Both of them are *all* heart.—*Maud.*

Well, It's Life

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Now that football is with us again, I suppose we may expect the usual argument between the bespectacled grinds of the college faculties, who want to abolish one of our greatest games, and



the helmeted football heroes of the gridiron. For years they've been shaking their fists in each other's faces.

When the spokesman for the football players socks the spokesman for the faculties right on the nose I want to be there to see it.—*Pigskin Lover.*

They're Coming

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—I am as anxious to get my LIBERTY every week as a girl is to get a letter from her beau. Robert W. Chambers' stories are great! Give us some more of them.—*Wally.*

How Much Time Have We?

OMAHA, NEB.—I publicly and openly declare any man, woman, or child who will partake in the making, giving away, or drinking of beer to be a *moral leper.*

The Eighteenth Amendment forbids the making, giving away, or drinking of any beverage with more than one half of 1 per cent alcoholic content.

Daily meetings, praying for light, are being held in the Y. M. C. A. Yesterday we prayed for the press of the world.

Tomorrow I am going to suggest that prayers be offered up for LIBERTY. You must see the light before it is too late.—*Mrs. Mabel Macoid.*

You Murderer, Just Read—

ONTARIO, CANADA—Why not, in answer to Mr. Leslie Thrasher's call for help, suggest that he picture a tombstone with the simple inscription: Lil and Sandy.—R. I. P.

For the Love o' Lil, get through with them.—*A Reader.*

—This

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—More power to "Les" Thrasher and his very excellent covers! I served in the late war with him and I am very much pleased to see an old buddy so successful and popular. —*Ex-Member Co. A—40th Engineers.*

Lead, Kindly Light!

GARY, IND.—Your editors should walk east till their hats float.—*F.*

Did They Hit You?

CINCINNATI, OHIO—"War Bugs"? Bah! Even German prisoners knew Charles MacArthur's outfit as the Hitless Wonders.

The only thing they ever hit was our front line, and booze.—*Steve Tate.*

Campaign Thought

MANCHESTER, N. H.—"Bigotry has no head and cannot think; no heart and cannot feel. When she moves it is in wrath; when she pauses it is amid ruin.

"Her prayers are curses, her god is demon, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue written in the blood of her victims. And if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight it is upon a kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation."—*Written by Daniel O'Connell and sent in by "A 100 per cent Catholic."*

Concerning Mr. Smith

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Smith and Hoover cross country raced through Oklahoma City. Hoover on an elephant—Al riding, one foot on a donkey, the other on a tiger.

Al had hard luck here. When he

came to an intersecting road, the tiger took down the wet road, and the donkey took the dry one. They had Smith all straddled out. He left here for Denver in very bad shape.—*W. R. Avery.*

POCATELLO, IDAHO—
There's more to this election
  Than the farms or water rights,
Or a fellow's taste in hymnbooks,
  Or in drinks.
We want a guy with guts
To leave out the "ifs" and "buts,"
  And come right out and tell us
    what he thinks.

Take this here now four hundred,
  On their flimsy tinsel thrones;
Can't you hear 'em say, "The
    Smiths?"
  And, "Oh, my *dear!*"
But whoever is elected,
'T won't be one that they selected,
  For most of us are common folks,
    and "queer."

We'll make our own decisions,
  And we'll make 'em as we wish;
When it's time to vote I'll put
  My mark behind
A name that means a fellow
That ain't got a streak of yellow
  In his makeup—nor of quittin' in
    his mind.

Yes, my vote is goin' Catholic,
  Or wet, or what you will,
While I'm Protestant, an' don't care
  Much for beer.
For he'll make the country better,
Tho' perhaps a little wetter,
  And he'll do it fair and square,
    and in the clear.

—*P. L. Espy.*

GARY, IND.—When the Catholic Church ceases to claim the divine right of ruling the world; when it places the laws of nations above its own; when it sends its children to our public schools, and (I have heard this preached in its churches) when it no longer preaches that all non-Catholics are living in adultery and we and our children are born out of wedlock—then will be time to consider the election of a Catholic to the highest office in the land.—*F. J. Wilkins.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Al! All you've got to do is to look at his face to know that he's *all right.*—*T. Moffett.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Some will say, "We don't want Smith. He is wet. He is a Catholic. He is a Tammany man." To those I would say:

First.—If Smith is elected he will not force everyone to be wet, but will let each State decide that for itself. That's true democracy.

Second.—This is a cosmopolitan country. We have all creeds and races, and if we all lived according to our faiths, we would be more tolerant, and, as a result, better Americans.

Third.—He is a Tammany man. But he made Tammany see red very often, and he is the main reason for their present purity, as compared with their darkened past.—*A Bostonian.*

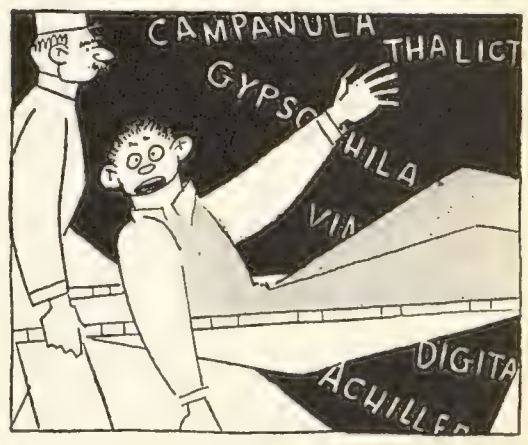
COLUMBUS, OHIO—Congratulations on your editorial, "For Smith and Hoover." Did someone tell you that there was anyone running for President besides Al, or did you get one eye opened?

You will have both of them opened, first week in November. So will Al. —*A Reader.*

It's a Mind Test. You Failed

TOPEKA, KAN.—Say, that P. G. Wodehouse of yours is funny enough to make a mummy sit right up in his mummy case and let out a chuckle.

But—what's the idea of torturing readers who're right in the midst of being amused? In the center of "Lord Emsworth and the Girl Friend," when I was trying to read it aloud, I found this: "They were bright with Achillea, Bignonia radi-



cans, Campanula, Digitalis, Euphorbia, Funkia, Gypsophila, Helianthus, Iris, Liatris, Monarda, Phlox drummondii, Salvia, Thalictrum, Vinca, and Yucca."

I got as far as "Thalictrum," and then got delirious, and they had to carry me out on a stretcher.—*Tad.*

HOW THIN FOLKS CAN PUT ON WEIGHT Quick!

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Read these extracts from unasked testimonials from a few grateful users of McCoy's. They reflect the thoughts of thousands who have been benefited by these truly remarkable tablets.

Here's a man who says that the doctor despaired of his life at one time and that one box of McCoy's Tablets did him more good than a dozen bottles of medicine that was prescribed by a local physician.

A little girl who was an invalid for 9 years is now back in school again fully recovered. Her mother says that after taking 8 boxes the little girl gained 7 pounds. Think of it—almost a pound a box.

A mother and son both very weak after sickness started using McCoy's. In a short time the son was back to school and the mother had gained 6 pounds and says it is the first time in years she felt real well.

You have everything to gain—nothing to lose, for McCoy takes all the risk.—Read this iron-clad guarantee. If, after taking 4 Sixty Cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes, any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your money will be refunded.

Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc., also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

The Essence of Femininity

By EILEEN BOURNE

NO feature of the toilette so expresses the essence of femininity as does perfume. With its highly emotional appeal, perfume externalizes charm and romance. To do this, however, it must be subtle. Without the most fastidious taste a woman had better never use perfume at all.

And what is to be our basis of selection of this all important finishing touch to loveliness? Oh, it's simply bewildering how many there are. Talk to one enthusiast and you learn that you must have a perfume for every mood—one for capriciousness, another for gay camaraderie, and a third for pensiveness. Others declare that the only chic way to buy perfume is to have one specially made up for you alone. An importer in New York created fifty absolutely different essences for a group of very wealthy women.

One counselor to a perfume house worked out the blend of essences by numerology. The purchaser submitted her name, and from the magic combinations of letters it was judged what fragrance would suit her best.

Even more personal was the treatment received at the hands of another specialist. You sniffed various odors, announced what you liked best, and then were told whether or not it was good for you to indulge your taste.

No, indeed, you couldn't buy what you liked. Suppose you preferred white violet. "But that shows a most morbidly melancholy disposition!" you would be told. Then you would hear a tale that the late Czarina of Russia, who could not be persuaded to abandon white violet, fell into a depression which helped bring about her tragic end. Similarly, if you admire rose fragrance only, you are hiding a sorrow.

The amorous love amber and hale sportswomen of middle age are fond of lavender.

There may be esoteric wisdom in all this, or it may be merely an engaging sales talk. At any rate, it is rather amusing to speculate what fragrance would express one's own individuality.

For the languorous type of dark beauty a perfume suggesting the mystery of the Orient is best. Her more lively sister should have one which gives an oxygen effect of sports and neutralizes the city air.

As a matter of fact, these heavier scents are not so fashionable as they were a year or so ago, even among brunettes. What used to be specified as the right choice for blondes alone has now become the predominating tendency in perfumes for everybody. This is the entire range of flower odors.

Violet, lilac, and jasmine fragrances, rose and heliotrope, variously combined, have regained their former prestige to the point of triumphing over the more exotic essences.

After you have decided upon the particular fragrance you want, you may then concentrate upon the quality of the essence you intend to buy. How do you judge it?

One blender of fine perfumes said: "Quality means intensity. It implies great strength in the basic oils. If one drop from your bottle disseminates a subtle sweetness about your person, if it lasts all day on your handkerchief, then you may know you have bought a superior perfume."

TO some extent price is a real gauge of worth. It isn't that the cheaper perfumes are necessarily bad. Many of them are quite suitable. But neither the lasting qualities nor the perfect blending of superfine essences can be achieved in quantity production. Flower oils, which cost $1,000 an ounce and must be searched for in various distant lands, are far too expensive for the average perfume.

Most of the stuff we buy, although quite reliable and presented in charming bottles and smart cases, lacks the exclusiveness which comes so high. It's a case of paying through the nose.

Luckily, one of those outrageously expensive essences lasts a long, long time. For it isn't considered good form to use it except for evening and formal occasions. Daytime sweetness is best achieved by the use of perfumed bath powder, bath salts, or a good toilet water.

Vervaine and eau de Cologne are especially good to offset nervous strain.

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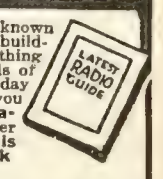

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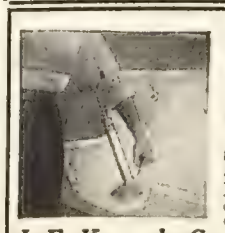

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Who Can Learn to FLY?

A Veteran Teacher Talks of His Job

A training plane at Curtiss Flying Field, Long Island, about to take off. Captain Fred Becker, instructor, is in the front cockpit of the plane with a student in the rear.

By Richard Carroll

[Editor's Note: Mr. Carroll recently became a pilot and described the experience for Liberty in two articles entitled I Learn to Fly. Captain Fred Becker, whom he interviews herewith, was his instructor.]

THE idlers gathered near the office of the Curtiss Flying Field leaped to their feet, suddenly tense. In the distance an airplane, evidently about to land, wabbled and rolled uncertainly. It turned and skidded, and then, its nose finally to the wind, pointed for the descent.

Rocking and swaying, gathering speed from the fall, it came on. Keen eyes on the ground could make out the two men aboard. In the front seat, the pilot, apparently unconcerned, rested his arms on the edge of the cockpit. The man in the rear bent over the controls. Now the plane was skimming along ten feet off the ground. It dropped to five, leveling off.

With the suddenness that sometimes characterizes the movements of an airplane in flight, the nose shot down, the wheels hit, the tail went up, up, up. She was going over on her back! The idlers turned away.

With a movement too swift for the eye to follow, the man in the front seat sprang to life. His hand shot down to the control stick. It jerked back. The tail of the plane followed with force enough to break the tail skid. She rolled along to a standstill.

The group at the office resumed its interrupted meditation. Captain Fred Becker climbed from the front seat of the airplane. The young man in the rear seat got out. Becker turned to him. There was no anger in his voice.

"Want to be more careful than that. Pull her tail down when landing, not the nose. Another ten feet and we'd be under a wreck."

Becker strolled away. Another incident in the life of an aviation instructor was closed.

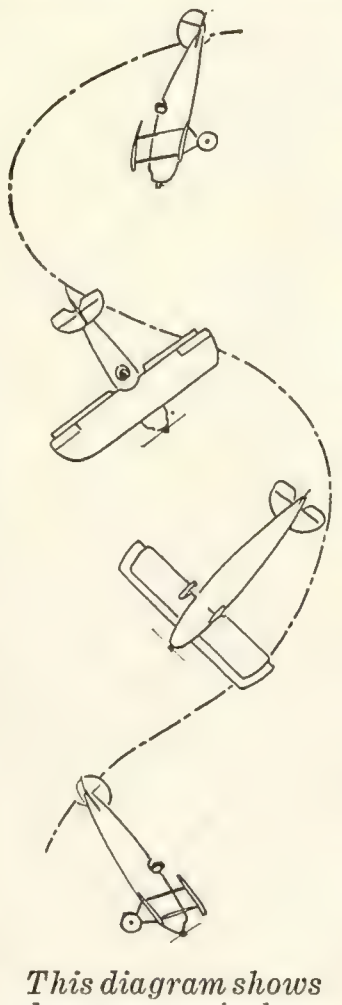
I joined him.

"Why did you let that student nearly wreck you? You didn't have to."

"In the first place," Becker grinned, "he didn't nearly wreck me. I let him go as far as he did, which was up to the danger mark. In the second place, he's ground shy. I've been trying to get him over his timidity for the last three weeks. Today I told him he was going to stay in the air until he made up his mind to land for himself. I told him I didn't care if he wrecked the ship doing it. He'll be fine tomorrow, now that he knows it can be done."

The rain, hovering until now in dark clouds to the west, began to fall on the field. The sky grew heavier. Flying seemed over for the day. Captain Becker repaired to the office, took off his flying togs, and draped himself comfortably over a desk. Having come down for an hour's flying and not wishing to go back without something gained, I pulled a chair alongside.

"Captain, did you ever stop to think that you are at the mercy of every dub you take up in the air for instruction? You've got about fifty pupils assigned to you, and each and every one of them reacts differently to danger, or what they consider danger."



This diagram shows how an airplane falls in a spin.

"That's not true. It is true that they react differently to danger, but by no means are we at their mercy. The men—and women—who come down here to study aviation are doing so in the belief that it is highly dangerous. It isn't. But they think it is. Still they come.

"Now, the man who walks into danger, imagined or otherwise, with his eyes wide open, possesses something that the other fellow hasn't got. The chances are ten to one against their losing their heads in the pinches."

I DOUBTED the odds were as favorable as that. There are over 200 students at this field. They come from every walk in life. Some take the course for no other reason than the excitement of it. There are a few who see in flying a chance for personal glory.

The great body of students is made up of young men who come from high schools and colleges, from farms and from humdrum offices, to enter seriously the profession of flying. It is going to be their means of livelihood. These men the flying schools encourage, for with them rests in large measure the future of aviation.

In the final group are the wealthy, men and women from that part of society that uses the capital S. There are bankers, lawyers, brokers, merchants. And these, too, are most useful to aviation. Much has been and will be contributed to it by the Leedses, the Brookses, the Harold Vanderbilts, the Kahns, and others who have money to offer on the altar of adventure, and only incidentally, I am afraid, to scientific progress.

"Tell me, what makes a Lindbergh, a Chamberlin, a Byrd, a Bert Acosta, a Maitland, a Williams, a Doolittle? What, in short, makes a flying ace?" I asked.

"Any number of things—or, rather, the possession in full measure of exalted qualities any one of which would lift a man above the average. But one doesn't have to be a Lindbergh to fly with success.

"The invariable question asked me by men in every walk of life, from tin pan tinkers to chairmen of the board, is, 'Can I learn to fly?' I can best answer that by giving a brief history of one man.

"He came to me on the field—a heavy set man, say about fifty, above the average height, healthy looking. He was abrupt.

"'Think I can fly?' he said.

"He seemed in good physical condition. I asked him:

"'Why not? Your eyes good?'

"'Yes; fine.'

"'All right. You can fly and I can teach you.'"

Becker stretched his legs. He went to the door for another look at the sky. Heavier than ever, and the wind veering round to the west. He resumed: "You know, that student proved in himself an object lesson to everyone who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You Need More Than a Smile

By Edna Wallace Hopper

It's pleasant to know that your glistening white teeth fascinate and allure. But we who make an earnest study of health and youth preservation demand more than cleanliness. The enamel and gums must be protected.

Edna Wallace Hopper as she looks today

To assure the greatest precaution against wearing away of precious enamel I have had to understand personally the effects of the various ingredients of the tooth paste I use, which is called Quindent, the "five-in-one" dentifrice.

I am convinced that it not only cleanses and polishes the teeth perfectly, but it purifies the breath and, above all, counteracts the ever-present acids. This last protection is due to one of its most valuable properties—milk of magnesia, which I used to use separately as a mouth wash before expert scientists had produced Quindent.

Quindent is not a biting, sharp dentifrice. Its action is sure and mild. The taste is pleasant and I advise you to leave a slight coating of it on the gums and tongue which is effective for hours.

You can obtain Quindent at any toilet counter, 50 cents for a large tube.

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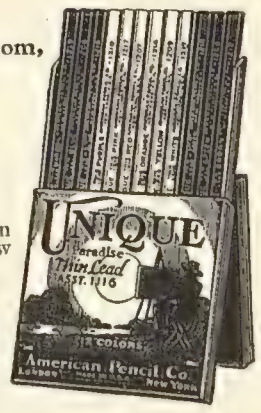

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[WHO CAN LEARN TO FLY?] Continued from page fifty-one

wants to fly. We will call him Jones.

"Before I start let me explain that I divide all students into two broad classes. You, for instance, are typical of one. Jones represents the second."

I here injected a warning:

"Remember, I'm going to write all this, and I've sworn to tell the truth as I find it. So, for the Lord's sake, let me down easy. In my own home town I now rate a respect I never had before. Don't give me away."

"Well, you weren't the best student I've had. Nor were you the worst. In the first place, you were nervous in the air. That was a good point. You were cautious. I don't think you'll ever try stunting before you're damn well sure you'll land right side up.

"Jones is at the other extreme. He would try to stunt tomorrow if I told him to. I don't mean to say that you are afraid. After all, you fly, and you don't have to. Yet you are nervous about it."

"I am afraid at times. There is, however, a certain thrill in being frightened."

BECKER nodded agreement. He, too, admitted to fear and its fascination. He resumed:

"The two classes I refer to are as separate as the poles. The one possesses as a gift from nature the essential qualities, knack, co-ordination, speed, and so on. The other, generally owning greater will power, has to acquire these qualities.

"Where the individual possesses keen eyesight, absolute co-ordination—that is, the smooth working together of hand and eye and the ability to think clearly under adverse conditions—and has allied to all this not a contempt for danger, but a knowledge of and power to overcome it, we have then the flying ace. These are the attributes of the men who wrote their names across the skies of France.

"Now, Jones was not rated at championship caliber in the games he played. He was less than fair at tennis, middling at handball, shooting, golf. He had trouble driving an automobile, especially in traffic.

"Our first time up told me most of this—not, mind you, his degree of skill, but his necessary fight to acquire skill. You, on the one hand, possess co-ordination. Your hand and eye work together. But—and pardon me if I'm too candid—you do not possess the driving force that could make you a combat pilot. You simply haven't got it.

"Jones, on the other hand, has the driving force, and lacks the instinctive touch.

"I think that sums up your differences.

"Between you two fellows comes most of the body of student pilots. Rarely does one possess all the qualities mentioned; never do you find a student without at least one of them. Think again of what it takes to make a flying ace: the delicate touch of a musician, the co-ordination of a Babe Ruth, the determination of a Napoleon, the clear thinking in danger of—well, of a war bird, a Richthofen."

"Captain Becker," I asked, "do you think I can get my money back from the Curtiss people?"

"Your money back! What's the idea?"

"I just remembered that I'll never be a flier."

Becker laughed.

"Forget it. You'll fly, even if it isn't across the Atlantic. After all, it isn't necessary to cross the ocean to find pleasure. Keep floating over the level fields of Long Island.

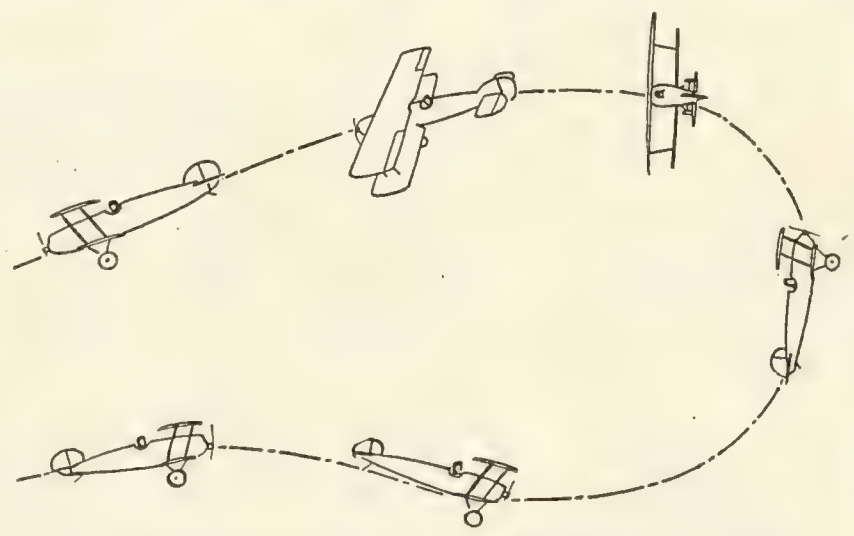
"Let me illustrate in action some of these qualities we were talking about. The moment we took off on our first flight, Jones caught a grip on the control stick that told me plain as language itself he was going to fly if all heaven protested against it. That was wrong. He began by making an enemy of the ship. He was going to conquer her, to break her to his will.

"You, far differently, started by asking the ship to do all the work for you. When banking for a turn you pushed the stick over as gently as though you were asking the ship's pardon for the liberty.

"Jones didn't want permission. *Bang!* That stick shot over with enough force to upset us all. *Bang!* It was back again. Fight, fight, all the time. It took him three hours in the air before he got over it.

"He conquered, not the ship, but himself. By sheer will power and determination he held himself back, until now he flies with ease.

"And here's a funny one. No sooner had he acquired the fundamentals of flying than everything else began to improve. His chauffeur, who had been away for a month, inquired, when he returned, where the boss had taken lessons in driving the car, so much was he improved over his former style. He hadn't driven a car in that month. Also his handball game improved noticeably. Previous to his flying he had a shooting mark of thirteen or fourteen in twenty-five. On his first attempt after flying several hours, he shot nineteen clay pigeons out of twenty-five.



How wingovers are done. The plane dives slightly and then heads upward, as if to loop. Then it tips on its side, and the pilot rights it, headed in the opposite direction.

"In short, the lesson of concentration learned in flying—where one's life is the penalty for error—put in his system the gifts nature had refused, or at least subordinated."

"You think, then, captain, that every man can answer for himself the question of whether he can learn to fly?"

"He can. Let him ask himself if he plays games, if he is alive to events around him. Does he take an interest in life? Can he shoot a rifle? Can he remain out in the woods all night alone, without imagining a deadly enemy behind every harmlessly nodding tree? Can he drive an automobile down Fifth Avenue through the traffic? How does he drive it? Can he stall in traffic and not lose his head? Can he squeeze between a couple of careless trucks and trust his eye not to scratch the paint on them?

"If he has not tried these, does he possess enough determination to try them with enough common sense to master them? Some men succeed by intelligent direction of a weaker physical force in brawny competition where brawn itself has fallen down.

"MANY students begin under a mental hazard. The student who made that impossible landing today was afraid of swift contact with the ground. He didn't want to land. You saw me cure him.

"Some time ago we had a student at the field similarly affected. His instructor tried every means at his command to get him over his fear. In all other respects the youngster was a good student. He would do anything but land the ship.

"One fine day the instructor, flying toward the landing field at a height of two hundred feet, reached down, pulled his control stick out of the plane, waved it at his pupil, and threw it over the side. Then he motioned his pupil to land.

"That was all right, as far as it went. Any other pupil would have realized the instructor was helpless and he, the student, would have to do it himself. Not this fellow. Promptly he reached for his own control stick, yanked it from its socket, and, even as the instructor had done, threw it over the side to join the first."

"My God!" I said. "And were they both killed?"

"No. The stick the instructor threw over was a dummy.

"But such a stunt is sometimes necessary. Often I have to threaten a student with dives on houses, trees, lakes, rocks, anything, if he will not pick a spot to land himself."

The skies to the south showed the first sign of clearing. Chances for a flight were improving. Another fifteen or twenty minutes and we might go up.

"What kind of questions do you find asked oftenest?"

Becker shifted to a more comfortable position.

"Well," he drawled in his slow voice, "that's one of 'em."

I acknowledged my error.

"About the first thing a student wants to know is whether he is as dumb as the other fellow. The answer generally is yes. Dumb, of course, is not the right word. All, or most, are lost for the first hour or so. They don't quite catch what it's all about.

"Women are entirely different. They are supposed to be the emotional creatures. They are not—while flying, anyway. They have generally no fear whatsoever. As a result they do not react so quickly to danger, and are more likely to get in trouble because of it. They do not catch on as quickly as men, and never make as good pilots as good men do. By that I mean the best of the women, in so far as I have seen, come out only a little above the average of the men. There are rare exceptions, of course. I have one right now who'll fly as well as the best of them.

"Men are the emotional creatures of the air. They are the nervous ones. The women take the thing as a matter of course. I do not think they ever have visions of a smashup. Most men have.

"I think the first question before the first take off is: 'Will I get sick?'

"The answer is no to that. Unless, of course, one is subject to sickness. If an elevator makes one feel faint, or a swing, or a hammock, then an airplane is likely to have the same effect. The average person does not get sick in an airplane unless the pilot does a few wingovers or loops.

"ANOTHER question, and a funny one: 'Why is the left wheel always the first to break in landing?' It isn't.

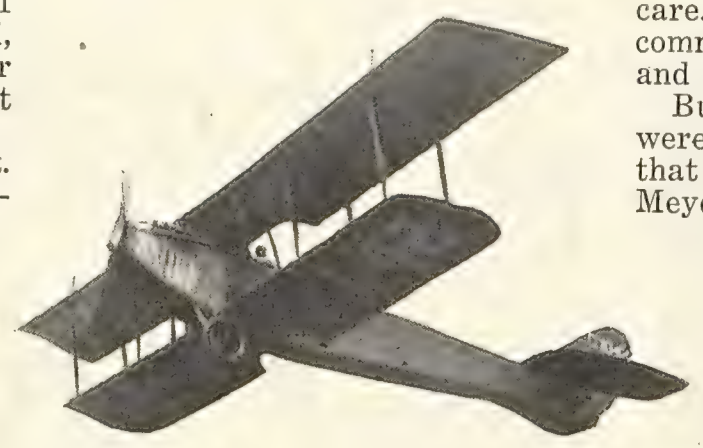
"Students who have had one hour or more in the air begin by asking, 'When can I solo?'

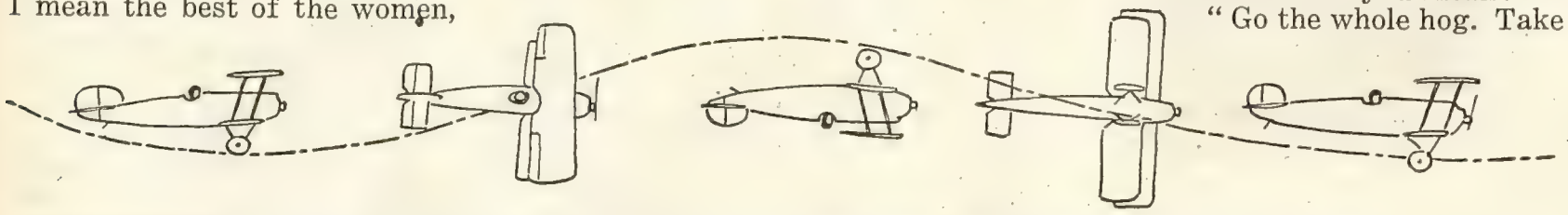
"Few of them realize that it is of little consequence when they solo. True enough, it is a mark of progress when a man can ascend alone, flutter around a bit, stagger here and there, and finally flop back safely to earth. It injects confidence.

"During the war, when I was being trained by the navy, the instructors had a highly diverting custom of sending the rookie out to sea with his training ship and then dispatching a speedy motorlaunch to trail him. In a great number of instances the motorboat brought back the rookie, and alone. The plane flopped into the sea. I was the first person to refuse a solo with a motorboat ambulance as a chaser. I stuck with my instructor until I could fly."

The skies outside were almost blue now. I would get my hour aloft. Becker started into his flying clothes.

"In all my years as instructor I have had to reject but one man. That, surely, is evidence of the fact that anyone can learn to fly.





The diagram illustrates the barrel roll, in which the plane spins on a course parallel to the ground. (Above) A Curtiss "Jenny" training plane in the air.

And the man I rejected will eventually catch on. His trouble was simply that he knew too much. He was a college man, brilliant enough, a good engineer. I think he knew it. He was forever disputing my instructions."

We went out toward the airplane, a Travelair.

"When do I take up advanced flying, and what, actually, is it?"

"You're going to take it up today. And I hope you'll like it. You know what stunting is? Well, that's advanced flying. Today we'll try wingovers. That particular brand of stunting was invented by an army flier who had lost his mother-in-law. I don't know whether it was joy or pain. However, it is good for you. You see, when they fail to come off right, you're in a spin. And spins can happen when you don't need them. It is just as well to know how to come out of them right side up.

"The wingover is a half dive and climb, revolving into a flipper turn and ending in another dive. . . . I see that you understand me perfectly."

I nodded, dumb.

"Let me explain. We are skimming along on an even keel. We dive a little. As we gather speed we pull her nose up. She climbs straight up. Then, even as she wavers, her nose goes over until one wing points to the ground. We flatten out and dive again, this time in the opposite direction from the first. That's a wingover.

"In the spin the ship simply spins, whirls around fast, as she falls toward the ground. I should have told you that when the ship is flying on her side the working of the controls is changed. The rudder, which ordinarily makes you turn right or left, now makes you ascend or descend. The elevator that sent you up or down now turns you right or left. It's a good point to remember.

"Next we have the barrel roll. This is the same as a spin, only it is done along a line parallel with the earth. There are many others, which I will show you as you advance."

One of the mechanics gave the waiting motor a spin. I strapped myself in with more than usual care. Becker gave the forward command. I pushed the stick ahead and we sailed away.

But I wasn't satisfied. There were other things, important ones, that I wanted to know. Mr. Meyers, the young man in the office who gives information gratis, supplied them. Back from my first lesson in advanced aëronautics, and having had a thrilling trip, I questioned him:

"How much will it cost me if I decide to shoot the works?"

"What do you mean?"

"Go the whole hog. Take your full course, from beginning to end."

"Plenty."

"How much is plenty?"

"You'll need acrobatics, cross country, and navigation, which is included in cross country. That will cost you fifty hours of flying, at thirty dollars an hour."

I LEANED against the desk for support. One thousand five hundred smacks in the paunch of my ambition. Too much. Surely it wasn't $1,500. It wasn't! Mr. Meyers hadn't finished.

"But that won't get you a transport pilot's license, which you should possess to do real flying. For that you'll want two hundred hours of soloing, at twenty-five dollars an hour for the hire of the ship."

When I came to I was still murmuring the magic sum, $5,000.

"There must be some other way?" I asked hopefully.

"There is. Most of the students here are working their way through as mechanics and general handy men. They get little cash and little flying—an hour a week. If they survive the grind they become our best men. Most of them learn to fly, and then beg, borrow, or steal rides. Some find it cheaper to buy a ship for themselves. That works out O. K., too. It puts another new plane in the hands of a man who takes it seriously, and aviation goes a step ahead."

That seemed to solve it. At $5,000 a crack, there would be few pilots save those who could afford to be something else. The second plan gives everyone a chance. And, after all, the man who is willing to fight his way through from scratch is the man the service needs. He possesses one of the sterling qualities that make an aviator—grit.

I thought it all over—and called the office to say I was coming back to my desk.

THE END

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Fat Comes at 40

to most people—for this reason

At about the age of 40 most men and women take on fat. Medical men know the reason. At that age the thyroid gland often loses power. That gland largely controls nutrition. One of its functions is to turn food into fuel and energy. The food goes to fat when it weakens.

The modern method of treating obesity aims to correct that deficiency. Physicians the world over employ it.

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Try this method. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. The object is to feed the system what a gland fails to supply. Watch the fat depart, day by day, the new vitality return. You will be amazed and delighted.

Don't delay. A normal figure means much to you. Go get Marmola now. See what the first box does.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

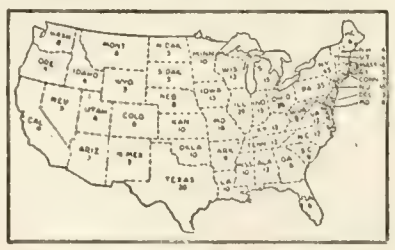
MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

The Presidents Game in Next Week's LIBERTY

Who will be Elected—Hoover or Smith?

LOOK for the two-page map in next week's issue, indicate how you think each state will vote, and see how close you come to the actual returns.

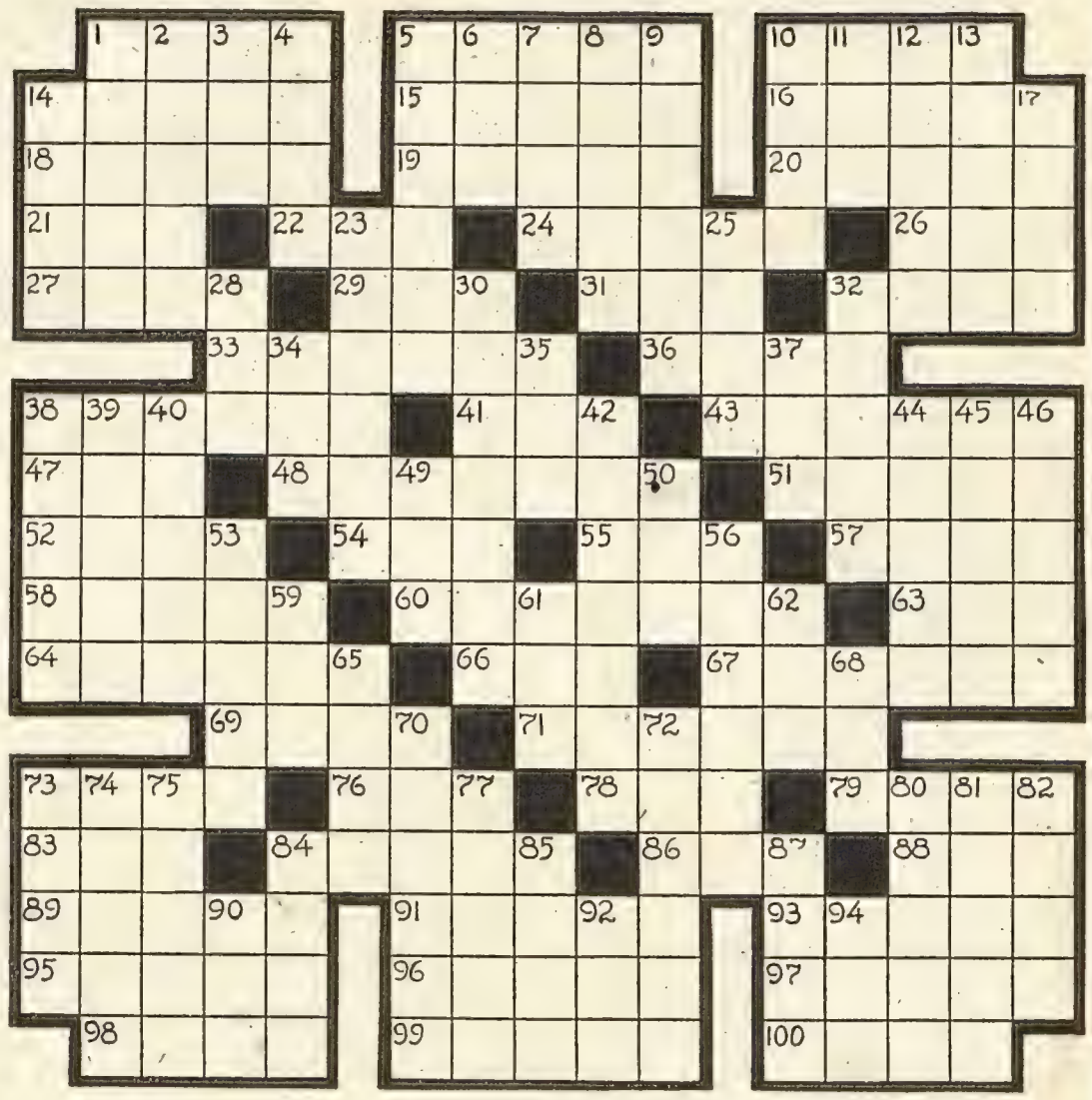


The map will show the electoral vote in every State and how each voted in 1916, 1920, and 1924

YOU can have a lot of fun with your family and friends with this game. Any number can play it and it will test your skill as a political forecaster.

An *Easy* Puzzle—

THE welcome accorded the plan of printing an easy puzzle and a hard one in the same issue justifies us in continuing it this week. Below is a construction which calls for little serious work, but there's another story to tell about that on the opposite page.



HORIZONTAL

1 To pack
5 Steps
10 A fuel
14 Portion
15 To harangue
16 Strayed
18 More pallid
19 A net
20 Speed of movement in music
21 Monkey
22 Consume
24 Titles
26 Over (contraction)
27 Trial
29 Couch
31 Stitch
32 District
33 Peruser
36 Distribute, as cards
38 Noiseless
41 Solemn promise
43 Silken fabric (plural)
47 Prefix meaning three
48 Mocks
51 Ethical
52 Rend asunder
54 The sun
55 Ocean
57 Identical
58 Employers
60 Frames for stretching cloth
63 To spread for drying
64 Menace
66 River in Scotland
67 Those who go horseback
69 Character indicating pitch of a musical scale
71 Plural of erratum
73 Ability to deal with others without giving offense
76 Metric measure of area (plural)
78 Prefix meaning not
79 Measure of length
83 A constellation
84 Greek philosopher
86 American Indian
88 Entreat
89 River embankment
91 Military student
93 Passageway
95 Dens
96 Unaccompanied
97 Cornered
98 Lath
99 Becomes dry or withered
100 Puts in place

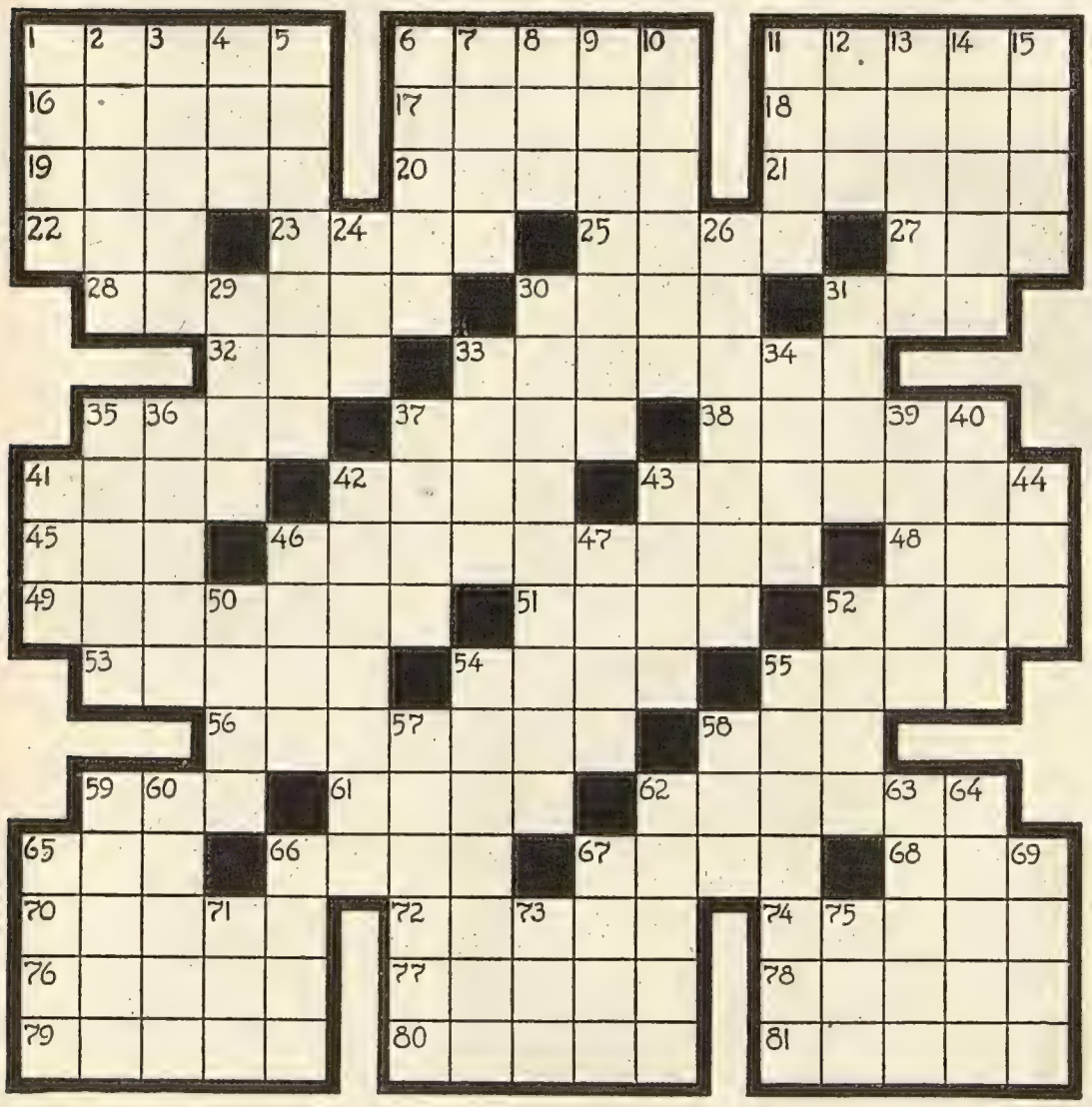
VERTICAL

1 Contour
2 Narratives
3 Crude metal
4 Existed
5 Mailed
6 Form of to be
7 Brother of Abel
8 Vessels for heating liquids
9 Appeared to be
10 Fondles
11 Before
12 Protective covering
13 Indian wigwam
14 Slight quarrel
17 Woman's name
23 Lessens
25 Sheep
28 Italian word for three
30 Grilled with pepper and hot condiments
32 Low female voice (plural)
34 Finish
35 Five and a half yards
37 Old Dutch liquid measure
38 Walk pompously
39 Gaelic
40 An organ of the body
42 Occidental
44 Angry
45 Nominator
46 Wheelless vehicles
49 Decay
50 Observe
53 Build
56 Notoriously bad
59 Salt
61 Born
62 Rest upon the haunches
65 A duck
68 Division of time
70 Noisy quarrel
72 Courses or roads traveled
73 High
74 Open space about a building (plural)
75 To raise frivolous objection
77 Not fresh or new
80 An article of one's possessions
81 Governs
82 An act
84 Nuisance
85 Scent
87 Corrodes
90 Period
92 Compass point
94 Anger

Answer to last week's puzzle

—and a *Hard* One

IF you enjoy a battle with a real problem, this puzzle, with its unusual words and obscurely defined familiar ones, will please you, we think. For cross words entertainment at a minimum of effort, however, the construction on the opposite page is recommended.

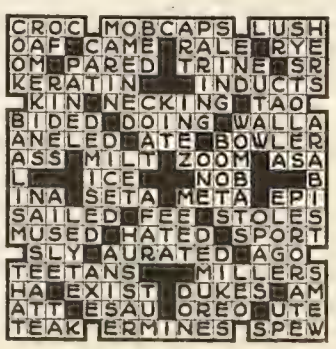


HORIZONTAL

1 Island off the coast of Asia Minor
6 Italian poet of the sixteenth century
11 In music: a skip
16 Musical instrument
17 Incongruous
18 Triolein
19 Viper
20 Chimney cowl
21 Separator used in weaving
22 Combining form: thrice
23 Close fitting cap
25 Feminine proper name
27 Noun suffix signifying art, occupation, or the like
28 Rescind
30 One surface of a solid
31 French possessive pronoun
32 Annoy
33 Slushy
35 Piquant
37 A witch or specter
38 The Jewish Feast of Lots
41 Whimper
42 One of a southern Philippine Islands tribe
43 Anointed with pomatum
45 Mother of Peer Gynt
46 To dry up
48 One of a branch of the Tai race
49 Open spaces in printed matter
51 Low islands
52 Inhabitant of ancient Media
53 Stanza
54 Espouses
55 A rodent
56 Recount
58 Supplicate
59 God of pleasure (Egyptian mythology)
61 Fish (plural)
62 Rigid adherence to nicety in literary style
65 One of a wild people of India
66 Heritable land among ancient Scandinavians
67 Gaelic
68 Open wooden vessel
70 Pleasant odor
72 Christian priest
74 Tearful
76 Permanent (variant)
77 A wood
78 Agreement in Mohammedan law
79 Paradise (plural)
80 Classifies
81 Woman's girdle

VERTICAL

1 Gaiter
2 Helper
3 Mother (Spanish)
4 Pronoun
5 Necromancy
6 Dravidian language
7 Arabic letter
8 Perch
9 Enslaved
10 American Indian
11 Small wading bird
12 Wing
13 River embankment
14 Rows one above another
15 Nothing other than
24 A tree
26 Autocrats
29 Coin of India
30 Cogs
31 Woman's name
33 Hindu garment
34 Scottish historian
35 Corrodes
36 Vigilant
37 Bryophytic plant
39 Lazy person
40 An American Civil War general
41 Dance step
42 Measured
43 Requites
44 Female hare
46 A deity in Hinduism
47 Yield
50 Bears young
52 Ancient priestly caste
54 Tree of Demerara
55 Nonconformist
57 Harvester
58 Omnibus
59 Drilled
60 Funeral oration
62 Plunders
63 Asterisks
64 King of Naples (1808-15)
65 Variety of cabbage
66 Rows
67 Bird of prey
69 Group of farm buildings
71 Counters in chess
73 Bride's dowry
75 Piece out



Answer to last week's puzzle

An energy-building **Tonic**

Here is cheerfulness in a bottle for those who suffer with unruly nerves, who feel their powers and ambitions declining! To acquire the vigor and nerve force which will make them more than a match for the "day's work ahead", many need only the revitalizing "chemical foods" in FELLOWS' Syrup. It replenishes the body's mineral salts, increases appetite, aids digestion, and strengthens the body generally against sickness. This fine old tonic is now prescribed by physicians in 58 countries of the world.

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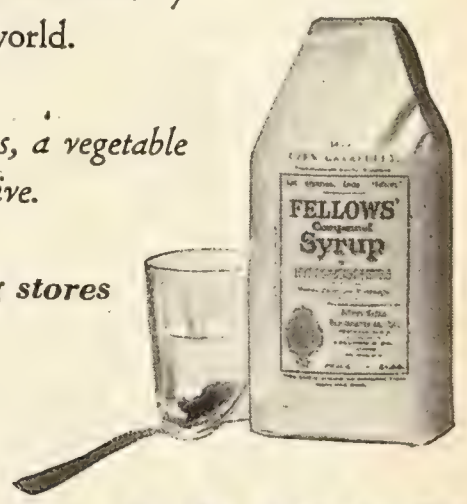

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Keep out the weather with a Naugatex* sport coat

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Why Women Like New Clothes

By Bettina Bedwell

A fascinating costume for the fair hiker is this violet suède suit from Chantal.

Beer enhances the tweed traveling ensemble by adding a mink trimmed unlined cape, and by substituting a double breasted jumper for the jacket.

Paris, October 8.

THE entire, sole, and only purpose of fashion changes is to help women to look their best. It is not, as many husbands suppose, for the object of depleting the purse. This is only incidental, although we generally value most what we have been at greatest pains to acquire. All women can look their best all the time only by a continuous process of change. After you gaze at a beautiful thing long enough it ceases to thrill if it remains static. Something less perfect but newer can always alienate your devotion. Clothes operate thus, both for the wearer and the spectator. Any schoolgirl knows this, and the following of fashion is an effect far deeper than mere vanity.

Man, as the poet says, is by nature fond of change and pleased by novelty. Murders, alienation of affections suits, and divorce cases attest this day by day in every way. Man may fall in love with, and marry, a simple flower of a girl, but she will need to become a sophisticate, a siren, and a variety of other creatures, with a cut back to the wild flower epoch from time to time, if she is to hold his imagination.

On this sound and fundamental basis fashions change. Of late, fashions change and break up into dozens of different phases in a single season. All this to give to the greatest number of women the greatest opportunity to alter their personalities via their clothes. In any style season these changes come under two general heads—the plain and fancy.

There was a time, not so long ago, when plain styles meant something decidedly masculine in aspect. It is difficult to understand why. For the complicated, unæsthetic garb that distinguishes the masculine gender has no charm for them when worn by the ladies, and certainly no woman can look her best in it. This season such appalling apparel for women is not countenanced.

We have plenty of plain styles, but they are as feminine as a flower—a field flower. The fancy fashions are rather floral in aspect also, but they come in the hothouse category. Both types are necessary to any woman who wants a well rounded wardrobe, who wishes to be more than one creature in the style season.

There is no particular hour in the day or evening dedicated to either the plain or fancy in clothes. This depends entirely upon yourself. Of course, if either is well done it must fit into the atmosphere.

Such a costume as the Chantal tailleur shown in our first photograph belongs to the Paris chic which is "plain" because of its practical simplicity. It is intended for hiking, and is made of extremely thin and supple suède leather. However, Chantal has given this ensemble an air of sophistication by its color, which is Parma violet. The leather covered buttons, the buckles, and the cane are brown, while the poke bonnet

This evening cloak from Fourrures Max is made of rose fulgurante satin and rose fox fur.

A smart afternoon frock from Louiseboulanger, made of brown and white artificial velvet and white georgette.

cloche hat is of violet felt. Just meeting such a costume on the highway, if it be worn well, would be an adventure. And for lady hitch hikers! Very few cars would be upstage enough to pass such appealing chic.

A charming traveling personality helps to make any trip happy, and is itself greatly helped by the clothes which set it off. Clothes for the journey should, rightly, look ready for breath-taking adventure, as much as you do in them. That is why fancy chic is out of place. It usually has an air of fragility that doesn't meet the occasion adequately.

A travel ensemble that is plain, and both smart and charming, is shown in our second photograph. This brown and beige tweed costume is adventurous in spirit, with its romantic detachable cape, collared in mink. It is also practical, for the usual jacket is replaced by a jumper blouse, buttoned with brown bone buttons, and having large pockets. The skirt is flared by circular gores in front, eliminating the plait and press nuisance. The fact that the cape is unlined gives it a more graceful line, and with the tweed blouse it is quite warm enough.

OUR fourth photograph shows an afternoon frock from Louiseboulanger which belongs in the fragile hothouse fashions class. This dress is made of red brown and white printed velvet, the rayon quality which is more beautiful than silk, and it is trimmed with white georgette which forms the yoke, the piping, and the around the arms bands. Louiseboulanger slits the hemlines of her frocks as shown here, and places them over culottes instead of foundation skirts.

A type of complicated chic which every woman ought to indulge in sometimes is shown in the evening coat from Fourrures Max. It is a stunning combination of rose fulgurante satin and rose colored fox, designed to hold the eyes and catch the breath of the onlookers. The spiral arrangement of the fur and the brilliance of the satin combine to produce an effect of allure and mystery that is highly fascinating.

The SPARTON *EQUASONNE*

Triumphantly New! Tonal purity and magnificence that is thrilling . . . inspiring . . . rich beyond compare. Still more amazing is complete mastery of the lower end of the dial; enormously increased range; elimination of the "AC hum" and great reduction in static and interference. By all means *hear* the new Sparton *EQUASONNE*, for it is truly revolutionary.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO.
JACKSON, MICH., U. S. A.
Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind.

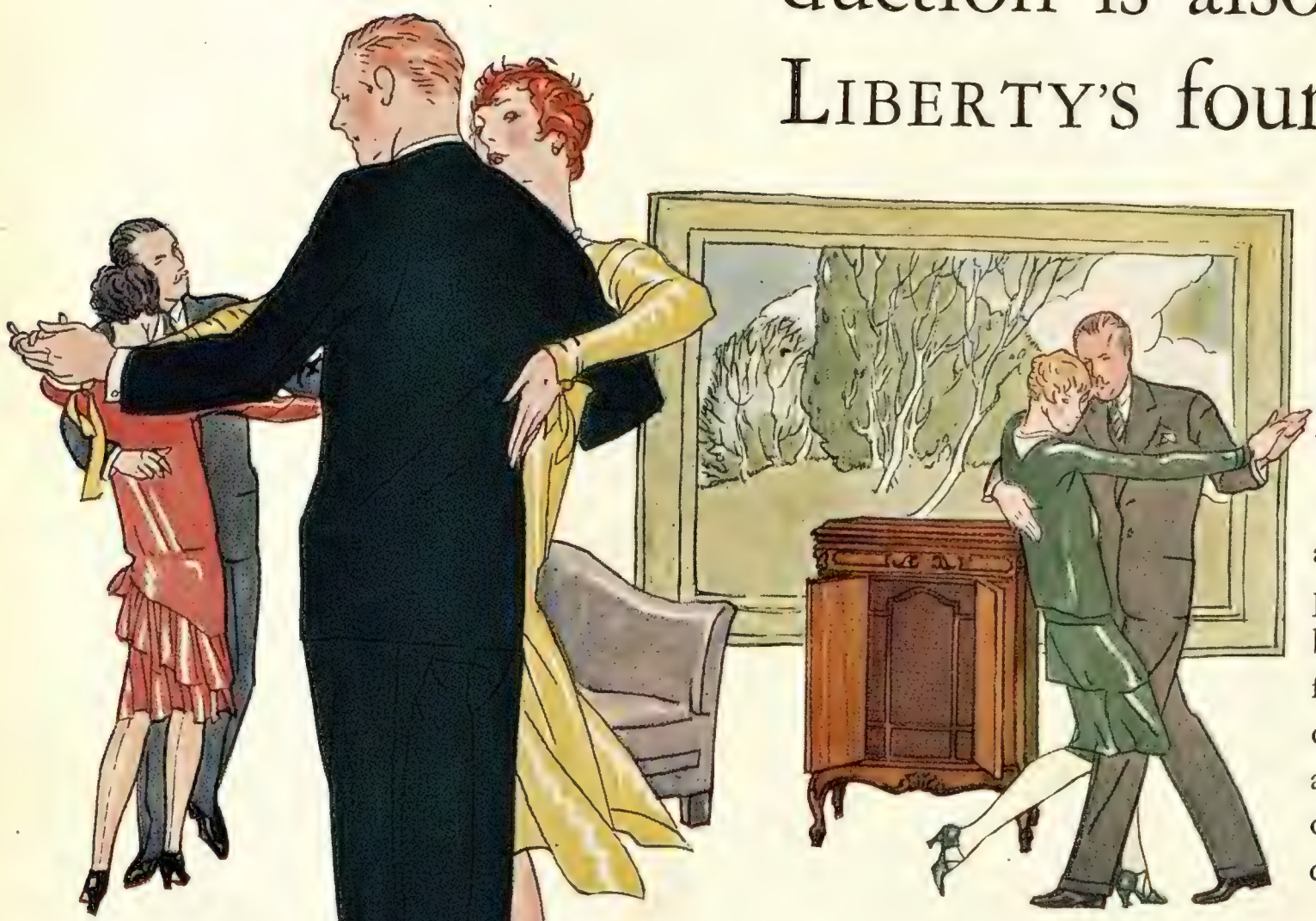
SPARTON RADIO

"The Pathfinder of the Air"

(252)

Precision!

. . . the Keynote of Orthophonic Reproduction is also the Keynote of LIBERTY'S four-color printing.



It's better than they had in my day

THE keynote of Victor's marvelous orthophonic method of reproduction is expressed in one word—*precision!* . . . Precision, from the faintest tremolo in upper register, to the grandiose roar of the world's largest pipe-organ . . . Precision, from the delicate tonal shadings of a Galli Curci, to the full-range power and sonority of the Philadelphia Symphony.

The purity of tone, the astonishing realism of the new Orthophonic is a triumph of musical re-creation unsurpassed in the realm of music!

Precision too, is the keynote of four-color printing as exemplified in the pages of Liberty.

Just as the new Orthophonic Victrola reproduces with breath-taking realism, the vast and intricate tapestry of sound which is a symphonic concert, so Liberty's super color printing catches and gives back to the reader all the delicate gradations, the fleeting values of the most involved color illustration.

The gulf between Orthophonic reproduction of *sound* and the ordinary methods, is the difference between Liberty's *precision* color printing, and color printing as it is found in the average magazine . . . Presswork that spares no added labor or cost in the attainment of perfection; paper of uniformly fine texture, manufactured especially for Liberty's needs—these factors have given Liberty four-color printing unsurpassed by any other weekly magazine!

Victor Talking Machine Company recognize the fundamental affinity in emotional appeal which exists between sound and color . . . Naturally they have recourse to widespread use of color in their advertising.

The superfine four-color printing available through the pages of Liberty has been an important factor in the selection of Liberty by Victor as well as by many other critical users of color!

Come closer and you will hear music

The advertiser's original plates used in a recent Victor Talking Machine Company advertisement, have been used again in this reproduction. The paper, 11 pounds heavier than that used by the Saturday Evening Post, is the same as in the original advertisement. The advertising of the Victor Talking Machine Company is prepared by N. W. Ayer & Son. It appears regularly in Liberty.

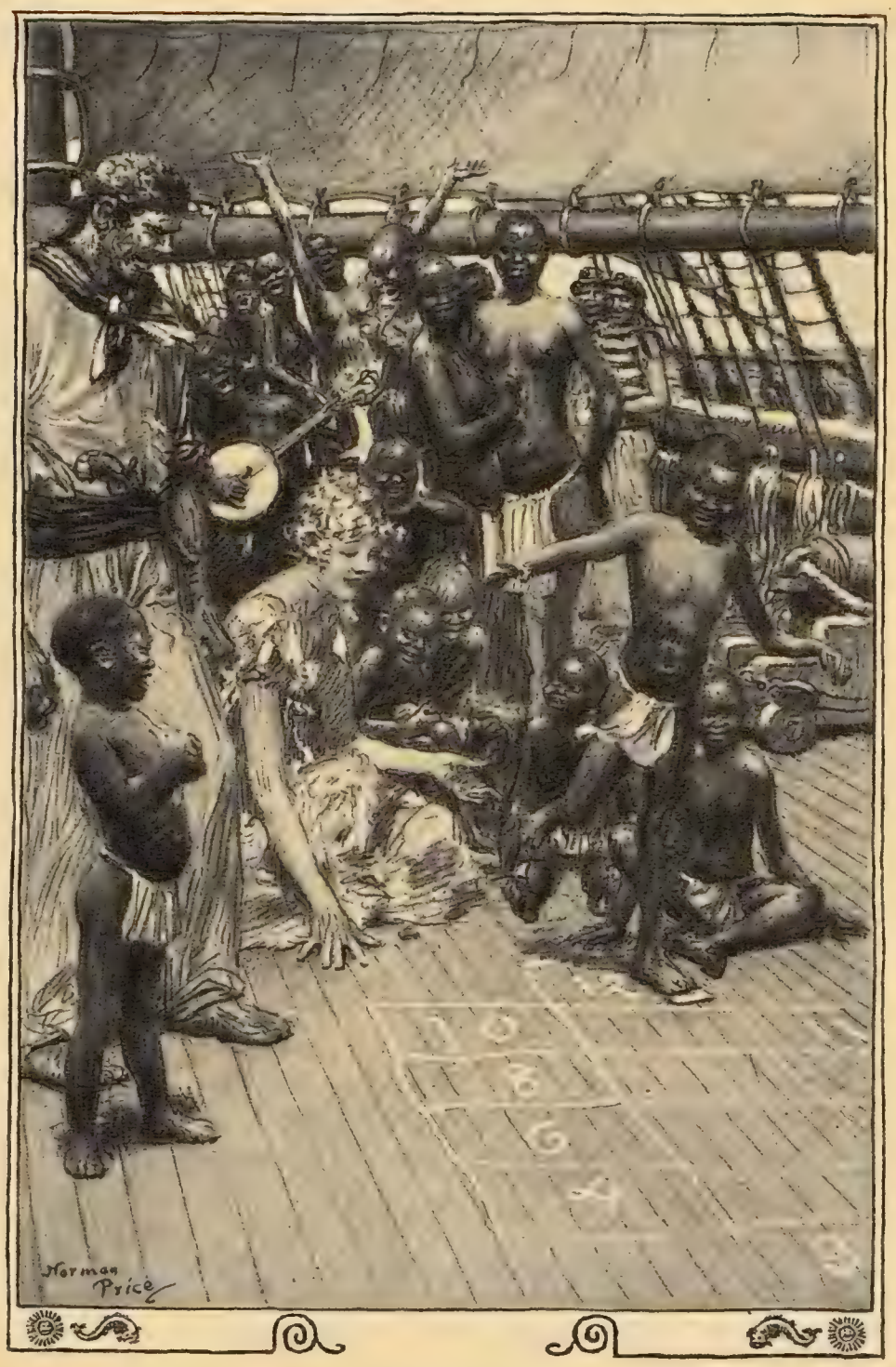
Model Seven-twenty-six. Victor Electrola Radiola. All-electric. List price, $425

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Black Ivory

The Seventh Episode
of
The Happy Parrot

In Which a Wife Beholds the Strangest Cargo Afloat



Cintra was enchanted with the children and played with them on deck.

A Serial by
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

THE Happy Parrot was a slaver when all slavers were outlawed. I knew that her business was with Africa when Captain Quinn offered me a captain's berth on her. But a light purse takes heavy risks. I accepted. And a stranger position yet I was destined to fill: that of a husband who was husband merely in name.

Quinn's niece, Cintra, wild as a hare, had smuggled herself aboard me disguised as a sailor and Quinn was near to bursting with rage. He begged me to take her off his hands—and a fortune to boot. I agreed to his terms. Cintra married me willingly enough—to see the world.

A desperate world she saw. Her uncle left us and we sailed to Africa and back, slaves between our decks. Before we landed at Amelia Island our horrified eyes beheld Quinn hanging from his topmast, dead—his sloop in flames beneath him. Pirates' work.

On the heels of our landing Cintra was abducted, but rescued by me near St. Mary's River, her body bared and torn. More pirates' work.

Later she saw the villains rob me at sea, saw me kill in return. God's world indeed, but the blood soaked side of it.

THE HAPPY PARROT lay in Burling Slip, New York. The crew had been paid off. They lost nothing; they had $1,500 each—every foremastman and boy. The second mate, Gene Weems, drew $3,200. Mr. Wild, first mate, had $6,000. I had nothing. I had lost my wages as captain, and all emoluments and my bonus, agreeable to agreement and according to the articles I had signed with Captain Quinn—in all about $20,000—which was taken from me in cash and dust aboard The Happy Parrot by that filthy pirate, Buke Gooly.

Not one farthing was due me; not a penny had I saved; and when I went ashore in New York harbor I was as naked of fortune as the day I sailed, nearly a year before.

It was true that the late Captain Quinn had agreed to pay me $50,000 for marrying his niece Cintra, who now had been my wife for almost a year.

But, though Cintra had inherited both his fortune and his debts, I stubbornly refused to let her liquidate his debt to me. I did not even know why I turned so squeamish. My wife was not in love with me nor I with her. Yet a sullen resentment and a smouldering shame possessed me for having consented to such a bargain; and, now that Captain Quinn was dead, I continued firm in my determination to cancel the debt.

Not only that, but I wanted nothing of my wife's fortune. I wanted only work, and was determined to take the only work that offered—which was to smuggle slaves from the African coast—all other activity by sea being closed to sailormen by the timid poltroonery of my own countrymen who permitted and endured this infamous embargo.

Well, the first thing I did when I went ashore was to go to the offices of Quinn & Maltby, and draw from Captain Brindle—who was a third partner—a month's pay in advance on account of my next trip to the Guinea Coast.

In the same dim little den in Rider Street, smelling of cloves and pineapple rum, I drank Madeira and ate lichee nuts with Captain Brindle. Day after day I repaired thither to arrange for my next cruise and contrive how to regain the money lost that year by piracy—the theft of ivory, gold, and pepper bales, and the robbery of more than $100,000 worth of prime slaves taken by Nanfan and Gooly out of the sloop Mischief on that fatal day that Captain Quinn determined to carry them to Savannah by water instead of by the overland route.

Captain Brindle, with many imprecations, urged me to take no coastwise risks, saying that every petty pirate was now engaged in preying upon slave smugglers; and that there was no redress for us because we who smuggled in slaves from the African coast were legally outlawed and classed as pirates too.

The embargo filled me with sullen rage. I honestly considered the forbidding of the slave trade on the African coast a law passed by hypocrites and fanatics—many of them vast slaveholders themselves, and at this very moment engaged in the coastwise traffic in slaves which was permitted by law under the forty ton clause.

SUCH pious hypocrisy nauseated me. Slavery was permitted in every State of the Union. There were in the United States a million and a half slaves.

Only two countries forbade the African slave trade—England and the United States. Yet if it were not for black labour the world could have no sugar, no rice, no indigo, no tobacco.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BLACK IVORY
Continued from page fifty-nine]

More than that—Negroes were far better off on American plantations than in their own jungles.

Now, concerning the domestic situation existing between my wife Cintra and myself, it seemed to have mended considerably.

We were on terms of polite friendliness. Her humour was uncertain, and I suppose mine was too, but we got along when together, and sometimes appeared to regard each other almost as comrades.

She could be entertaining, and seemed to find me so. Not that I understood her. I did not. But at moments I had an odd idea that this girl understood me—possibly, at moments, better than I understood myself.

When we went ashore I had no intention of living at her handsome house on Market Street; but she asked me to, pointing out that scandal would follow if I lodged elsewhere.

So I occupied Captain Quinn's former quarters separated by the corridor from Cintra's.

For a while we saw little of each other during the day, she being vastly occupied with lawyers, and I refusing to meddle in the settling of Captain Quinn's estate.

Also, she ran about to shop and to visit friends, using her late uncle's horses and carriage driven by a black coachman, Zack, who, to my ironic surprise, turned out to be a slave. So was the footman, Duby; and later, to my intense amusement, they confided to me that my wife had offered them their freedom and that both had declined the well meant manumission.

THERE came a day in May when the sun assumed full and final sovereignty, and all the budding trees on the Battery put out tender leaves, and tulips and primroses starred the park.

That day I had intended to dine at the City Tavern and return to Rider Street, where Captain Brindle was still profanely busy over ledgers.

Cintra sent Debby with word that she desired to speak to me in her bedroom before I left the house. So I knocked and went in, and discovered my wife in bed with her chocolate tray, very childish and frail and lovely in her clipped curls and lacy chamber robe.

"I wondered," said she, "whether you would make a few calls with me. People begin to consider it strange that they have not seen my husband."

"I didn't know you wanted them to," said I honestly.

"Why not? You are presentable, I hope—perhaps too much so," she added, smiling, "—because Eliza Osborn saw you come down the stoop and she declares you are the handsomest man she ever clapt eyes on."

The jest embarrassed me, and I was aware I had turned red and that Cintra was amused.

So I told her, briefly, that I would go with her.

That afternoon, among others, we called upon Mrs. Betsy Hunt and Eliza Osborn; and I noticed a little black boy in a turban who waited upon Mrs. Hunt, and he had rings in his ears and Turkish pants with green and gold birds on them. More slavery in pious New York.

Well, little Miss Osborn blushed and turned shy, but presently found countenance in Cintra, who sat with one arm around her.

We had seedcakes, guava jelly, a glass of exquisite Madeira, and, for me, a thimble of spirits so old and rare that it was like breathing the exhalation from a garden in dewy bloom.

We made many calls. A number of people had known my father. All were polite.

Concerning Captain Quinn, we said only that he had died at sea. Which was sufficient considering the rumours afloat.

On the way home I noticed that the city had changed considerably during my year of absence. Old houses were being torn down and new ones abuilding everywhere—and all this spite of the embargo which ruined so many.

We passed the new City Hall abuilding, which promised to be a magnificent structure of white marble standing at the northern end of a handsome park. The westering sun struck it with ruddy, level light, turning the marble a rose pink.

"They mean to surmount the cupola with a figure of Justice," said Cintra.

"They should stuff the President of the United States with the Embargo Act and set him up there," said I; "and hang Congress from the park trees."

Cintra seemed shocked.

His awful screaming nearly deafened

II

NOW, I was determined that my wife should not go with me when I sailed aboard The Happy Parrot. To permit her to expose herself to such perils as we must expect in line of duty seemed wicked and wrong—merely because she desired to "see the world" and "discover how other people lived."

But I made up my mind that she had seen enough of the world aboard a slaver. A fine spectacle for a young lady nearing twenty-four!

Upstairs among my papers I had the poem which Nanfan read to me. It was stained with his blood.

In my mind's eye I could evoke the end of that sunset day at Topsail Inlet—the fat brigantine on her beam ends, afire, the surf spouting about her across the bar, and our carronades smashing her copper bottom exposed to our every broadside.

I could see the distant sail of The Lazy Lass melting away upon the horizon. I could see myself, hands bound, a hangman's noose around my neck, swaying up there at masthead on the verge of eternity. I could see Captain Nanfan in his gore, mutilated, dying, opening his glazing eyes and quivering lips to jeer at me with dying breath. And I concluded that my wife had seen all she ever was going to see of the world aboard The Happy Parrot.

I told her so after supper, as we sat in the parlour by early candlelight, playing a game of chess.

"You know," said she calmly, "The Happy Parrot belongs partly to me."

"A third of her—yes," said I uneasily. "Nevertheless, I forbid you to sail with me."

"Do you suppose a captain can forbid his owner?" she asked, smiling.

"A husband can forbid his wife."

At that she became serious. "I want to go," she said, but gave no reasons.

As I continued firm, she demanded my reasons for denying her passage.

"I tell you," said I, "that the horror of your situation at St. Mary's River haunts me yet."

"If you argue so passionately," said she in a railing voice, "I shall begin to suspect you of a secret tenderness for me."

"I have come to regard you as a friend," said I, "and as pleasant company. Added to this, you are a woman and my wife; and you may ask yourself what my feelings must have been when you were in the hands of the vilest men who ever lived in any age."

After a silence, during which she seemed to study her position on the chessboard: "And what, sir, do you suppose are my emotions when I know you are exposed to the perils of piracy as well as punishment for carrying on a lawless business?"

"I suppose," said I, "that they are a natural aversion to having any husband of yours taken or shot as a smuggler. But that can't be helped, madam."

"So you regard me as without any sensibility whatever?"

dragged him to the side and hove him over.

"No; we are friends—seemingly. More than pleasant companions we are not, and so I scarcely credit you with any particular tenderness concerning me."

"Have you ever displayed any for *me?*"

"Once—but let that alone now—"

"Do you mean when I discovered you kissing Debby's niece—"

"Let it alone," I repeated, reddening.

"Yes," said she; "it is not to be handled without tongs."

We finished our game in silence, she taking my queen and driving me into a corner where, presently, after counting pawns, I resigned.

"When do you sail?" she asked, leaning back in her chair and resting her narrow white hands on the table's edge.

"Monday—if wind and tide favour."

"I shall go," said she, "—if you go."

"You shall not stir a step."

"I shall go as far as Amelia Island . . . and await you there."

"No."

SHE sat with both hands extended, playing with the ivory pieces. Suddenly she gave a kind of sob, averting her face and covering it with both hands.

"Good God," said I, "are you still so unstable, so wayward and willful, so infatuated with travel that you cannot bide at home at all?"

"I want to go," she said in a choked voice.

"Why, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know. But I want to go."

That was so utterly feminine that I could neither understand her nor argue longer.

As though divining what I was thinking, she said very pitifully:

"I know why I want to go. But I can't tell you. I can't. And I want you to let me go."

"Very well," said I bitterly; "I suppose I can go through hell again, knowing the way very well now."

"I promise to be no trouble to you," she whimpered. "And—didn't you find me pleasant company toward the end of the trip?"

"Yes, I did. And felt kindly and friendly. And suffered torture on your account at St. Mary's."

"Torture?"

"Damnation, yes! Do you suppose I could regard such a fate for a friend—or for any woman—unconcerned?"

After a silence she took a tiny handkerchief from her bosom and employed it about her eyes and nose.

"Sometimes," said she, "I begin to suspect you of a kind inclination for any woman—if she be well favoured."

"Well," said I, "a year has passed; and—have you noticed it?—except for an instant's silliness with that wench below stairs?"

"You seemed inclined to visit Dr. Sauveur's harem."

"That was your malicious imagination."

"Oh. . . . Have you noticed any malice in me lately?"

"No—not malice," said I; "but there is raillery in you, sometimes, which I don't understand."

"No," said she, touching her cheeks with her scented handkerchief, "you wouldn't understand. . . . You are becoming quite kind to me, whom once you threatened with a rope's end. Would you really have used it on me?"

"I might have," said I honestly.

"Oh, Lord," said she, "I am beginning to believe you might have, too! . . . There'd be some excuse if — you — loved me —"

She sprang from her chair and, running to the corner where her harp stood, kneeled down on one knee and clasped it to her breast. Ripple-tinkle, ripple-tinkle went the strings, and her head fell back and she sang like a little bird toward heaven:

"Ah, what is Love? It is a jealous thing,
As cruel to a shepherd as a king,
And crueller, too;
For kings have concubines to cure their woe,
While shepherds mourn the only nymph they know—"

III

I WEIGHED and sailed on the twenty-sixth day of May, as penniless as the day a year ago when I signed articles with Quinn & Maltby, importers of spices—and other goods.

And, vastly to my concern, and utterly against my wishes, Cintra sailed aboard me.

And now, to be honest, I have to say to you who chance to read this journal that it was not alone the dread that my wife might suffer injury or death, or worse, amid the hazards of my unlawful business.

No, there was another reason why I did not desire her aboard The Happy Parrot.

Because I had resolved to commit a kind of villainy, too; and meant to stop, take, and plunder the first sea rogue I could overhaul—any coast pirate preying on Negro smugglers like myself, or merely sailing On The Account, or, as I was, engaged in the African trade. It would make no difference to me whether he attacked me or not; I meant to attack and take him and plunder him of every Negro aboard him, and of every ounce of gold, every elephant tooth, every peppercorn, and so recompense myself and, at the same time, be revenged on that jaunty, careless, and impudent freebooter brotherhood which had meddled so ruinously with me and my affairs, and had beggared me after a year of moil and toil.

After the peril of a night's run without lights through the Sandy Hook patrol so impudently maintained by British men-o'-war, when day broke we had brisk winds and fair skies and saw no patrolling sail upon the sea.

The second day, two United States revenue cutters followed us—the Madison and the Gallatin—old acquaintances, both. But we put to sea and easily outsailed them, and the third morning out they were not to be seen.

Once, on the eastern horizon, we saw the British West Indian merchant fleet—more than 200 sail—convoyed by a seventy-four, three frigates, and a snow or two. They passed in towering majesty across the world's far edge; and I thought to myself, God willing, that some day I would be waiting for that same convoy to help repay a few among countless insults, indignities, and wanton tyrannies practiced by such ships upon the ships and commerce of my native land.

And once, about sunset, we saw a sail which we took to be a British frigate. She made for us, but we put to sea, and night ended that chase.

The following morning, however, a dirty little Portuguese privateer had the temerity to chase us and fire a gun to stop us and let fly his flag. I showed the United States flag; whereupon he fired at us again. Which so disgusted me that I slackened sail and let him come abeam within pistol shot; and then, loading

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BLACK IVORY
Continued from page sixty-one]

with bar shot, let him have the guts of our long gun, which broke his foremast and smothered him under a mass of wreckage.

There was a great yelling aboard her and she lost no time in striking to us.

So I went aboard her in a rage and scolded her skipper, and took out of her some casks of Oporto wine to teach her a lesson.

Then, ripping her flag from the halyards, I threw it into our longboat, and, bidding him go to the devil, went aboard my own ship. He seemed grateful that I did not hang him to his own yard.

All this occurred under Cintra's excited eyes; and she told me that she considered that legitimate warfare and rejoiced in it and would not have missed a view of it for half her fortune. Further, she thanked me for not punishing the Portuguese or committing any cruelty aboard him.

Which annoyed me, and I asked her if she had thought me bloodthirsty.

"You raged like a devil at St. Mary's," said she.

"If I had not," said I, "where would you be this day?"

She shuddered, but smiled at me and sipped her bombo, watching me out of brilliant, unfathomable eyes.

HOWEVER, we were friends at dinner, and tried a glass of the Portuguese Oporto together—which was muddy and required a proper rest, aging, and bottling.

"'Tis not like that port you once gave me," said I.

"Ah," she cried impulsively, "that was a gay and charming day!"

"Sometimes," said I, "I wonder why the charm and gayety ended with the day."

After a silence she said carelessly, "It seems to be reviving."

I know not what impulsive word was on my lips to reply, when I heard the cry of our lookout aloft: "Sail ho!"

In a moment I was on the quarterdeck where Mr. Wild had the wheel.

She was very far away under our weather bow and standing toward us almost on our own course.

When she was nearer we made her out a tall ship, but she did not look like a man-o'-war to me. Mr. Wild thought her a merchant and an Englishman. She had painted ports, but they were not triced up.

I called Gene Weems aft, and he thought she looked like a Yankee making the Middle Passage.

"A slaver?" I demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you should know a slaver when you see one," said I. "At any rate, I shall not sheer off for her."

"Sir," said Mr. Wild, "do you desire to have her speak us?"

Ripple-tinkle went the strings, and she sang like a little bird toward heaven.

But I was not in the humour for running away and I told him so. "Unless," I added, smiling, "she shows us a lower row of ports and behaves rudely."

I went into the rigging to have a look at her. I can't say what there was about her that I did not like. Not that I felt any fear of her.

However, I hailed the poop and ordered Mr. Wild to beat to quarters and clear for action. Cintra came on deck, hearing the bustle; but I called to her sharply to return to the cabin and keep it until we learned what to expect of this fellow.

The stranger now broke out the Spanish flag. We let fly the United States ensign; and when within hail I set the trumpet to my mouth.

"Ahoy! Ship ahoy! What ship?" I shouted.

"The Malabar Maid, Captain Endor, nine weeks from the Guinea Coast with teeth, spices, and precious woods!" came the impudent reply in rough, swaggering English. "Who are you?"

I named my ship and myself, and asked him whither he was bound. He said Havana.

"I could have told you that!" said I in a jeering voice. "When did you find it convenient to sell your ship to a Spaniard, Captain Endor?"

IT was a trick of the British slaver on the African coast to "sell" his ship to a Spaniard and stand out to sea under Spanish colours with his contraband cargo, thumbing his nose at British cruisers. Then, once at sea, he "bought in" his ship again. But this fellow had not yet done so, apparently.

But he smelled the oldtime slaver a thousand leagues; and he incensed me with his gibing voice, and taking me for so flat a fool.

"Come, sir," I repeated, "when did you change your ship's name?"

"Well, damn your Yankee eyes and snout!" he shouted. "You stow your bilge or I'll change *your* name and sell *you* to a Gold Coast nigger! Clear out," he yelled, "or I'll come aboard and twist your muzzle loose!"

Now, in order to talk to us he had clumsily backed both his forward and after sails, and I had laid my main topsail to the mast, so we both were hove to—The Malabar Maid with ports triced up and tompions out of her guns.

Instantly it came into my head to take her by the board—which would be an act of sheer piracy, having neither marque nor any regular commission. Yet that she was an English slaver I was now confident, and, if so, she had no redress.

Even before I had come to this conclusion I was on deck and calling away boarders. And it was a swift and pretty sight to see our boats overboard in a trice and my drilled rascals tumbling into them.

I had a glimpse above me of Cintra's white face, her startled voice asking me what I was about; but I ordered her below and came near swearing at her with the fidget she caused me.

"She's a slaver!" shouted Mr. Wild. "Look at the sharks all around her!"

"Careful, my lads," said I; "it won't do to fall overboard."

From The Malabar Maid's quarterdeck I heard a roar of astonishment and anger, hoarse voices, imprecations, a drum beating to quarters. Above us her carronades were exploding raggedly in a kind of running fire as we swarmed up and over her bow, slashing and buffeting aside the wavering pikes that opposed us.

She had so small a crew, and such a miserable poxed lot they were, that I was almost ashamed to cuff and kick them aside as we bore aft, where their captain, a great, beefy fellow, stood cursing and flourishing a musket to no purpose whatever.

Mr. Wild knocked off the hatches and the hold vomited stenches like a belch from hell itself!

Captain Endor, deprived of his musket, fell abellowing about British flags and Yankee pirates, but I pointed to his Spanish colours and laughed in his distorted face.

But it was no laughing matter. The slaver was a festering horror.

She had a beam of twenty-eight feet and length between decks of 100. This small space was divided into three compartments, and into these nearly 700 Negroes had been jammed and crammed with no more than three feet clearance for headway, and obliged to lie without moving, the head of one upon the chest of another.

Three-fourths of them—men, women, children—had died: some of the suffocating heat, some of putrid fever, some of thirst, others of fright and despair. Women manacled to rotting corpses had given birth to babies, unattended; girls blind of ophthalmia had lain chained to others dying of smallpox or gone insane.

And the ferocious avarice that was guilty of this wickedness overreached itself; for of 700 slaves bought and paid for on the Guinea Coast, only 200 now stood trembling on the deck of The Malabar Maid—wretched, emaciated, terrified creatures cringing at the very sight of Captain Endor when I drove him forward at pistol point to confront them.

At first he was truculent and defiant, sneeringly admitting cruelty, cursing the Negroes for diseases they had communicated to his crew. He acknowledged that he had heartlessly cast overboard the day before what sick, blind, or maimed creatures remained, and defended his actions by the nearness to Havana.

I wasted no more words with him, but mustered his crew and set them to bathing every slave with sea water, then sponging each with vinegar, then rinsing them with sweet water.

I made them heat belaying pins, and soon had the deck aswirl with tar and sulphur smoke.

Those of his miserable crew who could use razors I made to shave every African head, cleanse each slave of all vermin, rub each with palm oil, and knock off all leg and neck fetters, and unshackle all females and children.

When this was done I sent them away to The Happy Parrot, boatload by boatload, until all were aboard and stowed, and our cook beginning to feed and water 'em with the best—and ordered a draw of brandy bitters for them, too.

All this time Captain Endor stood glaring between a couple of my brawny men with naked cutlasses, ready to prick his fat flanks if he stirred.

And now I drove his crew below, with a few hearty kicks, to break out what cargo he had to suit me; at which Endor roared with rage, and yelped when pricked with the steel points.

I took from The Malabar Maid forty cabess of cowries, twenty anchors of brandy, forty bales of grains of paradise, 600 ounces of gold, in grain, dust, and bar, and six tons of elephant teeth.

It was sunset when I was done with The Malabar Maid.

As for this hellbound skipper, who now had lost all his effrontery and seemed too scared to swear, I was in two minds, whether to hang him or trice him up for 200 lashes. And did neither, but had all his guns spiked and then ordered him below, with a hearty kick to confirm it; and so, leaving him his Spanish flag aflying, went aboard The Happy Parrot, made all sail, stood in for the Florida coast, and left The Malabar Maid and her master in the doleful doldrums.

It was piracy—what else? Well, let him run to the Admiralty and complain.

The thought nearly stifled me with laughter. Mr. Wild was grinning, too.

IV

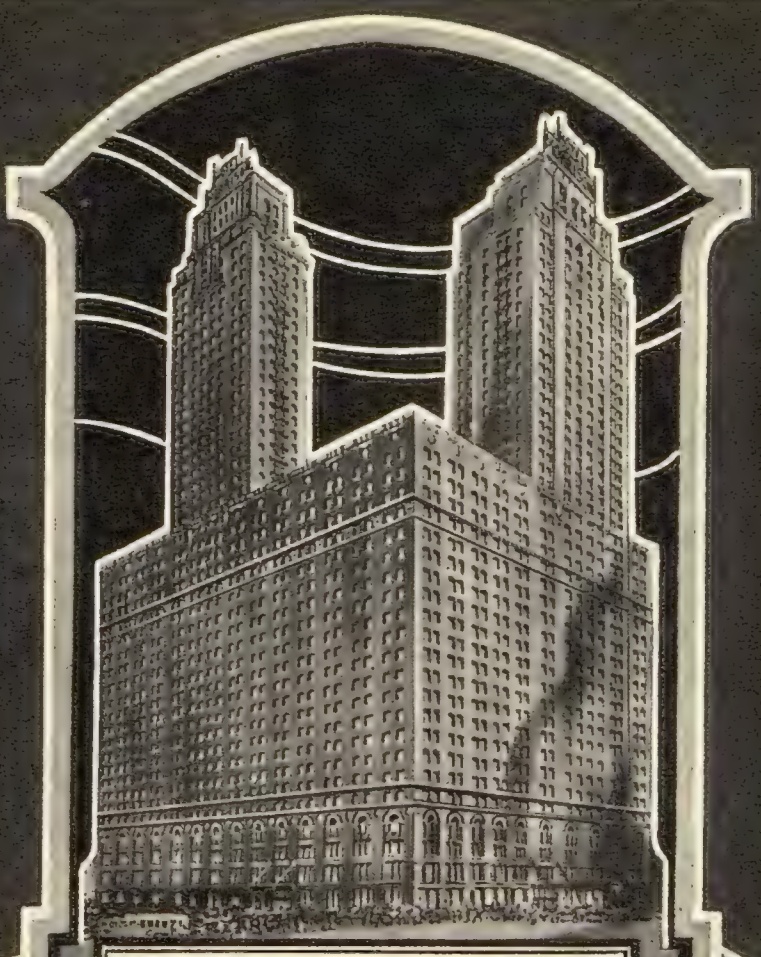
AT dinner Cintra asked me calmly why I had plundered the stranger, and I replied, as calmly, that he didn't know how to take care of Negroes, and I did.

Our bulwarks had suffered and we had

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

How Time and Money Are Saved by Guests at Chicago's MORRISON HOTEL

The Lowest Scale of Rates —and yet the Most Central Location



The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

A Corner in one of the Sample Rooms Morrison Hotel—40 ft. x 40 ft.

THE co-operation that a guest has a right to expect from a really modern hotel should comprise far more than appetizing meals and room with bath.

Less Delay—Less Expense

The layout, equipment and routine of the Morrison hotel are so planned that each guest can make the most of every hour and every dollar. Elevators traveling at high speed, *without changing cars*, from the 1st to the 46th story—large, light sample-rooms, located to afford maximum accessibility and convenience—are incidental examples of scientific time-saving.

All "Downtown" at Your Door

The absolute minimum, in time and money, is spent in transportation by Morrison guests, with offices, stores, theatres and railroads in closer reach than at any other hotel. This fact has developed an even greater economy by raising subrentals to a point where they pay all the ground rent, and the guests enjoy the entire saving. Note the following:

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

16 Corner Suites, $12.00 · 16 Suites, $15.00 · 6 Suites, $20.00

Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

1944 Rooms with Bath

Every room is outside, with bath, running ice water, telephone, bed-head lamp, and Servidor. Every floor has its own housekeeper, and each guest has the use of the hotel's garage. The restaurant service is widely celebrated, a special feature being the brilliant variety programs in the "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden.

Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[BLACK IVORY
Continued from page sixty-two]

been hulled, so Chips was busy the next day.

So was I, for I wanted no outbreak of disease aboard The Happy Parrot.

I don't suppose those Negroes ever had been fed as I fed them, with strong soups, rice, and beans with palm oil, mutton, peeled yams boiled with pork, biscuit, sago, and boiled fowl.

I served out towels, spoons, basins, pannikins.

They were obliged to wash their hands and faces before and after meals, and use lime fruit juice to cleanse mouth and nose, and chew sticks of aromatic sweet lime twigs to clean their gums and teeth.

About noon they had to wash all over and oil themselves with palm; then they were served a middlemess of bread and sweet pudding. At four they had supper, and at six were sent below for the night. And the very first night I heard them feebly singing in the darkness of the clean scoured hold.

I had no linguister aboard, as Quinn & Maltby's ships always took them on at Amelia Island when outward bound.

However, Gene Weems, my second mate, was somewhat acquainted with African tongues, and he tried to talk to the blacks, but with no success.

THEY were a gentle lot, of a light and rather pretty brown colour, sensitive to kindness, graceful, well formed, but not very robust; and seemed more fitted for household servants, to be petted and indulged, rather than for field work and ruder labour.

In the few days I had them aboard they improved amazingly in spirits and sleekness, and gave us no trouble whatever, so that—although they were 200 to our twenty—I took off all shackles and gave them the run of the deck and set only one armed man at the gratings at night.

Cintra was enchanted with the children and played with them on deck. She cut up a few fathoms of cotton and taught the little girls to veil their nakedness. She taught them, also, to sew, and showed the little boys how to play hopscotch and chuckpenny.

"If I were wealthy enough," she said to me, "I'd buy them all and set them free."

"Yes," said I. "What would they live on?"

"I don't know. I'd take them back to Africa. They'd find something to eat there, I suppose."

"Yes, and find somebody to eat them—the kind of nigger who files his teeth and raises ridges all over his face and flanks."

"Do all Negroes eat Negroes?"

"Some eat; some are eaten. That's life. Some are masters; some slaves. That's the world. Wits win; not muscles. And wits are relentless, Cintra, and dominate at any cost."

"In France in '93," said Cintra, "stupidity overthrew wit."

"No; keener wit organized stupidity and used massed imbecility for its own ends."

She sighed, linking her fingers, her gaze remote and troubled, as though something of the cruelty of life were beginning to dawn in her mind.

In the morning our watch aloft hailed land. We were off Cumberland Island, and stood in west by south for the sound.

I was troubled to notice that sharks followed us. Mr. Wild called my attention to them. But sharks follow slop buckets sometimes.

As we headed in Cumberland our masthead made out a sail behind the dunes and sang out lustily, naming her rig—a schooner's.

But I was not to be crowded out of my way so near to the factory, and bade Mr. Wild hold his course; for I could outfight or outrun any of the recent Mr. Jefferson's gunboats, and I had information before I left New York as to where were cruising revenue craft and sloops of war.

So I cleared for action and kept on, and saw the schooner presently, gliding out of the inlet and making eastward on a long tack as though to intercept and speak us.

"Let her," said I to Mr. Wild.

Presently up went her flag—United States colours. Then she let fly a jack and dipped it politely, coming about and awaiting us hove to.

As we drove by her she hailed us. She said she was The Jungle Cat, coast trader, Captain Nix, with logwood from the Isthmus, bound for Boston; and she wished to send a boat aboard us to speak with me.

Mr. Wild did not know her, nor did my second mate. She rode high as though in ballast, as claimed. I could see no name painted on her.

"Very well, sir," I replied; "come aboard."

She had already launched a boat. Mr. Wild and I watched it intently, and I told him that if this was a cruiser or revenue craft I meant to pitch the skipper and his boatmen over my rail, give them a broadside, and run for the open sea.

It turned out to be the mate who came aboard. His skipper, he said, was ill, and wanted to see me on business. He said it would be a profitable business for me, and begged me to waive ceremony and return to his vessel.

"What do you make of that?" I asked Mr. Wild.

"Probably," said Mr. Wild, "he wants to get rid of something he dare not carry in to Boston."

"Are you in the Black Ivory trade?" I asked the mate bluntly.

At that he grinned and gave me a wink. He was a villainous looking fellow with buck teeth and warts, and wore a queue in eelskin to his waist.

"Well," said I to Mr. Wild, "here may be a bargain. We are but a short run to the factory, and can carry what we buy on deck."

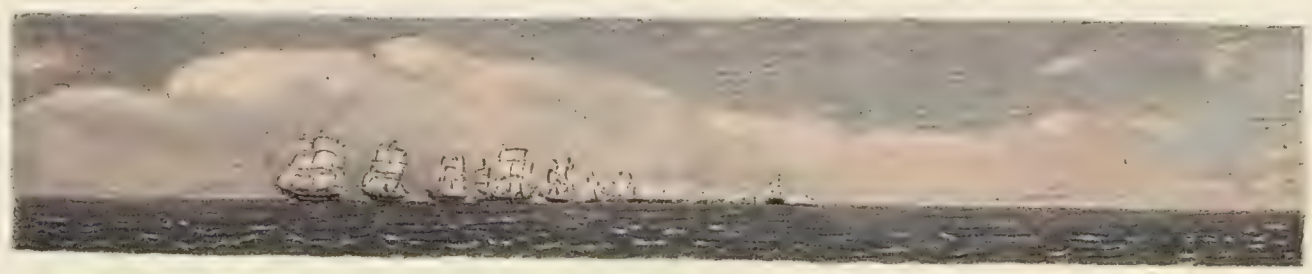
So I told the mate of The Jungle Cat that I'd pay a call on his skipper, but I'd use my own boats. "Boats," I repeated, emphasizing the plural.

I could not see whether he was pleased or not, but he did not appear uneasy, and went back to his ship without further words.

SO, discounting treachery, I launched three armed boats; and when I went aboard this Captain Nix I had what men I needed at my back, and a couple of yawls prowling under her bows and stern.

The instant I entered the cabin with Mr. Wild beside me I thought I had seen this Captain Nix before. There was something oddly and unpleasantly familiar about his small square face of a bluish cast from smallpox scars. But try as I might I couldn't place him.

He had an oily voice; pretended to indisposition; offered spirits and Madeira, both declined, and my memory striving to stir up my wits to recollection.



They passed in towering majesty across the world's far edge.

Captain Nix did not mince matters, nor beat about the bush. But I had been mistaken. He had Negroes, but none to sell me; and he seemed to know I had some, and he wanted to buy them of me.

I was astonished. No ship had observed me whilst I was despoiling The Malabar Maid.

"Who told you I had slaves aboard me?" I demanded.

He readily admitted that he had spoken The Malabar Maid.

I quietly declined to sell him any Negroes.

At that he scratched his greasy head. "Well, blow me to hell," says he, "I may as well sell you what I've got, for I haven't enough left to carry in. Come on deck, Captain Strake, and I'll break out all I have."

He led the way, helping himself along with a crutch, which, somehow, I didn't believe he required.

As I fell in to follow, Mr. Wild twitched my sleeve and said in my ear, "Look out! He's painted out his ship's name."

When I went on deck I took a look about me at the carronades, long tom, and at the crew of this strange slaver.

She *was* a slaver; no doubt of that from the smell aboard. It was blistering weather, yet this wretch had his hatches down, and it must have been hell and death for the blacks between decks.

Nix had a squeaky voice, yet fairly well oiled. As he went forward, giving his orders, Mr. Wild touched my elbow, and, not looking at me, said under his breath:

"I know: This is the pirate Tigerette, and that's Charlie Chatto, who works with Buke Gooly!"

I DO not think my face altered under the shock as I stepped forward to inspect the blacks to be turned out on deck.

But no blacks appeared, only the congested face of a sailorman who came up as though strangling.

"What'n hell's the matter?" squeaked Chatto. "Where's them niggers?"

"Why, them niggers is all dead, sir."

"Dead? The dirty sons of sluts!" yelled Chatto. "What'n hell'd they die for? Don't you try to tell me they're all dead!"

"One's alive, sir, but his hands and feet is all et off by rats—"

Chatto's small eyes turned to green sparks and he seemed to go suddenly insane.

"Fetch him up, damn you!" he screamed. "If that nigger thinks he's going to die on me like that, I'll show him!"

The man descended, and presently staggered up again, dragging a manacled black man; and Charlie Chatto sprang on the dying creature with lightning ferocity, whipped a knife across his throat, nearly severing the head, and, lifting the starved, blood drenched body, tumbled it over the side.

Transfixed with horror, we stood staring, not comprehending what was being done until it was done.

The next instant I had Charlie Chatto by the windpipe, and my men circled me, facing outward with naked cutlasses and cocked pistols.

The moment I took him by the throat I knew him—knew I had desired once before to so take him.

"You dirty triple spy!" I said. "Pirate, smuggler, British spy, revenue spy—you followed me in Rider Street and then betrayed my sailing to The Melampus' spies!"

"Murder!" he screeched.

"Certainly," said I. "You have just done it. Now it's the sharks' turn!"

His awful screaming nearly deafened me as I dragged him to the side and hove him over.

As he splashed, Mr. Wild turned like a panther on the crew, and he and our men drove them headlong below and fastened every hatch.

Then we took to our boats; and as we rowed for The Happy Parrot, I saw Charlie Chatto clinging to a cable under The Tigerette's stern, silent, desperate, clawing. And round and round the drifting vessel were cruising great African sharks which follow all slavers to the world's ends.

A relationship like Strake's and Cintra's must needs be unstable. Next week you'll learn of an odd development in it. Watch for The Cat-and-Kittens.

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

A COMMITTEE toured the streets, beating a tattoo in front of every house and solemnly advising the inhabitants to keep indoors.

WAR BUGS

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

By CHARLES MACARTHUR

Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle and The Front Page.

THIS is the thirteenth installment of an artillery private's history of the World War. In previous installments the author has detailed the part his battery of the Rainbow Division played at Champagne, on the Ourcq, at St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry, the Argonne, Sedan—and on through Belgium into Germany. In this installment he tells what happened on the march to the Rhine.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AFTER all that talk about the Germans being such hellers that they thought nothing of shooting an American and taking his scalp home to the kiddies, we crossed the frontier and found six apple cheeked aldermen waiting to receive us—a charming set of beer bellies, beaming with virtue and loving-kindness. The six wore Prince Albert coats and high silk hats, which they began to tip. You could have knocked us over with a fender.

They produced some high school diplomas from their bosoms and began reading them to the colonel. At any moment we expected them to burst forth with Sweet Adeline or *Ach, du lieber Augustine!* and the boys began reaching for pennies to throw. Apparently the captain's cannibal jokes were on us.

But no—as the French have it. Following the fat men's remarks and another fit of hat tipping, the captain pulled himself together and advised us that this welcome business was the most transparent and contemptible form of camouflage. He intimated that it was a vaudeville act and that the real Germans were behind bushes filing their teeth and drinking blood.

Thus reassured, we moved forward, stepping high and dressing right for the benefit of the Pathé Weekly boys.

But as we swept through village after village and found welcome after welcome wherever we went, curiosity became acute. Maybe these cuckoo krauts were on the square. Maybe we could mooch some spuds off them, for instance, and a bottle of *vin rouge*. The captain overheard these maybes and gave us the low-down all over again.

It was a trap, he said, as the first man to fraternize would find out. We fell for this hooey once more, and at the first halt set up the machine guns in a lady's front yard, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

All would have been well if a rooster hadn't walked past the sights of the second gun. Cush Pryor, never a fellow of any particular restraint, let fly, and the rooster was no more. The captain rushed out with a forkful of corn willie, and there was an epileptic fifteen minutes.

Cush explained that he was only demonstrating his marksmanship to a treacherous enemy, but it did no good. The captain put him under arrest, swept up the rooster, and appeared an hour later pulling wishbones with Lieutenant Brewer. Likewise our brave officers seemed to be getting pretty cozy with the female element, on the pretense of engaging rooms.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page sixty-five]

Well, there wasn't a man in the outfit who was afraid of following his officers, and in ten minutes we had canvassed the town. Some interesting discoveries were made. One was that the German ladies had been without soap for several years and to obtain a bar would do almost anything. Some would do anything.

There was an immediate stampede for the kitchen, where huge boxes of soap had been stored inviolate for months. For once, we caught the libidinous Greek asleep at the switch. Some Athens newspapers had caught up with the regiment and he was deep in their perusal.

He passed out the soap absentmindedly, never dreaming that he was giving away a gold mine. On the contrary, he seemed pleased to get rid of it, and remained pleased until he had finished his newspaper, shaved in the coffee water, and embarked on his nocturnal werewolf rounds—only to find the entire town bathing or something. Subsequent Greek screams kept everybody awake all night. The next morning the bacon was rubber. Revenge reaches its apotheosis among Greeks.

Now that the war was over, the Y. M. C. A. began to function in the matter of chocolate—at twenty cents the bar. A happy circumstance, since the *Fräuleins* were glutted with soap and had turned their minds to candy. We gave away a million dollars of it before we knew what it was worth.

Some of the boys were so balmy as to pass out large hunks of chocolate to several old men, who immediately competed with us in its natural distribution. As we marched onward from Alsdorf into virgin territory we became more prudent and rationed both the chocolate and soap half a bar at a time. There was no point in turning the Fräuleins' heads.

The war would have been elegant at this stage if it had not been for the lamentable insistence of the officers on IRON DISCIPLINE, their one bug since the Armistice. They were counseled in this matter by a large major general, who came hustling from the rear to replace our hell to breakfast brigadier, Douglas MacArthur (a baby who could spit nickels and chase Germans as well as any doughboy).

THE new general was a large pink man with President Taft mustachios. Throughout the division he was called Waffle Fanny, as it was generally supposed that the cane swivel chairs from which he had been directing the war (in the rear) had left their mark somewhere on his majestic flanks.

This general had a passion for neatness, and loved to hide in doorways as the regiment went by, bulging out whenever he spotted a soldier who had lost a button in a year's arduous campaigning. The general got his fun in seizing the soldier and fining him thirty dollars ($30.00); and he never slept well until he had caught 100 soldiers a day. A hundred was bogey, apparently.

The officers subscribed enthusiastically to his ardor, and the war became a big game of button, button. Since the thirty dollar fine automatically precluded leaves of absence, crap games, serious drinking, and everything worth while—and since the button game rapidly became a pogrom—there were not many bonds between the division and our new general, who kept getting decorated at every stop for our brilliant work in the war. (Before we had reached the Rhine he had to hire two dog robbers to wear all the medals with which the French were caught short when the Armistice was signed.)

So many button fines were recorded that we would have been S. O. L. if money had been worth anything. Fortunately, legal tender was still soap and chocolate, although the supply of both became more and more limited as officers and Y. M. C. A. men got next to the racket.

Another master stroke toward the achievement of IRON DISCIPLINE was the establishment of a noncommissioned officers' mess. This stunt had already been tried in the Champagne, when the Germans rightly broke it up with a shell. Its reappearance now was succeeded by amazement and indignation. The noncoms owed their warrants to the grace of the battery as much as to the authority of Congress, and we considered their proposed isolation as a bit of guts. We hoped that they would have the good taste to decline the proposition.

BUT your true noncom has his chevrons tattooed on his arm. They couldn't wait to have breakfast together, strolling into the appointed house like so many coy girl graduates. The midday mess was at 1 o'clock. We acted with the dreadful swiftness of lightning, swooping down on the kitchen and wrecking it.

Steaks had been cut for their dinner, in place of our habitual slum. We stuffed them in our overcoat pockets and repaired to the house of a lady who claimed to be a great hand at steaks. On her solemn assurances, we exhumed our prizes, well breaded with Bull Durham, chewing gum, and olive drab threads, and scraped them off.

The lady bade us return in an hour when they would be cooked exquisitely, with *Kartoffel*. But oh, the irony of life. The frowsy German mutt had *boiled* them! There was no more talk of a noncoms' mess, however.

In Bitburg, our third stop, we ran into real German beer, a little watery for the famine in grain, but still far superior to the slops made by the Frogs. Here, too, the whole complexion of the war changed with the discovery of *Eisenkuchen,* or German waffles. With a helmet full of flour and a little corn syrup, any *Hausfrau* could produce an elegant set of waffles. *Eisenkuchen* became so highly esteemed that the very name was transferred to anything that looked appetizing, especially young women.

It was natural that the supplies of chocolate and soap should run out, due to Greek passion and ration raids that were being made far to the rear by Americans just entering upon German soil. White flour was the next best thing, accomplishing wonders among a people who had been subsisting for nearly five years on sour black bread.

Unhappily, the Greek knew his groceries by this time. For several days the black bread joke was on *us,* while certain native ladies played snowman and took baths in white flour. The only way we could break the blockade was to commit misdemeanors sure to get us on kitchen police; in which matter the captain was forehanded enough to make kitchen police the reward for clean guns, etc., while the little Greek took to sleeping on the flour and posting a guard whenever he set out with his little paper bags of manna.

For several days he flourished, and no amount of personal charm demonstrated by the battery Romeos prevailed with the hungry natives. We got the frying pan and he kept the gold mine, so to speak.

We scuffed through Lissengen, Gerolstein, and Pelm. A carload of buttons had been rushed from the rear by orders of the general, and, sick and tired of playing his silly games, we evolved a game of our own—which was to torture the top sergeant until he revealed the name of the town we were to occupy that night, whereupon we hid in haymows until the battery slogged out.

It was then possible to hitch trucks bound in the same direction: a hazardous accomplishment, as the truck drivers were often surly or green on their geography, and the captain developed an instinct to search every vehicle that passed the battery on the march. Still, it was possible—by rolling up in stinking horse blankets and enduring compound fractures of the skull and back every time the truck hit a rock on the road.

In the end it was worth it, as we beat the battery into town by a good five hours, and were sparking the women as if we didn't know that fraternization was still punishable by thirty years in Fort Leavenworth.

The lieutenants snapped to attention at once. They had the tact to apologize profusely for their intrusion.

MEANWHILE the possibility of dirty work on the part of our German friends had never left the captain's mind. When the rattle of gunfire sounded as the battery marched into the town of Nohn one day, his worst apprehensions were at once confirmed. The Heinies were turning at last! Sniping had begun! With a brusque "Batt-ree A-*ten*-SHUN!" he commanded the guns to be unlimbered and turned at point-blank ranges. Then, with a trusted fearless few, he sneaked up on the town, pistols drawn.

The dauntless heroes traced the shooting to the back yard of one Mrs. Rodenbach, after breaking down her front door.

Sure enough, there was a Prussian Guardsman, firing wildly. Treachery! Insurrection! Rapine! Harvard! Except that in one corner of the yard, very stewed, sat Mr. Earl Thomas, a member of the battery.

He had beaten his colleagues into town on a bread truck, and was employing his spare time in convincing Herr Corporal Rodenbach that the American tin helmet was far superior to the coal-bucket apparatus favored by the Germans. To prove his point, he had hung Rodenbach's helmet and his own to a clothesline post, and loaned the savage Hun a .45 automatic for the purpose of puncturing one and not the other. Earl was nothing if not fair.

Nor was this outrage enough. Contemplating the merits of his helmet, Mr. Thomas gnawed on a hunk of blood sausage (gift of the doubtless treacherous Mrs. Rodenbach), the while adjuring his former enemy to take the sand out of his eyes and ride that gun.

Seemingly Mr. Thomas was unaware that his false friend Rodenbach had pledged himself to the extermination of all Americans. Seemingly Herr Rodenbach was unaware of this, also. But the captain was not. He accused Earl of risking the lives of his comrades, demanded that he spit out the blood sausage, and caused him to march in front of the column all the way to the Rhine as punishment. For days the captain waited for him to die of blood sausage poisoning, and was disgusted when he didn't.

At Quiddlebach, the next stop, word reached us, by a process of grapevine more wonderful than radio, that Nick Richmond, in a hospital on the other side of Europe, had gained a boat and was sailing home.

Rowdy cheers succeeded this announcement. Nick had been a splendid soldier, even by the captain's standard. But in Luxembourg, the war being over and all, he had the misfortune to make a remark that was considered rude by a greasy second lieutenant who had joined the outfit a few days before, fresh from home and the ribbon counter. The remark was rude, all right; only most of us felt that it wasn't rude enough.

CONSEQUENCE: The second lieutenant, a born floorwalker, turned him in. It was at the height of the IRON DISCIPLINE fever and the officers decided to make a test case. Despite Nick's excellent record, he was ordered to report to the Labor Battalion, ordained for victims of venereal disease and perpetrators of Indescribable Offenses. Nick heard the sentence and returned to the second lieutenant. Saluting, he explained that he had neglected a few items in his remarks of the other day, as follows:

1. The lieutenant was a so-and-so-and-so-and-so.
2. So was his brother.
3. The lieutenant had best spend the rest of his life in an armored tank, for the reason that Private Richmond, at a not too distant date, intended to cut his heart out and eat it with salt and pepper.

With these few remarks, Nick ran like a whitehead for the medical department and conferred briefly with Doc Rollins, the pearl among physicians. The doc hastily tagged him as typhoid and shot him out a back way to the base hospital in the fastest ambulance he had. From there Nick was transshipped home. When the whisper ran across France and into Germany that he was safe, we were so delighted that several visited Doc Rollins and let him inoculate them with lockjaw serum, his peculiar ruling passion.

We walked some more—hitching rides had become disastrous since several members of the battery had landed under arrest in the British sector. And in the course of walking we ran into some beautiful scenery. Picture postcard mountains, terraced to the sky with Jack-in-the-Beanstalk grapevines; musical comedy *Schlosses;* musical comedy towns. Finally we walked into Dernau and had a chair. It was time. December fifteenth, and we had been walking for a month.

So that he would not worry when he awoke, we pulled his horse in the house after him and tied the animal to Pokey's bed.

The principal industry of Dernau, before our arrival, was the manufacture of wine. Just to show how Americans change everything they encounter, the principal industry of Dernau *after* our arrival was the manufacture of wine. The town itself was fifteen kilometers from the Rhine, near enough for all practical purposes; and when it was announced that we would hold it at all costs for the winter, we shed all foolish ideas of ever seeing that dear America again and turned our minds to scientific pursuits—such as finding out how *Schnapps* was really made. Apparently, all one needs is a small keg, a long siphon, and 200 soldiers. For the first time in thirty-five years, the local brewery stayed open all night. In a twinkling Dernau became a boom town.

We were billeted as usual: eight soldiers to a room, the rooms being eight by ten at the fanciest. As always, we slept on the floor, beds being reserved for officers and dog robbers. This condition obtained until morning, when the more enterprising went house hunting. By bribery and coercion four or five private rooms became available; but it was not for days that the correct method of seeking shelter was revealed.

It was all quite accidental. Shortly after we reached Dernau an old *Deutscher* gentleman passed away. Deaths from inanition were quite common and would have excited our sympathy if the Greek had not been quite so liberal with our groceries. However, this was the first funeral we had seen in Germany; and anybody who has never seen a funeral in Germany has missed something better than Niagara Falls.

The old gentleman's coffin was a pentagonal affair, form fitting, and reposed in an old fashioned surrey equipped with real plumes —a novelty to those who believed plumes existed only in Bert Williams' song. The mourners followed the hearse in rented silk hats, trailing yards of crape. The procession met our gaze as we emerged, early on the third morning, from the intimate reaches of the brewery. Immediately Buck Byers burst into one of the popular chants of his alma mater, the University of Illinois:

"Did you ever think
As a hearse rolls by . . .

By this time he had joined the mourners, together with a dozen irresponsible companions.

"That it won't be long
Before you and I
Go rolling past
In a big black hack,
And we won't be thinking of coming back?"

And so forth for eighteen verses, as they paced sedately in the wake of the corpse. Lest this bogus show of grief seem rude, it might be mentioned that the bona fide mourners were greatly touched. They burst into floods of tears and hailed Buck and his fellow drinkers as real rough *Kamerads.*

Indeed, the chief mourner was so moved that he asked Buck where he lived. On learning of our housing conditions, he pointed to the corpse and signified in vile pantomime that where there was a *toter Mann* there was an empty room with a big feather bed.

BUCK broke all track records back to town—he was always a great mudder—and reached Number 11 Coblenzstrasse, where his happiest hopes were realized. The heirs and assigns of the old gentleman admitted that there was a room and a bed, and if Buck would wait while they changed grandpa's mattress it would be his for the nominal sum of twelve marks a week. Mr. Byers would not wait. He was a little superstitious about things like billeting officers, and presently was seen wandering through the tenement district, inviting all the boys to come up to his ROOMS for a slight drink.

That pointed the way. Thereafter, whenever we saw anything that vaguely looked like a funeral, the boys broke ranks and stampeded like buffaloes.

Discovering that we were going to have some fun if they weren't very careful, the officers devised ways and means to prevent it. It was "double drill and no canteen" for quite a while. Furthermore, a new second lieutenant with a size 13 collar (that he could pull

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

An Open Letter to ALL DRUGGISTS

Gentlemen:

TOO often the results from poor Shaving Cream are blamed upon the razor.

It is for this reason that we, as razor manufacturers, decided to make it possible for users of the Valet AutoStrop Razor to obtain a Shaving Cream that we know is superlatively good and a fit companion for our razor.

We did not go into the Shaving Cream business for the profits that may be derived from it, but solely with the idea of giving users of our razor the most complete shaving comfort attainable.

Valet AutoStrop SHAVING CREAM is a product developed in *our own* laboratories and produced in our own factories. It is pure, pearly-white, fresh, and lathers copiously, holding its moisture while you shave.

Valet AutoStrop SHAVING CREAM not only softens the beard, but the cocoanut oil in it keeps the skin soft and velvety—acting as an emollient.

Valet AutoStrop SHAVING CREAM is given prominent space in all of our advertisements. It is as profitable an item to you as any other shaving cream in your stock, and since you have our assurance that it is a superior product to be used in conjunction with our razor, we would appreciate your bringing it to the attention of your customers—particularly the ones who are users of the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

If you have not already stocked our new Shaving Cream, a supply may be obtained from your wholesaler, or direct from us.

AutoStrop

SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
656 First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

To the Public: ✓

If your dealer cannot supply the new Valet AutoStrop Shaving Cream, a full-size tube will be mailed upon receipt of 35c.

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

Advertiser	Page
American Hard Rubber Company (Ace Combs)	18
American Pencil Co.	52
Amity Leather Products Co.	40
Atwater Kent Manufacturing Company	36-37
Auburn Rubber Company	47
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	67
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., The	26
Barawik Co.	50
Bayer Aspirin	54
Bevan Co., Wm. W.	50
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.	42
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., The (Brunswick Electrical Records)	30
(Brunswick Home Billiard Tables)	38
Buescher Band Instrument Co.	46
Campbell Company, The William	53
Campbell Soup Company (Mock Turtle Soup)	15
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. (Vaseline Hair Tonic)	4
Clark, Frank C.	45
Cracker Jack Co., The	31
Cuticura Shaving Stick	52
Delatone Co., The	50
Ex-Lax Manufacturing Co.	33
Fellows' Syrup	55
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	31
Hamilton Institute, Alexander	20
Helbros Watch Co.	Third Cover
Hopper, Edna Wallace	52
Ingram Co., Frederick F.	24
Janvier, Inc., Walter (Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil)	45
Jiffykake Co.	46
Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.	32
Kennedy Corporation, J. E.	50
La Salle Extension University	47
Lucky Tiger	46
Markel Electric Products, Inc.	25
Marmola	54
Maybelline Co.	47
May-Breath	46
McCormick & Co.	47
McCoy's Tablets	50
Menhenitt Company, Limited, The	45
Morrison Hotel	63
Mu-Col Company, The	46
Murine Co.	53
National City Company, The	23
National Vulcanized Fibre Co.	47
Neos-Henné Co.	45
Packard Motor Car	16
Pathfinder	46
Pepsodent Co., The	19
Perfect Voice Institute, The	46
Peter Cailler Kohler, Swiss Chocolate Co. (Nestlé's and Peter's)	44
Radio Corporation of America	6
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A.	Second Cover
Simm Art-Craft Corporation	50
Sparks-Withington Co., The	57
Stein Company, A.	3
Stern Company, Louis	45
Tung-Sol Lamp Works, Inc.	35
United States Rubber Company (Naugatex Sport Coat)	55
Victor Talking Machine Co.	Back Cover
Weldona Corp'n	43
Williams Company, The J. B.	22
Zest Card Co.	50

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

[WAR BUGS Continued from page sixty-seven]

his head through, turtle fashion) visited the brewery and informed Adolph that hereafter he would have to close his establishment at 5 in the afternoon. He did.

What made the order double pronged and cruel was that Herb Mooney had that very afternoon discovered and swiped a crate of genuine California lemons from the officers' mess and that night had planned to give lessons in the art of mixing drinks.

Don Coe, Slim O'Meara, and a few others addicted to Mooney assisted him in reopening the brewery, and presently the drinking was something terrible. Discretion was employed for about an hour, when Mooney wantonly cleared his throat and burst into That Tumbledown Shack in Athlone, weeping as he sang.

Now, it is a well known fact that no tenor can be interrupted when he is weeping and singing; and although feet were pounding on the gravel walk that gave ingress to the brewery, and although those flat feet could belong only to officers, none of us could deter the A. E. F. Caruso. It was one of those big spiritual moments with him. So he leaned the harder on the high notes as hostile fists—officers' fists—pounded the door.

DOUBTLESS the roll call at Leavenworth would have been greatly enriched if a fit of genius had not descended on Private Coe at the critical second. Without thinking, he rushed for the used lemon rinds and pared off the ends. These he placed on the shoulders of all present, his own among them, and ceremoniously opened the door.

Two second lieutenants burst into the brewery, Old Glory and Gettysburg burning in their eyes. But what did they see? Twelve majors (the lemon ends looking more like a major's golden leaves than the golden leaves themselves) occupying their time as majors have been accustomed to do since 1776. It might have been a majors' club, for all they knew. They snapped to attention at once, while Mooney swooned down all the staircases of melody with:

"Let me pil-low my head
On a wee trundle bed.
Let me see my dear mothah once mo-er!"

The lieutenants had the tact to applaud and apologize profusely for their intrusion. They explained that a lot of privates had been raising hell around that particular brewery. Joie Percival, acting as spokesman, denounced the lieutenants as kidney footed roundheads. The *next* time, Joie said, he would have to be very severe with them.

The women of Dernau were not so hot, but we were accustomed to hard luck and old in the Hindu practice of making the best of things. There was one weenie named Veronica who was true to the Second Section; and another girl called Kleiner, because she was little but resigned. A certain major was in hot competition with the boys in the matter of Kleiner, which caused her to become known as The Officer's Mess.

Kleiner remained the favorite until Ken Hoy, a disinterested admirer, caught her using his toothbrush. Given the third degree, she admitted having used everybody's toothbrush from time to time. Ever after, it was felt that Kleiner couldn't be trusted.

Christmas was coming. We had been horribly broke, due to fines, when an amazing institution arose within the outfit. John Pierpont Morgan Snowhook, assistant to the chaplain, founded a bank!

It was the nucleus to a larger affair, to be established in Chicago on our return home—Johnny figuring that 3,000 regimental depositors would make even an Armenian relief fund go. Naturally, the bank was called the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Field Artillery Home Trust and Savings Company. With a name like that behind us, a few deposited and many borrowed, and the bank flourished until Earl Sweet got stewed one night and renamed it the *Gott Mit Uns* Bank. Gott Mit Uns is no name for a bank. Ugly suspicions grew. A regular Cherry Street run developed and Mr. Snowhook's institution failed.

Christmas dawned none the less—a White Christmas. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried the happy soldiers as they staggered out at 5 A. M. and slopped through two feet of wet snow to the picket lines. "Three cheers for Congress!" they yelled as they filled the horses' nose bags and snowballed the lieutenant in charge.

After breakfast we looked into our own stockings. There was candy and cigarettes and several letters loaded with American money. Also, the Y. M. C. A. unexpectedly got a rush of Christmas to the head and put out a small bar of chocolate and a bag of cookies apiece—free. It was a highly satisfactory day, all things considered, particularly as the Christmas presents of the wounded and detached made a respectable dividend. And finally there was a pig dinner which took place in the opera house.

The celebration that night was willful and premeditated. Before it started the town crier was deprived of his drum and a committee toured the streets beating a tattoo in front of every house and solemnly advising the inhabitants to keep indoors. They were informed that a *grosser Spektakel* was impending, featuring *viel Fenster brechen*, and disorderly conduct. And, to prove it, the last echoes of the drum had hardly died on the vineclad hills of the Rhine before Mr. Pokey Knott of A Battery arrived on a foaming steed, as fried as a goat.

Pokey wanted to sing The Cowboy's Lament; but he got no further than "I've lived in the saddle" when he unexpectedly collapsed and was put to bed in Harry Weir's billet. So that he would not worry when he awoke, we pulled his horse in the house after him and tied the animal to Pokey's bed. It was nearly 6 o'clock before we could sit down to our own drinking. We drank in groups of ten and twelve, rotating from group to group all through the night. The brewery proprietors went without dessert to meet the night's overflow.

AFTER a great deal of music and what not, the boys finally hit their stride. A party of them shinned up the church tower and rang the bells at midnight. It was charming to discover that all over the sector other units had simultaneously arrived at the same idea. Toward morning Herb Mooney and Don Coe set out with axes and broke the ice in the river Ahr to give Pick Dodds and a rugged delegation of his friends a fancy diving workout.

Early in the morning, with a rock fight going on in every soldier's skull, the whistle blew and we were told to pack and move on. The eternal rumor that we were going home at last came up like an old soda. It was promptly punctured by the captain, who told us that we were moving to Ringen, eight kilometers nearer the Rhine, to take *permanent* quarters.

Again we learned that the reward for service is more service—and here the universal Army of Occupation remark had its origin:

"In the next war there'll be two guys missing—me and the fella that's chasing me."

Read how these peppy cannoneers bade the war a long farewell in the final installment of War Bugs in next week's Liberty.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 25

1—The Latin word *novem*, meaning nine, the month being the ninth of the old Roman year.

2—The topaz.

3—A ladder reaching to heaven, with angels ascending and descending.

4—The feast of the archangel Michael, a church festival celebrated on the 29th of September.

5—North Dakota.

6—The seventh.

7—To kill snakes.

8—The ear.

9—Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe.

10—Asia.

11—Brief or concise. It has reference to the Spartans or Laconians, who greatly favored brevity.

12—Graphite; often called black lead.

13—An insincere utterance or expression; one not sustained by conduct or character.

14—Singapore.

15—A form of mental derangement in which the patient has grandiose delusions concerning himself.

16—Cosset.

17—Gumbo.

18—Literally, gilded youth; young persons given to prodigal living.

19—Linotype machine, sewing machine, airbrake.

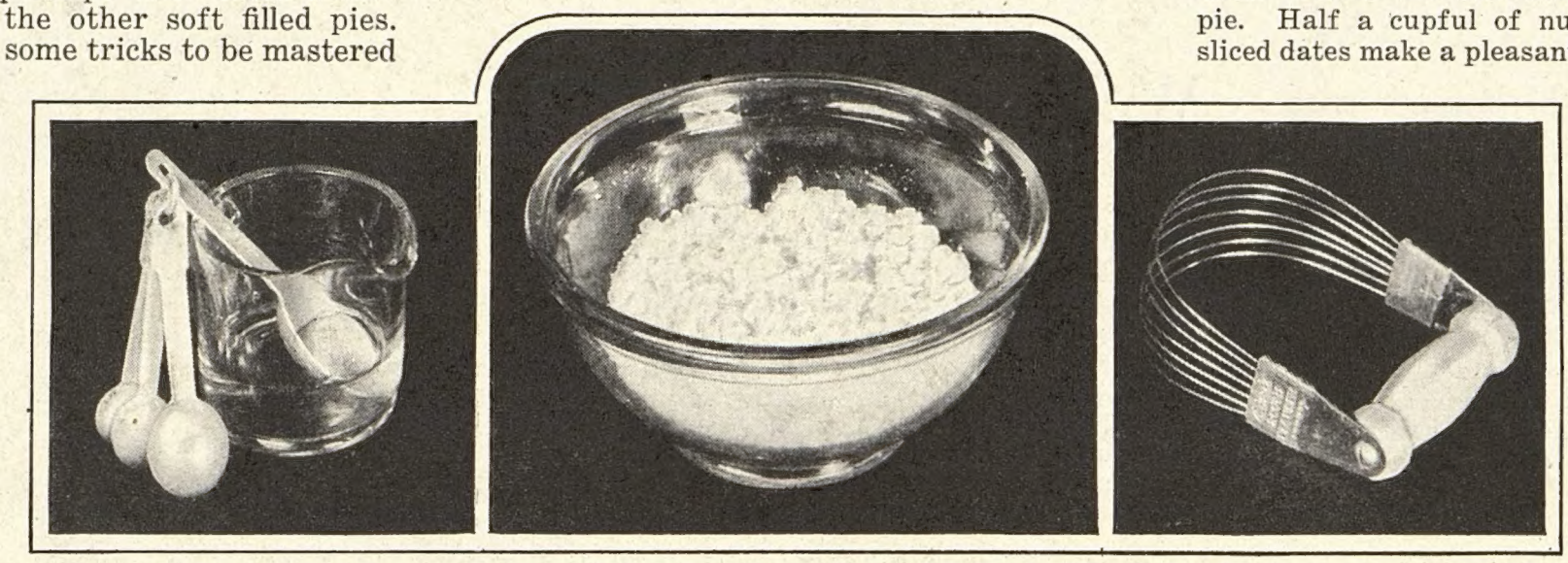
20—William Fairfield Whiting of Massachusetts.

The Great American Dessert

By
ETHEL SOMERS

IT is high time our Thanksgiving hostess is getting in practice with her soft pie fillings. Pumpkin pie is perhaps more often a success than some of the other soft filled pies. There are, however, some tricks to be mastered in attaining perfection. The pie crust is the first and most serious factor.

If your crusts have a rough, blistered look and are crisp on the bottom as well as the edges, you have no need to worry. It is those who produce the smooth, firm looking crust that either soaks during baking or crumbles on cutting who have technique difficulties to overcome. The difficulty is most often one of overmixing. The soft pie fillings suffer mostly from improper baking temperatures. Oven control or watchful regulation insures perfection.



Successful pie making requires careful measuring. For proper mixing of the dry ingredients a tool like that pictured on the right is invaluable. But to overmix pie crust spells failure; so stop cutting in the fat when the granules range in size from cornmeal to navy beans.

Pie Crust

(For one crust)

¾ cup family flour, or
1 cup pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
2 or 3 tablespoons *cold* water
¼ teaspoon baking powder (to be used by amateurs only)

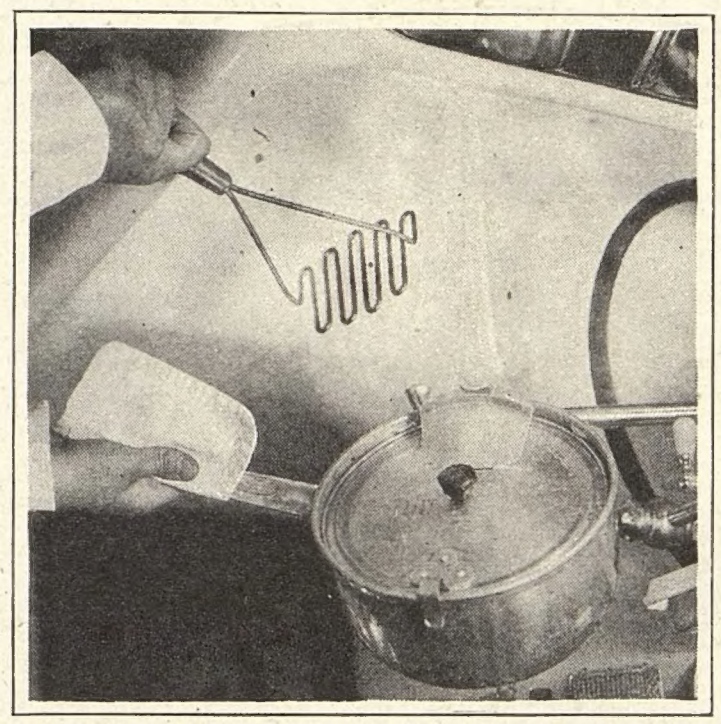
MIX and sift the dry ingredients after careful measuring. Add the carefully measured fat (4 tablespoons of fat may be used if a particularly rich crust is desired). Cut in the cold fat, using two knives and cutting back and forth through the mixture. Continuously stroke the mixture with the two knives until the fat is cut into granules varying in size from cornmeal to navy beans. Gradually add the cold water—about ½ teaspoon at a time—sprinkling it about so that a maximum of the dry material is wetted. Just as the water is added, stir the mixture lightly with a knife or fork, folding the dampened areas inside the dry material with two or three gentle strokes. Continue adding the water thus until the dough is uniformly dampened. Gather the mixture into a ball with the hands or the tool used for cutting in the fat. Do not handle the dough any more than is necessary. When shaped in a round ball, roll lightly on a sparsely floured board to 1/16 inch thickness.

Pumpkin Pie

1¼ cups cooked pumpkin
1 cup light brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
¼ cup cream
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup milk, heated

ROLL the pie crust to 1/16 inch thickness. Loosen from the board. Fold lightly over, so that the circle forms a semicircle and lift to the pie pan. Starting at the center and working out, press the crust flat against the pie pan. Trim off the pastry about ¼ inch larger than the pan, using shears. Roll the extra dough on to the rim of the pan and flute it with the thumb and finger.

The cooked pumpkin must be smooth and not watery. It may be prepared by baking or steaming sectors of the raw, seeded pumpkin and then scraping out the cooked inside. If canned pumpkin is used and it seems a bit watery, dry it out by heating over water in the top of a double boiler. Roll the lumps out of the brown sugar and blend with the mixed spices. Next add the prepared pumpkin to the sugar spice mixture. Beat the eggs only very slightly or just enough to mix the yolks and whites. Stir these into the pumpkin sugar mixture. Add the cream and then pour in the heated milk. Place the pie shell in a 425° F. oven. Pour the filling into the unbaked shell while it rests on the rack of the heated oven. Work quickly, closing the oven and baking for 20 minutes at this temperature. Then reduce the oven to 250° F. and continue the baking 40 minutes longer. If you have no oven regulator, reduce the heat by putting in a bread pan of cold water and removing it as soon as the thermometer indicates 250° F. When the pie is completely baked the filling will be firm and will no longer stick to the blade of a silver knife. In order to make this test accurately the knife should be inserted in the center of the pie, as this is the last part to get done. Remove the pie from the oven and cool on a rack. Do not cut until cooled. It is best served the same day it is prepared.



When making sweet potato pie, drain and mash the potatoes as soon as they are cooked tender; this prevents sogginess.

Squash Pie

1 cup steamed sieved squash
1 cup brown sugar
¾ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons orange juice
3 eggs
1 cup evaporated milk
¼ cup hot water

USE winter or Hubbard squash, pared and cut in 2 inch squares. Steam over boiling water for 20 to 25 minutes, or leave in the peel and cut in large sectors—about ¼ of a squash—and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for 1 hour. Remove the cooked squash from the shell and rub through a sieve. Combine the sugar, after rolling free of lumps, with the spices and salt. Mix until well blended and add the hot water and orange juice. Stir in the slightly beaten eggs and the evaporated milk. Put in the shell and bake as for pumpkin pie. Half a cupful of nuts or finely broken or sliced dates make a pleasant addition to this filling. Serve with whipped cream.

Sweet Potato Pie

BOIL two large or four small sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender. This will take 25 or 30 minutes. If dry sweet potatoes such as the Jersey rather than yams are being used, peel a strip around the potatoes before putting them to boil. When tender peel the potatoes immediately and mash or rub through a sieve. Prepare as for either pumpkin or squash pie and bake 10 minutes at 450° F.—then reduce the temperature to 250° F. and finish baking for about 25 minutes. If a brown glazed skin is desired, pour ¼ cup of milk on the top of the filling in the crust. This milk will not mix with the pie, but will brown in a skin formation.

Cheese Pie

½ cup cottage cheese
¼ cup cream or evaporated milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ cup blanched chopped almonds
½ cup currants
¼ teaspoon salt

THIS is similar to a custard pie, excepting for the cheese ingredients. Blend the cheese with the seasonings until well mixed. Add the slightly beaten egg yolks and then the cream or evaporated milk. Last, lightly fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Rub the pie crust after putting it in the pie pan with a bit of the egg white reserved for this purpose after beating slightly. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes. Then reduce to a moderate oven (325° F.) for 20 minutes longer. For variety the top of the pie may be sprinkled with 2 teaspoons cinnamon and the currants kept out to be put on top.

ADDITIONAL information on soft pie fillings is included by Ethel Somers in 100 Standard Recipes, one of the three cookbooks she has prepared for LIBERTY readers. In this cookbook Miss Somers has not only included a description of the general method of mixing for all cream pies, but tells exactly how to prepare the filling for custard and butterscotch pie, as well as for chocolate, lemon, orange, banana, and pineapple cream pie. These are only a few of the valuable hints in the cookbook. There are many more in the other two books Miss Somers has compiled. Send for them and keep them in your kitchen for reference. Each book is 10 cents, or all three for only 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

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A Second to THINK

Minnesota 7, Notre Dame 7 in 1927— A Surprise Pass Fools the Fighting Irish

A Football Reminiscence by WALTER ECKERSALL

CAPTAIN HERBERT JOESTING of Minnesota was practically the unanimous choice of critics for the position of fullback on the 1927 honorary football elevens.

The Gopher leader merited this consideration not because of his mechanical ability alone, but also on account of his faculty for doing the right thing at the proper time.

The Minnesota fullback, who ranks with the greatest ever developed at the Old Gold and Maroon institution, was always at his best when the opposition was strongest.

He showed his determination on many occasions, but it remained for the Minnesota-Notre Dame struggle to show just how smart a football man Joesting was.

This struggle took place on November 5, 1927, on Cartier Field, Notre Dame, Indiana. It was a battle which overshadowed most of the games played in the country that day. It was expected to be a keenly fought contest, with each eleven using all the complex formations it had been taught. No plays or players were held in reserve.

Coach Knute Rockne wanted to win that game, and the same was true of Dr. C. W. Spears, gridiron teacher at Minnesota.

Shortly after the game opened, Notre Dame took advantage of a Minnesota fumble and a few seconds later converted it into a touchdown. The Minnesota error took place on the Gophers' seventeen yard line, where Quarterback Hvode of Minnesota fumbled one of Neimic's punts. Captain Smith, the Notre Dame guard, who was also an All-American selection, fell on the oval.

On the first play, Neimic skirted the Minnesota left end for a touchdown. This player added the extra point by scoring a field goal from placement.

Notre Dame nursed and protected those seven points until just a few minutes before the close of the struggle.

Even in the third quarter, when the Gophers had the advantage of the strong wind, the Rockne players protected their goal line in a most commendable manner.

When the fourth quarter opened and Notre Dame again had the wind in its favor, it appeared as if Minnesota was a doomed eleven. The ball was on Notre Dame's twenty-three yard line when the final period started. Nydahl, Almquist, and Captain Joesting carried the oval to Notre Dame's ten yard line.

At this point it was first down and the goal line to gain. The Gopher backs hurled themselves at the Notre Dame line and off its tackles. After the fourth down, Captain Joesting was stopped two yards from the counting mark.

Failure to score at such a time would have disheartened almost any eleven, but not Captain Joesting and his fighting teammates.

Neimic punted for Notre Dame from behind his goal line on the first down. After the kick the ball reverted to Minnesota on the Notre Dame thirty-five yard line.

On the second play, Chevigny, the Notre Dame back, intercepted one of Captain Joesting's forward passes on the Notre Dame thirty-seven yard line. Minnesota was placed deep in its territory when Neimic punted to the Gopher twenty-nine yard mark.

Minnesota then started a great drive.

Nydahl, Almquist, and Captain Joesting tore through Notre Dame's line, inside and outside its tackles, to its forty-five yard line.

Barnhart then got away an excellent punt and Riley, the Notre Dame quarterback, was stopped on his nineteen yard line.

The Rockne attack carried the ball back to its thirty-three yard line, where Notre Dame was penalized fifteen yards for illegal use of the hands. This penalty placed the ball on Notre Dame's eighteen yard line.

Neimic then dropped back to punt. A poor pass from his center gave the ball to Minnesota on the Notre Dame twelve yard line. Almquist failed to gain off his right tackle. Captain Joesting plowed through his left tackle for five yards. The Gopher leader added another yard at the opposite side of the line.

It was fourth down and four yards to gain.

It was a trying position for any football leader. Captain Joesting had learned his lesson a short time previous when the Gopher attack was stopped two yards from the scoring chalk mark. Joesting had but a second to think. He had to think and act at the same time. He did not care to give the Notre Dame players a chance to guess his thoughts.

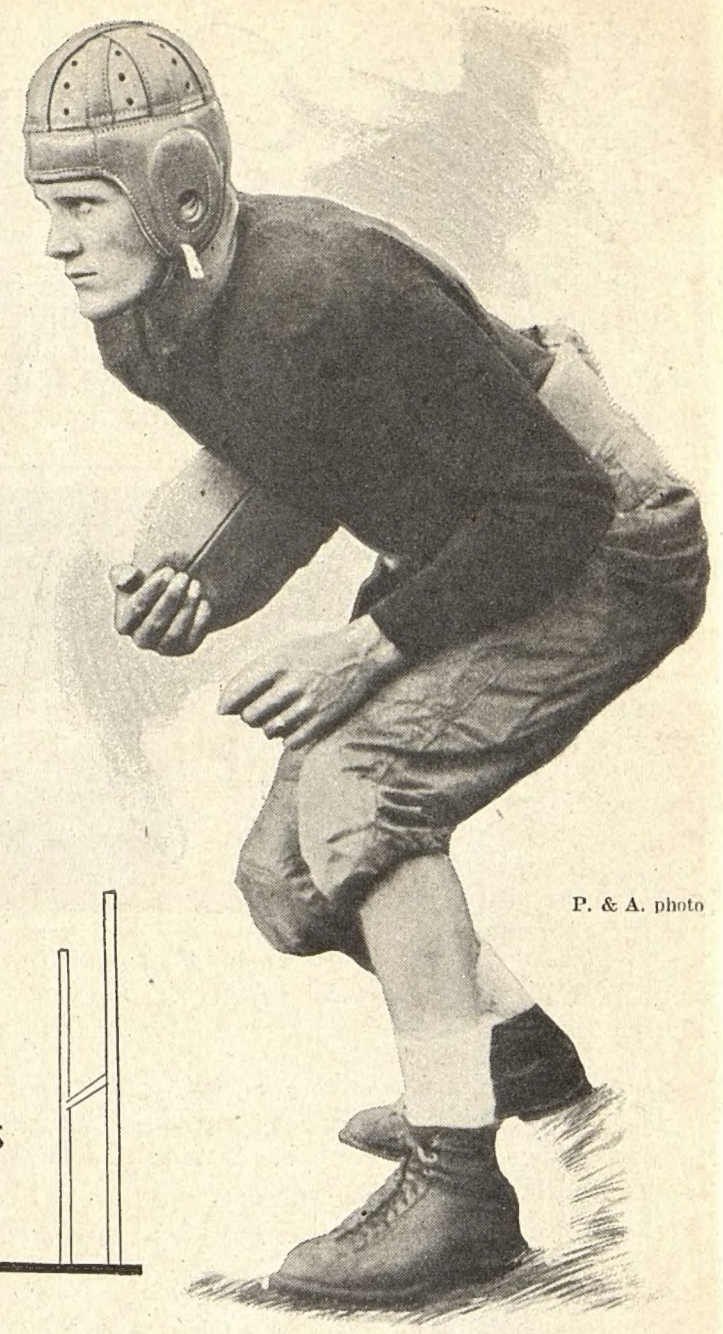
Notre Dame played a tight defensive line which was re-enforced by the secondary. It was the same defense which had stopped Ernie Nevers, the great Stanford back in the intersectional game at Pasadena, California, in 1925.

CAPTAIN JOESTING called a signal. He assumed his regular position. The ball was passed directly to him, and when Notre Dame made its supreme effort to stop what it thought was a line plunge, Joesting made a beautiful forward pass to Walsh, who was in the clear in the end zone.

The play, which resulted in a touchdown, caught Notre Dame sound asleep. Coach Spears then sent in Halfback Pitarmer to boot the ball between the posts from placement for the point which tied the score.

The game ended shortly afterward with Notre Dame trying frantically to score by use of the forward pass.

How Captain Reitsch of Illinois used his second to think against Northwestern in 1927 will be described by Mr. Eckersall in next week's Liberty.

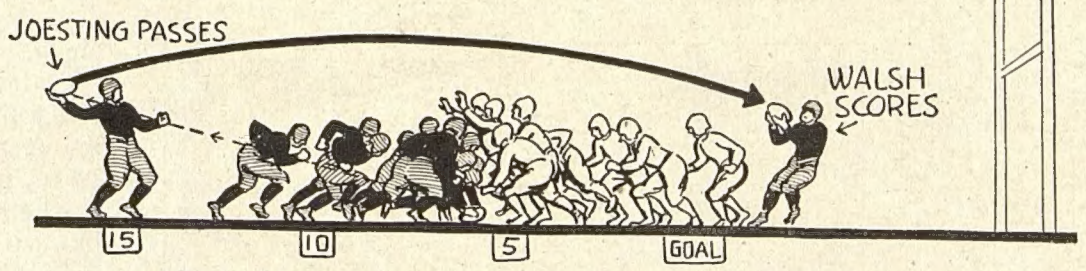


P. & A. photo

Herb Joesting, whose surprise pass tricked Notre Dame.

International photo

Captain Smith of Notre Dame, who paved the way for a touchdown by falling on a fumble.



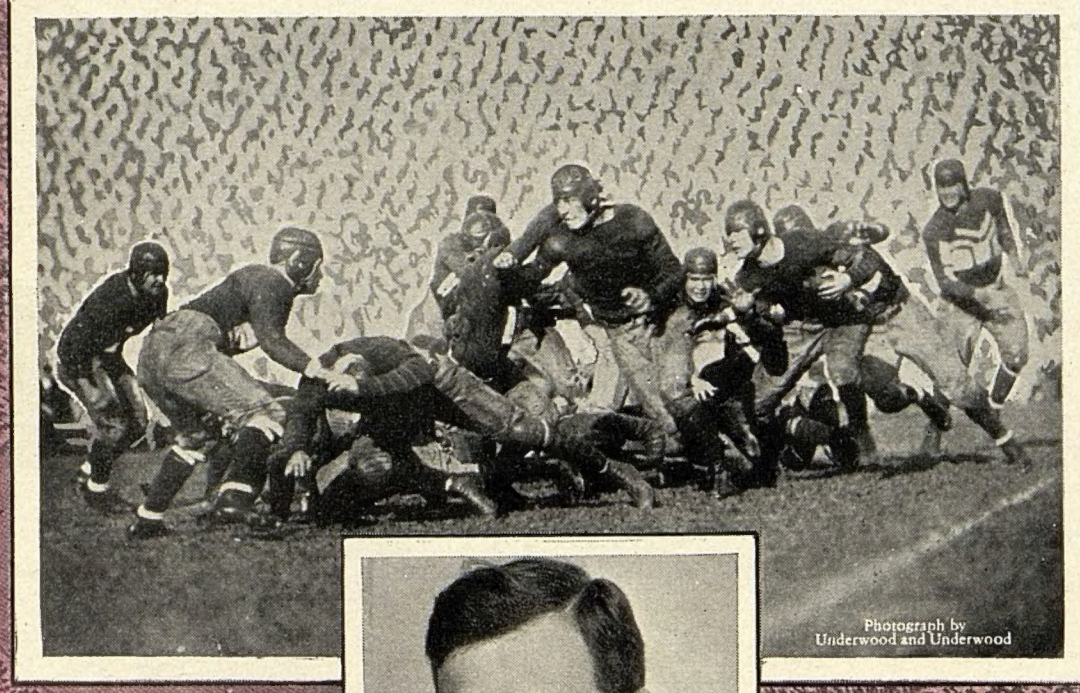
With Notre Dame set to stop another line plunge, Joesting of Minnesota crossed them and passed to Walsh, who scored the touchdown. A few seconds later the Gophers' goal from placement tied the score.

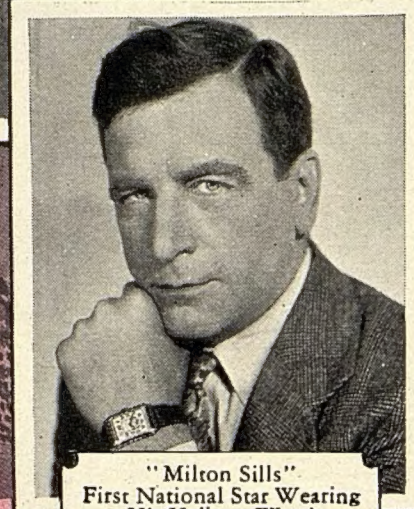
P. & A. photo

Harold Almquist of Minnesota.

International photo

John Neimic, the Notre Dame punter.





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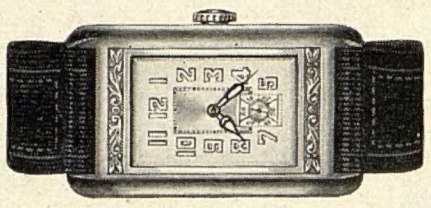

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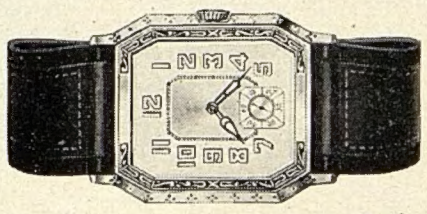

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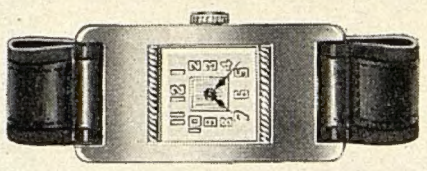
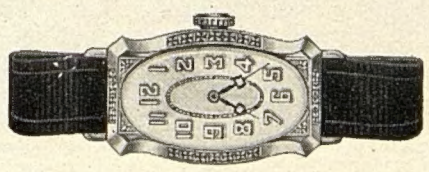
49391 "Jack Mulhall" Sr., 15 jewels, 14k. white gold filled two-tone 3-pc. case. **$40.00**



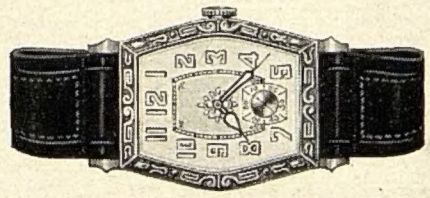
10289 "Laura La Plante" Jr. model $17.00

74251 "Laura La Plante" Sr., 15 jewels, 14k. white gold filled 3-piece case **$35.00**



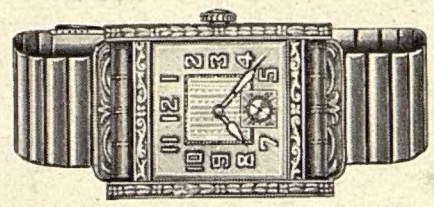
10331 "Trump" Jr. model . . . $18.00

74333 "Trump" Sr. 15 jewels, 14 k. solid white gold 3-piece case **$36.00**



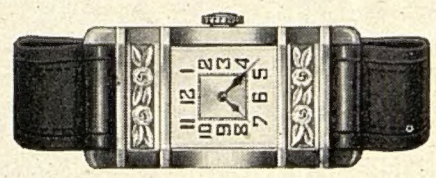
2379 "Reginald Denny" Jr. model $15.00

49381 "Reginald Denny" Sr. 15 jewels, 14 k. white gold-filled two-tone 3-piece case. **$37.50**



2329M "Stadium" Jr. Mesh Bracelet $17.50

49281A "Stadium" Sr. 15 jewels, 14 k. white gold-filled 3-piece case, jointed wrist band. **$35.00**



10589 "Tomboy" Jr. model, two-tone $18.00

11579 "Tomboy" Sr. 15 jewels, white engraved oxidized 3-piece case **$22.50**

10191 "Billie Dove" Jr. model . . $18.00

84451 "Billie Dove" Sr. 15 jewels, 14 k. white gold-filled 3-piece case **$35.00**

HELBROS

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS OF THE HELBROS NAME CONTEST

Out of the many thousands of names submitted, the judges selected the five listed below as the best, and each contestant named has been awarded a watch. Hereafter watch No. 84443 will be known as the Helbros "Timepal" Model.

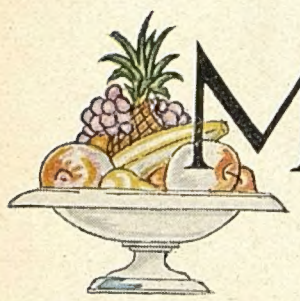
June 26th Contest

"TRIMLINE"— Mrs. Beulah Tippet, Christopher, Ill.
"BEAUTOCRAT"—Wendall R. Fuson, 405 State Street, West La Fayette, Ind.
"TIMEPAL"—Beulah May, R. F. D. 1, Santa Ana, Cal.

August 1st Contest

"CLASSÉ"— Miss Dagmar Johnson, 402 So 4th Street, St. Peter, Minn.
"TIMEPAL"—James S. Latham, Langren Hotel, Asheville, N. C.

Not that We Insist on "Keeping Up With the Joneses"



You remember how you hated to throw away the wax fruit.

MY HUSBAND said: "We ought to get an Orthophonic!" "That Roosevelt model of ours belongs in a museum," he continued.

Of course, he was exaggerating (as husbands will!). But we both felt that our old talking-machine was hopelessly out of date—artistically and musically. I suppose we really should be more charitable toward an old friend.

It had brought us so many hours of happiness that we had just let it stay around, even though we never played it any more. (You remember how you hated to throw away the wax fruit that looked so appetizing, there on the buffet!) However . . . !

In this case, parting turned out to be "such sweet sorrow." The new Orthophonic Victrola won us instantly and completely. In fact, the day it came, we celebrated by having the neighbors come over in the evening. In the picturesque, if inelegant, language of my husband, it "knocked them cold."

"Why, *that* isn't a talking-machine," they said, "it's an *orchestra!*" "Yes," we said. "An orchestra and a pipe-organ and a singer and a piano and a violin, all in one!" It was simply marvelous! We played it and played it and played it. The novelty never wore off, as novelty is supposed to do. In fact, our Orthophonic seems to improve with use. It's going most of the time.

We're glad we bought the new Victrola. Not that we insist on "keeping up with the Joneses," but I mean we really enjoy it a lot. It's a musical education for the children and really a life-saver when we entertain. It never disappoints.

¶ *My husband said: "We ought to get an Orthophonic!"*

Model Four-three. Orthophonic Victrola. List price, $95. With electric motor, $35 extra. Canadian price on request.

Victrola Radiolas for complete entertainment

Go to the nearest Victor dealer and let him show you the new, all-electric Radiola . . . combined with the Victrola. For there will be times when you will want to hear programs from the air, and others when only music from records will satisfy. The new Victrola Radiola combinations are in cabinets of rare beauty and charm, at prices to fit your purse.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.